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AMERICA LOOKS AT THE WAR

BY RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES

SOMETIME last winter I was told that I should register my name with the State Department under 'an Act to require the registration of certain persons employed by agencies to disseminate propaganda in the United States and for other purposes.' My job being that of correspondent in America for a French newspaper, it seemed to me rather unpleasant to register as a propaganda agent. Nevertheless, I went down to Washington and talked with the officials in charge of this new service. 'The law,' they told me in substance, 'never having been put to a test, it is difficult to say who is and who is not a propaganda agent, but our advice to you is to be on the safe side.'

I expressed my objections to being classified as an 'agent,' — a rather sinister word, I thought, — but after being questioned by the State Department official, and reading the law carefully, I found that I could not pretend not to be one. According to this law, my only chance of evasion would have been to prove that my activities were strictly limited to sending news to France. If I wrote in American publications, if I lectured and even if I answered ques-

tions about France, I could be accused of being a propagandist for my country. Being unable to deny that I have written and lectured in the United States and answered thousands of questions about France, I finally submitted and added my name to a list which contained mostly such suspicious characters as the heads of shipping companies, tourist bureaus, banks, perfume and wine exporters, and so forth.

Every six months I am called upon to renew my declaration and certify that I am still carrying on the dubious activities which the mere fact of the registration implies. To say that this gives me sleepless nights or that my new status of 'foreign agent' has alienated any of my friends would be an exaggeration. In fact, the only beneficiary of this Act up to now seems to be the laundryman who lives next door to me and who is also a notary public. He makes fifty cents a year out of me to certify my biannual declaration. But otherwise my life has been unchanged and I have not as yet been called up by the Dies Committee.

Nevertheless, now that there is a war in Europe and now that I am a citizen of one of the belligerent countries, I feel

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it is my duty towards the readers to let them know the worst before they read any further. Moreover, even if I were not registered as a foreign agent (Number 159), I should still have to make a few admissions before presenting these notes on and about the war.

I should have to say that, being French, I am naturally very biased in this distant European brawl. I hope that the English and French will win this war with the minimum of effort and that we shall get rid of Hitler and his friends — but not too soon. I do not want him to retire quietly, as he told Sir Nevile Henderson he might do, and spend the rest of his life in Berchtesgaden with his paint and brush. The whole world already knows that Hitler is a bad painter, but the legend of his political genius should be dispelled, and I cannot think of any better punishment for him than to live long enough to see the world show him up for what he is: history's masterpiece in the already overcrowded gallery of famous mediocrities.

I should have to admit that, being French, I naturally hope that we get as many allies or friends as we can possibly find. My only reason for having no interest whatsoever in whether or not America keeps out of war is that, as far as I know, there is no room on the Maginot Line or behind it for anybody else but the French and the English at the moment. The Allies do not need men from America, but they need a good many other things, some of which they already have, — such as, for instance, a preponderance of good wishes, — and all manner of supplies.

But I have been spared all these scruples concerning the admissions I might have to make since it is a matter of public knowledge that I am registered in Washington as a 'foreign agent.' Anybody has therefore a legal right to be suspicious of anything I may say or write. Every word I utter can be considered as propaganda, and although

the notes I have assembled here may look innocent I shall not be at all surprised if they appear to some as loaded with ulterior motives. As a matter of fact, I should probably be unable to prove that they are not. We have all become so obsessed by the word 'propaganda,' and so alert at detecting it everywhere, that no one can be sure that his innermost and most personal convictions are not the result of it.

Moreover, the following notes about the war are not intended to clarify the situation as it is today or as it will be when they are published. I make not the slightest pretension of explaining the world we are now living in. It has become, more than ever before in history, a matter of personal opinion. I do not know what is going to happen tomorrow. Will the war last two months, or three years, or a century? I am unable to tell. Were I a commentator on the radio or a columnist, I should be hard put to it and could not keep my job for very long. The following remarks have merely a general character and no particular purpose besides drawing attention to certain attitudes of the Americans towards the European war as seen through the eyes of Agent No. 159.

II

Like most — if not all — observers of American opinion, I was wrong in my predictions made before the war as to what the reactions of the American public would be when the war actually broke out. I thought that the pent-up animosity against Hitler which expressed itself with such violence during the last few years would reach a climax. The Americans, more than any other people in the world, and certainly more than the English and the French, had shown over a period of years a remarkable awareness and intelligence concerning the real nature of Hitlerism and its dangers. All the events from the reoccupation of the Rhineland onwards had

been predicted by American students of foreign affairs with an accuracy which should dispel, I think, the still popular notion that Americans do not understand Europe. They do, and proved it, and history will probably show that one of the tragedies of these times is that the blindness and incompetence of European statesmen and leaders are all the more unaccountable since all they had to do to have their eyes opened was to read the cables of a dozen American correspondents in Europe during the last four or five years.

In view of this awareness of the American public and its intensity of feeling concerning the approaching conflict, I thought that the emotional character of the people of this country would manifest itself very violently as soon as the war broke out. I did not think that the United States would declare war on Germany, but I was quite convinced that the neutrality law would be amended at once and the embargo lifted without any difficulty.

As everyone knows, nothing of the sort happened, and the reaction at the outbreak of the war was infinitely more complex and more interesting than anything that could have been foreseen. If this is a 'queer war,' the attitude of those who do not take part in it is no less queer, and any effort of rationalization of what we see happening around ourselves and in ourselves can only be tentative. What we feel, you and I, about this war is still very obscure, and the chances are that we shall have to wait some time to find out why we felt and thought as we did at the end of 1939.

The most striking trait about the American reaction during the first weeks of the war was of course the 'Keep the United States out of war' panic. I call it a panic because it did indeed take the aspect of a slightly hysterical stampede away from a danger which never was very great. It is true that before the war began all polls of public opinion said that, in spite of the fact that nine out of

ten Americans rejected the idea of going to war, three out of four were quite sure that America would be dragged in sooner or later. The average American apparently visualized himself as the Greeks did: his will was set one way, but he felt that the gods would be stronger than his will. What might be called the 'coefficient of fatality' turned up in Dr. Gallup's polls and others with an amazing constancy.

Today this coefficient of fatality is much reduced. The Americans seem to have realized that if they go to war they will not be dragged into it, but, for some reason not now predictable, will have decided to do so. But while the panic lasted — approximately during the first six weeks of the war — they gave the impression of struggling desperately against an inner urge to succumb to some force stronger than themselves. Isolationists and their opponents acted as if the American people might be tempted to go to war the way a man who was once addicted to drink is suddenly seized with terror at the sight of a bottle of whiskey. This attitude was not so much one of normal abhorrence for a form of human activity which is extremely unpleasant, to say the least, as of mystic dread, as if going to war were a sin. One of the basic elements of Americanism — which is a permanent diffidence and protest against Europe as a whole — found a new expression: in spite of the desire to see Hitler defeated, and in spite also of the general conviction that the Allies had to go to war to achieve this end, the very fact that war existed in Europe reawakened the traditional tendency of the Americans to condemn Europe *en bloc* because it was at war.

The animosity against Hitlerism or any other form of dictatorship did not subside. Hitler was branded as the one man responsible for this calamity. But at the same time many honest people, in an effort to justify America's attempt at neutrality, marshaled all the arguments they could think of to demonstrate

that England and France must be guilty too, and that once more the responsibility for the war should be equitably divided between both sides. The hostility to Nazi doctrines and methods and the desire to see them eradicated from the world was suddenly tempered, or rather repressed, when Americans found themselves facing the logical consequence of the determination to resist Hitler.

The press and many prominent leaders of opinion praised the American public for its coolness and self-restraint. Many articles were written to show that this time Americans were not being carried away by their emotions and their partisanship; that for once they were using their heads.

May I say that I cannot join in these praises, nor feel great admiration for this restraint and reasonableness. My lack of enthusiasm may be attributed to the fact that I am a citizen of a belligerent country; indeed, it may be deemed impertinent of me to pass any judgment at all on such matters at the moment. But, be that as it may, here are my motives:—

If American opinion had shown itself as cool-headed and as impartial *before the outbreak of the war* as it did *after September first*, there would be nothing to say. Ever since Hitler began his series of 'peaceful' conquests, it was perfectly possible for American opinion to take into consideration Hitler's own justifications of his actions. One could lend an ear to his complaint that threat and the system of the *fait accompli* were the only way for him to obtain what he wanted. It was possible to blame England and France, not for their weakness, but for their obstinacy in refusing to accept with good humor Hitler's mission of peace and justice. American opinion, in other words, could have shown itself more detached—more neutral, if you like—from the very day that Hitler walked into the Rhineland.

But it didn't, and for three or four years before the actual outbreak of the

war no voice was louder in its condemnation of Hitler and Hitlerism than the voice of America. While certain groups in England and France were foolishly but perhaps honestly trying to deal with the Nazis as if they were not as bad as all that, Americans were practically unanimous in denouncing the French and British governments as cowards and traitors to the cause of civilization. The least that was said about Mr. Chamberlain, M. Daladier, and their ministers was that they were blind fools in not seeing that the only thing that could stop Hitler was force—which means war.

Events proved that the Americans were right in the end. England and France finally had to go to war, precisely for the reasons that the Americans had predicted they would have to, and precisely for the purpose of stopping Hitler, somehow, somewhere.

This decision having been taken, one might have supposed that the Americans would have applauded loudly, or at least given an encouraging pat on the back to Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier. The vast audience of 130 million could have been expected to cheer and perhaps breathe a sigh of relief now that there was a chance of seeing the villain of the play receive his punishment.

But this did not happen; or, to be exact, only a small section of the audience applauded. The rest,—the great majority,—although still as hostile to the villain, still as desirous of seeing him licked, were plunged in the most unexpected and surprising abyss of confusion. England and France were now called the 'Allies,' and grim memories were brought to the surface by that word. All the mischief that they had committed between 1914 and 1917 through their propaganda was recalled and refreshed. All the arguments that the post-war American historians had marshaled to prove that the United States had been dragged into the first

World War against its will and its better judgment were dug out of the archives. The sinister figures of Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Colonel House, and so forth, became alive and formidable again. It was suddenly discovered that England and France had finally gone to war purely for selfish motives and only when they had their backs to the wall.

Senator Borah made a speech to demonstrate the atrocious egotism of these two so-called democracies that had permitted the sacrifice of Ethiopia, Austria, and Czechoslovakia and only resolved to fight when their own security was threatened. And he concluded that the true duty of America was therefore to let them go to hell and resolve to be even more selfish than they.

Simultaneously many other speeches were made and many articles written to prove that this war would be the end of civilization anyhow, and that it did not matter much after all which side won because democracy and civilization would in any eventuality be saved in America.

In other words, strenuous efforts were made to demonstrate, now that the fight was on, that not one side alone should be blamed, and to remind the Americans that the French and the English were greatly responsible, through their past errors, for having produced Hitler and therefore the war.

This tendency to find fault with both sides could be attributed to the sense of fairness and sportsmanship of the Americans, and nobody but a fool, looking back on the history of the past twenty years, could say that the French and English made no mistakes and that the Germans were always wrong. But the point is that this violent outbreak of American impartiality reached its peak precisely at the moment when the English and French finally made up their minds to accept the consequences of doing what nine Americans out of ten had urged them to do — and wisely so — for the last three or four years.

III

The attitude of the liberals was the most interesting of all. Any man who adopts a certain philosophy of life has to pay for it. The liberal bears a cross just like the fanatic, but the cross of the liberal is particularly troublesome because it means living most of the time in a maze of totally insoluble problems. The liberal, who by definition should enjoy the exquisite peace of mind that flows from the principle of tolerance, is in reality condemned to living in a nightmare of suspicion and doubt. His faith having no support but his own judgment, his religion no dogma, he steers his course through uncharted seas, never sure that the land in sight is not teeming with cannibals, or that the friendly-looking ships he meets on the way are not camouflaged pirates ready to seize him and sell him as a slave.

The liberals all over the world, but particularly in America, are bearing their cross of confusion with increased uneasiness these days. The flower of American intellect, they led the world crusade against Hitler and Fascism. Bravely they accepted the eventuality of war. Freedom, they said, is worth dying for. They sang the glory of the Ethiopians and of the Chinese. They wept over Austria. They mourned the treachery that lost Spain to Franco and Czechoslovakia to Hitler. When the showdown approached, last August, they began to waver. The cross of confusion weighed on their shoulders.

Most radio commentators and most correspondents abroad are liberals, and as the August crisis developed we began to note certain quivers in the voices and in the writings of those whose task it was to tell us what was going on.

With laudable honesty they clung to their rudder. They leashed themselves to Objectivity. They weighed and balanced and measured everything in or out of sight: Hitler against his generals, Bonnet against Daladier, Siegfried against

Maginot, Chamberlain against Chamberlain, the war of nerves against the nerves of war. . . .

As events moved on rapidly and relentlessly, the liberals felt a growing sense of alarm at the sight of the dilemma which confronted them. They could not rejoice at the idea that war had come — although it was the only possible way of saving liberalism — because it is no fun to be called a warmonger. On the other hand, they could not recommend another Munich which would obviously have consecrated the domination of Hitler and Germanism.

And so, with no small amount of awkwardness, they soft-pedaled their war cries and made up their minds that in view of the complexity of the situation at home and abroad the best thing to do was to be very reasonable.

At the time of writing they are still being very reasonable, and the whole of America with them. It is true that public opinion is no less neutral today than it has been for years. Polls continue to show that practically nobody wishes Hitler to win this war, and the Administration reflects this sentiment without much objection from anyone now that the quarrel which ended in the adoption of the new neutrality law has temporarily subsided. But this American reasonableness which accepts the paradox of avowed partiality within the technical observance of neutrality needs some clarification.

First of all, there is the question of vocabulary.

Great crises frequently occur for no other reason than that certain words become obsolete or unsuited to the things they attempt to describe.

As an example we could take the word 'neutrality' itself. It has been observed by many writers that the debate in Congress over this problem was made extremely difficult by the fact that the real aim of the discussion was to find a way to prevent the United States from being embroiled accidentally in this war,

and not at all to preserve neutrality. Neutrality implies indifference and detachment, and practically everybody admits that this country is neither indifferent nor detached. In fact, the development of the war to date seems to indicate that there are no neutrals except perhaps the Laplanders. The so-called neutrals can be classified in various categories, but such a classification implies another criterion than indifference or detachment.

For instance, the neutrality of countries such as Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland is the result of pressure from the outside. It so happens that for the moment the Allies and Germany have not been able to figure out any way by which they would gain more from forcing these three countries to abandon their neutrality than from allowing them to remain as they are. Risks are too great. So these three countries are really neutral in this sense, that they cannot afford to be otherwise without frightful dangers.

Slightly more powerful nations, like Sweden and Norway, have retained a certain amount of free will in the determination of their relation towards the belligerents. This is mostly due to their geographical position and to the fact that they produce things needed by both sides. But it is easy to imagine that certain circumstances could deprive them of this faculty of choice.

Large countries like Italy, Japan, and especially Russia and the United States, cannot possibly be called neutrals for the simple reason that it is very difficult for the belligerents to prevent them from expressing their views freely. Italy and Japan may find it expedient to assume a certain appearance of neutrality because they have not yet made up their minds on which side to jump. But the United States and Russia have obviously taken sides for reasons of their own and without outside pressure. Each one accuses the other of being un-neutral, and for once both are right.

Now the attitude of all these countries

is described by the one word 'neutrals,' and an incredible amount of sophistry is needed to make the word fit. But no sophistry will stand up against reality, and as long as we insist on using a vocabulary that does not fit the situation we shall be in trouble. Wars and revolutions have often been caused by the mere misuse or insufficiency of words.

As a tentative contribution to the verbal elucidation of this problem, I would suggest a classification somewhat on the following lines:—

Holland, Belgium, Switzerland: compulsory neutrals

Sweden, Norway, Spain: public-service neutrals

Italy, Japan: wait-and-see belligerents

United States: noncombatant belligerent

IV

At this point the reader may think: 'At last Registered Agent No. 159 is showing himself up. The idea of applying the word "belligerent" to the United States proves how much the English and French misunderstand the firm and sincere desire of the Americans to remain at peace. It's always the same thing: propaganda, always propaganda to drag us into the war.'

The only answer that I could make to this is that I have not the faintest idea of what the British and French governments actually want of America at the moment, and I have a suspicion that they have no clear notion of the part they would like the United States to play either in the ulterior phases of the war or in the settlement of the peace.

Naturally they prayed for the lifting of the embargo. They got it. Naturally also they hope for the continuation of American sympathy. They probably will have that too, barring unforeseen events. Beyond that, I doubt that they have any definite idea of what they want of America. I think they have realized — perhaps better than the Americans themselves — that this war has no

relation with the last one. Many Americans are still obsessed by the precedent of 1914–1918, which explains why so many people shake their heads suspiciously, muttering 'Phony war.' The Europeans who are in the midst of this war are rapidly learning that it can only be called 'phony' because it is fought differently from the last one. All wars are 'phony' to start with, up to the point when actors and spectators understand that they are not fighting the last war a second time.

As a matter of fact, Walter Lippmann has been the first to point out that this war is much more regular than the last one, and that it is in the true tradition of classical warfare, when battles were merely the verification of long preparation and calculation to bring about defeat of the enemy. He quotes Condé, Turenne, Marlborough, and Napoleon, who relied for victory on clever manoeuvring much more than on the blind struggle of millions of men such as we saw in the last war.

Moreover, this preparatory manoeuvring which brought victory or defeat was not confined to the battlefield. There is no more profitable reading at this time than the *Life of Marlborough* by Winston Churchill. In ten years of campaign, Marlborough fought only four battles. But that is not all: during those ten years of war diplomatic negotiations and also a good deal of secret intrigue were carried on between the belligerents. Marlborough did not spend all his efforts on the battlefield. Most of the time he was busy keeping the alliance together. During the last two or three years of the war a strong faction of the British Cabinet — the Cliveden set of the time — was busy undermining the power of Marlborough and trying to make a separate peace with France. Marlborough himself was conducting strange negotiations with inside groups at the Court of Louis XIV. England finally betrayed her allies and repudiated brazenly one of the main aims of the

war, which was the return of Spain to the Empire.

If American commentators had had to describe what was going on during that war, I don't think the word 'phony' would have been adequate to express their distrust and indignation at the amazing behavior of all those who took part in it. And yet the major purpose of the war, which was to set a limit to Louis XIV's expansionist policy, was achieved. France ceased being a serious bidder for the domination of Europe for some ninety years, which is quite a while.

V

The traditional diffidence of America towards Europe as a whole is expressing itself once more with great vigor and finding justifications in the war. Propaganda is described as the latest and most dangerous weapon invented by Europeans to undermine American integrity and divert this country from its historical mission.

Curiously enough, Allied propaganda is dreaded much more than that of the Reich — the reason being that the Americans do not fear to be moved by the latter, but are very much afraid that the English and the French may succeed once more in trapping them in their clever nets.

This is due to the fact that, as everybody knows, there is a whole school of thought in this country which believes strongly that the main reason why America went to war in 1917 was the efficiency of Allied propaganda. These people forget, of course, that between 1914 and 1917 German propaganda was no less intense; but the issue is judged by the result.

Today the situation is different in this sense, that the pro-German element in the country is very weak. German propaganda is active, nevertheless, and rather obvious. Allied propaganda, on the other hand, is either hopelessly incompetent or so subtle that no one can

detect it. But that does not allay the suspicion of many Americans. Quite the contrary.

During the debates in Congress on neutrality a Congressman said it was true that Allied propaganda was practically nonexistent, but — said he — just wait till we lift the embargo and you will see what happens.

I even heard a friend of mine saying that the French had adopted the most deadly propaganda of all, which was the absence of propaganda. I did my best to reassure him by pointing out that we hoped to receive instructions from France some day, somehow, and said I was sure that when that day came French propaganda would be buzzing at last in such a way as to outshine everything that had ever been seen before.

VI

I should like to end these remarks with a brief reference to the very important subject of the attitude of America towards peace. The subject would require a good deal more study than I have time or competence for, and I can only refer to it here in relation to the general reaction of this country towards Europe since the war broke out.

First of all, it is quite obvious that most thinking people are much more interested already in the peace of the future than in the events of the war, although the war is only a few months old. This may be due to the fact that the war, from the spectators' point of view, is much less interesting than had been expected. For twenty years we have been told that World War II would be a tremendous and terrifying amplification of World War I. We were prepared for devastating battles, for the destruction of whole cities, for the massacre of millions of innocent civilians, and so forth. Up to the time of writing, nothing of the sort has happened, and newspapers and the radio find it pretty difficult to keep our interest alive in the

non-spectacular methods of this war. Humans being what they are, there is a sense of disappointment in discovering that the great calamity that was supposed to destroy civilization everywhere except in America has caused up to now so little visible damage. Of course, all this may change any day, but for the moment the more or less outspoken impression of the public could be summed up as follows: 'You Europeans are so hopelessly decadent and rotten that, now that you have started a war the obvious result of which will be to finish you all off, you can't even put your heart into it. Well, then, if that's the way you feel, why don't you make peace?' So, many people think the war should stop.

Another reason why many Americans are anxious to stop the war as soon as possible seems to be that they do not think the Allies have formulated their aims clearly enough. The unfortunate leaders of England and France who for years have been deafened and shamed by the indignant cry of America's best minds, 'Why don't you stop Hitler?' are now being asked by these same Americans, 'What are you fighting for?' And when they answer, 'Well, we are trying to stop Hitler,' they are told that this is purely negative and that they *must* find a better reason than that for fighting.

Docilely, it seems to me, the Allies — and especially the British — have tried to comply. Before we have even started the wrecking of civilization in Europe we are discussing the new world which will arise from the smoking ruins-to-be, and it would seem that many of the best minds in the United States are anxious to take part in the debate. America, who fought in the last war but deserted the peace, seems now inclined to consider the reverse experiment: to keep out of the fighting but plunge into the peace.

Theoretically, nothing but good can come out of such an intention if it develops into something practical, and if

the people of the United States as a whole, having avoided being entangled in the war, accept the idea of being entangled in the peace. If this is to be the program of America, if active coöperation with Europe and a sharing in the responsibilities of maintaining the new world order (whatever that may be) becomes part of the American mission, very profound changes have to take place not only in the minds of the Europeans but also in the minds of the Americans. Most of my American friends who are becoming passionately interested in the new order upon which the peace of the world may rest say that it implies revolutionary changes in the conceptions of the Europeans. That is true. But it implies also a no less revolutionary change in the ideas of the Americans. When the time of making peace comes, they may find themselves confronted with a much more complicated and momentous problem than the ones they have had to face up to now. The slogan 'Keep the United States out of war' will be replaced by a 'Keep the United States out of peace' infinitely louder and considerably more pathetic.

The last war was a fairly simple affair on the whole, and the majority of the Americans have dismissed it by deciding that they made an error in having anything to do with it. They have proved to their own satisfaction that they were wise in deserting the peace by showing the mistakes of those who were left to make it work.

It probably will not be so easy, however, to escape the consequences of this war, whether one takes a direct part in it or not. It is too complicated, its ramifications too far-reaching. To build the peace may be much more difficult and take much more time than to win the war. It may not be the work of this generation, and we may never know in our lifetime anything that we shall be able to call peace.

HOLLYWOOD COMPOSER

BY GEORGE ANTHEIL

I

I STOPPED off at the coffee shop near the studio where I was finishing a script. It was late at night. I saw him there — a typical product of Hollywood Music Departments — a little composer with watery blue eyes. I knew him slightly and we got to talking.

‘Yes, sometimes of a three o’clock in the morning,’ he said, ‘I’ll knock off work at the studio and come over here to Coffee Joe’s for a coffee and a breather. This place may be only two blocks from the studio, but for me it’s as far away as Mexico City. Any kind of difference is welcome after fifteen straight hours in the Music Department.’

‘The silent streets,’ he said, ‘always clear up my ears, during this short walk, of all Music Department remnants. Of all such reminders there remains but one, the sound of Bill Grey’s footsteps alongside of me. Bill is my assistant, my “scorer.” This is Bill Grey sitting here. He always accompanies me because it’s a habit with him. He also accompanies me musically when I am scoring a picture. Nowadays he accompanies me in person when I take a notion to wander — just in case. He thinks that composers of symphonic music are nuts. Bill is here to see that I get back to the studio at 3.45 A.M. sharp. We’ve a big orchestral score to get out against a preview date.’

‘So you’re on the merry-go-round again,’ I told him.

‘Yeh,’ he said, ‘we’re on it. The Music Department has been working day and night for the past three weeks.

Copyists, symphony orchestras, recording stages, music director, sub-music directors, under-sub-music directors, and under-under-sub-sub-music directors have been frantic. Bill takes all this seriously.’

‘Look here,’ I said, ‘have you seen this article in the *Hollywood Tribune*?’ I gave it to him. It read: —

Every week in the year 60,000,000 persons in North America hear an excellent symphony orchestra playing a fairly good new orchestral score. This orchestral score, for the most part, is original. It has been written during the past year. Accompanying this orchestral score is a complete series of pictures which translate for even the meanest hearer every last particle of meaning in said orchestral score so that he cannot help increasing, bit by bit, his emotional vocabulary of music in general and of this music in particular. Week after week his spiritual and mental scope is being enlarged. . . .

No, it isn’t the radio.

It is the motion picture sound track of Hollywood. This sound track is the greatest musical influence in the whole world. Hollywood produces more symphonic musical sound track than all of the rest of the world combined. At least 300,000,000 persons listen to some part of it weekly. These people are scattered all over the world.

The single audience of Hollywood’s sound track, per week, easily equals, if not surpasses, the accumulated per week audience of all of the radio audiences of the world. However — and this is important — radio music originates in many different lands; Hollywood sound track originates in Hollywood alone. Moreover, even though symphony concerts were played at least once daily upon every radio

network in the country, still Mr. Average Listener would probably rather turn his dial to Benny Goodman or Paul Whiteman unless a law be passed which compelled him to listen to a 'good' symphony program for at least one hour a week.

But he does not need a law to compel him to sit inside of his favorite movie theatre for three hours a week! He may not know that he is unconsciously being 'emotionally conditioned' for better music, but one thing he knows for certain — that when he comes home and stumbles accidentally upon a 'good' symphonic program on his radio, he likes it better *after* the movie theatre than before. This is true whether his home be a rude tent in Asia, or a palace on the French Riviera. Hollywood sound track has symphonically been teaching the world how to understand music with one head — and one heart. It has been doing this for years.

'It's a pretty good article,' he said, handing the paper back, 'and very true in many respects. It's about time that the public should know something of our secrets. Nobody ever writes a word about movie music — which music certainly is the logical claimant for the greatest influence on the accumulated music worlds of today. On the other hand, radio music — movie music's most deadly rival — has daily newspaper columns all over the country devoted to it. In every city in the world — literally billions of words hourly. And about movie music — none.'

'Well, what about it?' I said.

'Well,' he said, 'the music which you hear in the background of practically every motion picture you've ever seen is heard by an audience of no less than 300,000,000 persons every week. And although 300,000,000 persons hear this music every week, virtually no one is ever conscious of hearing it.'

'You have never noticed this "movie music" because it is not just movie music, but *background* music. And, because it is intended as *background* music, extreme care is always taken to keep it exactly within that rôle. Producers maintain that the public must

come away from each and every picture with only two ideas — that the story was vastly entertaining and that the stars were breathlessly glamorous.

'If,' he continued, 'they say of a picture, "The score was excellent," Hollywood's instant rejoinder is that the movie was a very poor picture. "Why," they say, "the public noticed nothing but the score!" Anyway, — regardless of the way the musical elite of the great world capitals feel about movie music, — the way that Hollywood feels, so goes the world. And there's money in it! We can't all be great composers, but we all like to eat. Personally I'm crazy about it. Three times a day.'

'In that case,' I said, 'why are you sitting there talking to me about motion-picture music? Why draw attention to it at all?'

'It should be dragged out for your inspection,' he answered, 'because this music has already accomplished a very important thing. Whether you like it or not, this music has made a *music lover* out of you. It will continue to make a better *music lover* out of you. Unbeknownst to you we have fixed things with such painlessness that you have been permeated with fine music which you didn't even know was playing; and meanwhile the picture was teaching you the vocabulary of it all — the vocabulary of orchestral music!

'Background music,' he explained, 'is a little-known music, despite all of its great, incalculable influence on the world's music of today. People, if they ever thought of it at all, probably thought it was turned out on the side by "jazz" composers regularly attached to the studio. But it's not. It is really' — and one could see that he took pride in making this point — 'a form of "serious" music composed by serious composers, and not by "swing" arrangers. Likewise, it is not compiled (as is universally believed) from the scores of the Great Masters. Finally, it is vitally necessary to every Hollywoodian motion

picture. It is produced in ways that no other music is, or could be, produced.

'And, as the fellow who wrote that newspaper article said before, its repercussions throughout the civilized world are tremendous. For this partly artistic product made in America is carrying with it, despite all that directors can do, a certain kind of American creative music all over the world, spreading American art — the only real kind of art a cinema film can hold — all over the civilized and uncivilized globe. As the guy in the article says, it has been doing this every week for years. And it is doing even more. It is making the world's ear safe for better orchestral music and wielding incalculable artistic influence.

'There will always be those,' he continued, 'who will claim into eternity that "forceful musical influence" is forceful only when it deals with quality, and not quantity. That is true — eventually. However, quantity still has a tremendous amount to do with any propaganda system. "Propaganda," incidentally, usually deals with immediate necessities as well as future eventualities. Movie music is not a "future eventuality"; it is being written, being played, giving pleasure, selling tickets, *now* — today. It is not theory, but fact. It affects *you*.'

II

And so, as he spoke, I found out a great many things I'd never known before about the other side of motion-picture making. I found out that it is fabricating a kind of primitive international language which all men understand instantly, and with a complete emotional articulation. It is simple to understand that motion-picture scores usually attempt to describe in music the accompanying action on the screen. You ought to be able to close your eyes and, just by listening to the music, describe exactly whatever the screen might be portraying. I found out that some

cinema music is quite crass, and, although the purely descriptive is still used, it belongs to the earliest methods of 'background' scoring. For instance, long ago in the movies, whenever a man plunged through a manhole, movie music would follow him right down into the bass clef. Or, should a girl run upstairs, a light little upward run — in the old purely descriptive music — would run up upon the flute with her. Hollywood composers have a special name for this kind of motion-picture music writing; they call it 'underscoring.' It can be compared to ballet music in both intention and style. It is 'pantomimic.' It is not true 'background' music.

Again, the picture may in sundry spots need very heavy emotional music. Heavy emotional music — 'the old gutseroo' — is vitally important. It requires not only a close study of the picture, but, like as not, a conference between composer, scorer, music director, and picture director. You see, they have to come to an agreement as to what, exactly, the 'emotional significance' really *is*!

For instance, the music department cannot get out a movie score unless it knows whether the hero really loves the girl or is, as a matter of fact, thinking of another love nest far away. Is this girl, who is laughing, *really* laughing? Perhaps her heart is really breaking. If it *is* breaking, should they 'milk' the scene with heartbreak music, or, oppositely, attempt to give it a grimly realistic treatment by writing against it a trivial chunk of radio music, which in the movie will seem to be drifting casually, tellingly, in from next door?

Trivial or ponderous, this background music is always dramatic. It can be compared to opera in technique — an opera without voice or words.

Sometimes the effectiveness of certain scenes depends on their locale. In this case the scene is bolstered up with 'Paris' music, 'sea' music, 'mountain' music, or 'colorful old Mexico' music, the music department frequently writing

what will amount to a symphonic poem embracing the thematic material of these regions. Such music is always definitely 'symphonic' both in style and in treatment.

The above three techniques, I found out, constitute the only techniques the music department uses. But actually, and most of the time, they blend two of these together; frequently they blend all three.

For instance, a Parisian miss might be heartbroken in the mountains of old Mexico. In such case every single element will be considered separately. The 'heartbreak' theme may be Parisian in style, but it might also be accompanied with a Mexican rhythm, plus a horn-call or so in order to suggest mountainous spaces.

I found that it might be a source of considerable amusement the next time I went to the movies to examine piecemeal a bit of musical sound track; I was told that although the musical technique of the music department changes from second to second (as the split-second changes of the pictures may demand) the music is nevertheless not difficult to follow. You who read this might try the experiment; you'll see (hear) many interesting things: for instance, that Hollywood composers 'theme' all of their important film characters and almost never allow these characters to appear in emotional sequences without accompanying them with their identifying 'theme.' All in all, they employ a musical technique truly Wagnerian in concept if not in style. Their music, more often than not, weaves one of the most complicated and at the same time one of the most understandable musical patterns in the world. It not only 'times' the laughs, stresses important dramatic points, underlines important psychological emotions, or, for that matter, provides the very air and essence of India; but it also corrects a star's faults, makes such faults seem graceful (when they are really awkward), makes femi-

nine stars seem a little more feminine when they are too masculine, or vice versa, or does any one of a thousand other startling, incredible things.

III

Background music is — very evidently — a brand-new technique of music writing. It is not composed in haphazard fashion, but written to fit thousands of split-second timings, using and consolidating the joint techniques of ballet music, operatic music, and ultra-high-hat symphonic music.

These things, I learned, are what background music *is*. There are a few things, however, which background music is *not*.

First of all, it has nothing to do with such music as that of the movie 'musical.' This is an erroneous notion which Hollywood composers, such as my present companion, seem still to encounter everywhere. He is very bitter about being confused with a mere writer of popular song hits. Background music, he maintains, does exist in a way in most of Hollywood's popular musical pictures; but when it does so exist it is usually based upon a set of popular tunes written by Hollywood's popular tunesmiths; these tunes are then arranged (not composed) by special arrangers to fit the musical picture, its dancers, singers, pantomimists, or whatever persons, routines, or ideas a Hollywood musical producer may decide to throw in. Hollywood musicals (that is, musical pictures with a popular-tune background only) are 'arranged' and *not* 'composed' — outside, of course, of the five fundamental tunes turned in by the tunesmiths. The studio songsmiths compose 'key numbers' — which are barely sixteen pages of manuscript music — and this original music then furnishes the basis of what is known as a Hollywood musical.

Twenty background composers — a few of them of international repute —

furnish Hollywood's background music. A few of them are good composers. The rest of them are, for the most part, musical hacks. But that doesn't matter — they know more about the language of the symphony orchestra than the average man, and after all we need more teachers than geniuses. And, remember, these men are composing all the time, day after day, month after month. No, Hollywood motion-picture music is *not* any longer patched up out of the immortal scores of the Great Masters — these methods would today be considered barbarous, because the repeated cutting and recutting of Schubert's 'Unfinished Symphony,' Wagner's 'Ride of the Valkyries,' and Tchaikowsky's 'Sixth Symphony' finally gave the public the jitters and began bearing down on the box office. The *ad nauseam* point has been reached in hacking up old scores. The public won't stand for it. Movie moguls, of course, immediately broke down the front door in their mad rush to get out of classic music's abattoir, and so today all music accompanying the pictures — or nearly all — is composed especially for each particular picture.

IV

'Don't get me wrong,' my composer friend said, as he finished his third cup of coffee. 'The music of the Old Masters still has a very important reservation in the annual footage of Hollywoodian sound track, but when it appears nowadays it appears not in servile rôle but as full-fledged music played by a director of Leopold Stokowski's calibre. As such it is not, in any sense of the word, background music. It is direct, straight-from-the-shoulder music — *meant* to be noticed. You love it, but you might not have loved it unless many years of excellent background scores had made good music emotionally articulate and comprehensible to you — had unwittingly made a music lover out of you.

'There is one extremely easy and con-

vincing way by which everybody may prove to his own satisfaction just how important a Hollywood background score can be and is to its particular picture. Just go in to see any movie making the slightest pretense at being anything but a light comedy or a swing musical. Plug up your ears, especially during the emotional, romantic, or even bloodcurdling parts of the picture. This will make you miss the dialogue, of course, but you'll also blot out the background score, which is the idea in this case.

'If you now react,' he said, 'as most other persons react, you will suddenly realize that the picture up there on the screen before you is nothing more than a flickering pattern of black-and-white ghosts moving gigantically across an enormous silver screen. It's eerie, that's what it is. For it will now become a gawky picture, ill-timed, inelegant, unromantic, dull, undramatic, pointless, insignificant, mundane, and spiritless. Its landscapes will now seem labored and composed. That hillside up there is all too obviously of synthetic vintage and from the Special Effects Department. That beloved and glamorous star will also have undergone a marked change; she will now gap, flutter, smile inanely and without meaning; she is now — in a word — both ghostly and futile. She does not breathe as other women breathe. The entire picture has — quite simply — become "cold veal."

'And then take your fingers out of your ears. The entire thing changes right there before your eyes — and you'll see what I mean when I say that an orchestral background score (which you've never noticed) is one of the most important things about a motion picture. The formerly hideous Special-Effects-Department hillside again becomes a real hillside and its trees are real trees. Birds in the bushes again sing the song of eternal love. Beauty, ambition, hope, charity, and humanity are in the air again. Stars become people instead of

well-dressed \$2000-a-week Beverly Hills tennis players. The very flowers have come to life. Everything's fine. But not without our music. Our music makes it fine. And that's why background music is the very breath of the cinema.

'Since its very beginnings the motion-picture industry has known that no motion picture is more than a ghostly flicker imitating life. Its black-and-white shadows are lifeless without music. This fact is just as true today as when nickelodeons first opened their portals. Sound and its accompanying dialogue may have momentarily dimmed this ancient cinema necessity, but when the sound film, surfeited with talking, suddenly became obnoxiously barren, so much so that motion-picture box-office receipts fell off alarmingly, it again became apparent that, no matter what new inventions or improvements might come or go in the motion-picture industry, music was one of its prime necessities and was there to stay forever. Music was reinstated, and box-office receipts climbed back. Now you couldn't take music away from Hollywood with a regiment of tanks.

'With all this on our shoulders you'd think they'd let Bill and me and fellows like myself alone, wouldn't you?' he complained. 'You'd think, in the middle of the night, just before dawn, they'd give us more than forty-five minutes for a couple of cups of coffee. I'm so tired I can hardly see. But they won't. They want speed! The most typical thing we Hollywood composers can tell you about ourselves is that we are the fastest composers in the world. We can, all of us, write symphonic music almost as quickly as a symphony orchestra can play it!

'Only thirty composers in the world can write music so quickly,' he said proudly, 'and twenty of them are in Hollywood.'

'Why do they have to write so fast?' I asked.

'Well, they must write music with this

tremendous speed because, frankly, Hollywood cannot wait. Ordinary garden variety of composers (or those not in Hollywood) need from two to three months to write a three or four hundred page orchestral score, and even then these non-Hollywoodians consider this to be some tremendous feat or other. Hollywood, however, cannot permit \$200,000 to \$2,000,000 to remain tied up for three long interest-bearing months while a composer mulls over and brings forth a properly fitting background score. The percentage on \$2,000,000 a day can develop into quite an interesting sum — in any case too much, even for Hollywood.

'Accordingly the writing of orchestral background scores has become a tremendously organized and highly technical business; studios have equipped their music departments with the last word in such comforts and devices as are calculated to heighten to *n*th degree motion-picture background score production. Studios and offices — all of them equipped with grand pianos, recording devices, pretty secretaries, and what not — are placed at the disposal of the composer in order to squeeze the last possible bit of inspiration out of him. They even do something that until recently was practically unknown in the history of struggling musical composers — they pay us fat salary checks, too.

'Each studio's music department is a big musical factory. Each factory revolves, more or less, around its two, three, or even four background composers — plus, of course, the all-important music director, who is final authority about what shall or shall not go into the sound track when all the other boys begin to squabble. (He's supposed to know!) Most large studios are geared to high production — our studio, for instance, produces about one and a half background scores a week. *One and a half background scores a week!* One and a half opera-length scores a week! And every week in the year!'

V

'The first day I came here,' he continued, 'I met another composer, an old pal from back East, who proceeded immediately to take me on tour. We bummed around Hollywood Boulevard, saw Grauman's Chinese Theatre, and other not so bewildering sights. At last — as does every studio person in Hollywood — we took a busman's holiday. We went into a movie.

'Sounds of boisterous laughter greeted our entry into the theatre. I thought that we had entered into a comedy. But there, upon the screen, was one of my favorite stars. The drama was a most serious one. I looked at my fellow composer in amazement. I didn't, quite frankly, get it.

"I wanted to show you this picture in particular," he said to me, "because it will be a most excellent object lesson for you. For one thing, it will give you a new pride in your recently adopted profession." (I had never written music for the movies until I came to Hollywood.) "You will now notice," he continued, "that the public are rolling in the aisles with hilarity. But, my friend, the picture up there isn't funny. It is supposed to be serious, very serious. And that," he wound up, "is what we composers of Hollywood can do to a director who thinks he knows too much about music. A director, for instance, barges into our music department with twelve cans of celluloid all nicely cut and fresh from the cutter, and this director shrieks for music — *his* music. Suppose now he annoys us, pesters us, tells us how to write music, how to do every note, makes our lives miserable. Well, it all winds up by our abandoning him. We take his directions and follow them literally — and look," he said, pointing up at the screen, "just see what happens! Look at that long thin man up there. Do you notice that every time he takes a step that step is followed by a bassoon note? And *bassoons* — as every last

member of a music department will tell you — make long thin men seem both longer *and* thinner. Synchronized steps in a piece of starkly realistic drama automatically turn it into the funniest comedy you've ever seen. Why? We don't know why. It's the funny bone of the public that will tell you why. And, old chap, notice, if you please, the heroine. Poor thing, she's acting perfectly all right, but her background music isn't. Do you notice, for instance, that it accents the fluttery and more jittery side of her movements? In private life, incidentally, she *is* fluttery and jittery. She knows of this fault, of course, and attempts, like the good actress that she is, to correct it. But the composer would not let her get away with it. He always caught that jitter when she least expected it, and he accented it. And now, no matter what she or the long thin gentleman will do, it will be funny." To listen to that public howling, it certainly seemed so.'

If composers could do this, then indeed they certainly occupied positions of power! 'Why,' I asked, 'didn't the director rip out that silly sound track, especially after he had heard the first dubbing?'

'Directors,' answered my friend, 'don't know. They have scant ideas about what kind of music most appropriately fits what action; certainly they have no idea about the public's reaction to motion-picture background music. But we — who are the specialists — know the public reaction to every note. Good directors, of course, know how to tell us exactly what they want and give us enough scope to correct their miscalculations. On the other hand, bad directors (bad for the music side of their picture) come in and want to compose our scores personally, although they are not composers — in which case, if they are insistent enough, we let them. I mean we compose their scores their way. That, apparently, was exactly what happened on yon screen.

'So studios have become cagey about such things. They prefer to allow a composer who knows his trade to score a picture wherein a little fat man plays a serious or semi-serious rôle. They do not know why it is, but the composer seems to know that a fat man is ever so much fatter the moment you allow a squeaky oboe to wander morosely up and around in the sound track. A composer of background music knows that a dangerously beautiful young male star dare not be accompanied by muted strings lest in the audience scoffing youths let loose a singular and raucous whooping noise. He also seems to know that no trombone should sound its strident mannish note whenever a certain too-boyish young actress strides her masculine young self across the screen. Should he sound such a trombone even for a teeny-weeny "boop" the audience would tail-spin into hysterics.

'When mistakes occur it is our silent duty unostentatiously to correct them. A little neutral music over the offending spot (instead of a brutally grim music) will often do the trick, and if that doesn't we might even attempt some music that says, "Although it may appear so, all is not yet lost." And we'll do the same thing for an actress; we'll cover her defects with a musical "beauty treatment" that would astound as well as confound not only you but her. In the music department, actresses with too precise movements have these movements musically rounded out — as if they were so intended. We do not write music as though to underline and stress

their too-angular movements; instead we write music which closely follows their action but completes every movement in the rhythm with which such movements *should have been completed*. We "round out" their defective timings. And, as with the oboe and the fat man, there are ways of making a thin actress put on a few pounds, and, obviously, vice versa. Ugly ducklings can become swans, gawky schoolgirls can become graceful, and the accidental movements of a child become the soul of premeditated and planned choreography.

'And then, remember, some of the world's finest symphony orchestras are right in the studios of Hollywood. This is not to be wondered at when one considers that symphony-orchestra musicians are more highly paid in those studios than anywhere else in the world. We get the best — the very best.

'Finally and always, remember this, as the newspaper fellow wrote: our music dins upon almost one billion — one *whole* billion — of human eardrums every week. If, in the future, our musical taste is good, we shall be the world's greatest influence for good music. . . .'

The little watery-eyed composer stopped for a moment to drink his fourth cup of coffee. 'You'll never get to sleep tonight,' I protested. 'Yes, I will,' he said. 'I haven't slept in four nights. I'll sleep tonight, all right.'

Bill, who had been reading a newspaper, got restive. 'It's over forty-five minutes right now, and we've still got a long sequence to write before dawn,' he said, looking at his watch.

NO. 38 BECOMES A CITIZEN

BY MAX ASCOLI

I

'NUMBER 38. Come in with your witnesses.' It is my examination for the second paper which means that, if everything goes well, after a statutory period of ninety days I shall become an American citizen. 'Do you know the Constitution of the United States?' 'Do you believe in it?' 'Do you know why we celebrate the Fourth of July?' 'Can you read English? Read here.'

'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.'

'Do you believe in these principles?'

'Yes, I do.'

The questioning goes on. The examiner looks straight at my eyes. Yes, I do believe in the democratic form of government. It is just because I believe in the principles of the Declaration of Independence that I left my native country, Italy, of my own will seven years ago. Of course I don't say this to the examiner. He has no business with my private affairs; it is a routine job for him to take in new citizens. I can see a long row of men and women all waiting to have their numbers called. Like me, they are already uprooted from their own country and not yet Americans. 'Do you give up your allegiance to your former country?' 'Yes, I do.' 'Are you willing to bear arms for the defense of the United States?' 'Yes, I am.'

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It is a very strange thing to acquire the citizenship of a new country: something like taking a new father and mother. There is no doubt that the natural destiny of every man is to live and die in the land where he was born, among the people of his own language and tradition and customs. How strange it would have sounded to me if, only a dozen years ago, I had been told that one day I might give up being an Italian! I would have said that to leave one's country is a great calamity, a fateful decision that no one could take unless compelled by the utmost necessity. I would have said that I hated Fascism, yes, but that not to share the destiny of the other Italians was an act of arrogance for anybody not in danger of his life; and that as long as it was possible to stay and exert some influence it was better to live a hindered life at home than to look for shelter abroad.

Yet here I am — answering questions in an English which is fluent but still heavy with Italian accent; I earn my living by lecturing in English, thanks to the understanding of my students; I write in English, thanks to friends who still occasionally look over my use of prepositions. In a few months I may be traveling in Europe with an American passport. In Europe, but not in Italy. For several years I have had no passport, as the Italian Consulate in New York refused to give me any document except one good to take me back to Italy and keep me there. During these years I

have been what is called a political refugee, an expatriate.

I know exactly the date and the hour when I first realized that all this was bound to happen. It was the night of April 30, 1928, in the police headquarters of a small town in Central Italy. I had been brought there, not in a regular state of arrest, but to be questioned — or, as it is said, under protective custody. In deference to my professorial dignity I had not been locked in a cell, but was invited to spend the night in the office of a clerk, with the door open and two policemen watching from the corridor. I sat at the desk, smoking and looking out of the window until after dawn. I had been caught. They could not pin anything specific on me, yet their hand was on my neck. It was not a violent hand. Rather, it was trying to push me with impatient clumsiness in the right direction. Could I not, with a positive act of repentance, clear up all malevolent rumors, establish my reputation, and, together with my countrymen, proclaim that the Duce is always right?

That pressure had been going on for years, but privately, coming through the channels of friendship or comradeship. From that night on it was going to be exerted by policemen. The police of a dictatorial country, to keep themselves busy and the opponents scared, can do little more than invent plots: it is their own naïve blundering way of giving bodily reality to the unfathomable crime of thinking. The police do not know individuals, but want to build up cases. My case was very simple: could I change my mind? Otherwise there was going to be trouble. The pincers of the 'either-or' were closing on me. The grip on my neck was the cold metallic one of the system, and it is difficult to reason with a system. One thing was sure: that the police were going to stiffen my determination and that from that night on my way of thinking was going to mould my way of living. That night I knew.

At the bottom, I thought, it was a

quite simple matter. I had been so far an Italian citizen devoted to his country. Now the police in their rough way were serving notice on me that my citizenship was going to be forfeited unless I strengthened it by taking a second one. To be an Italian was not enough: one had to become a Fascist. An Italian insisting that the old citizenship was good enough for him was a man without security and without rights. I could not become a Fascist. I could not swear allegiance to the Duce. I knew that night that in due course of time Fascism was going to make an alien of me. I did not know that in a few years I should have sworn allegiance to the American Constitution and called Italy my former country. But I knew definitely, when the sky over the Piazza, out the window of the Police Headquarters, was all brightened by the fresh clarity of the Italian dawn, that my moorings had been cut and that I was on the move.

II

Now I am becoming an American citizen. I pass through the first questioning, but I have to wait before going through a second one; and after that I have to wait again and go through a third. Each time they ask me something or put some stamps on my papers. What I heard from a man at dinner a few nights ago comes to my mind: 'To an intellectual it must not be hard to shift allegiance from one country to another. An intellectual is a citizen of the world.' I like to remember these words now: they sound so silly. I don't know if anyone here, waiting to pass the first, the second, or the third examination, calls himself a citizen of the world. And I don't know how other intellectuals may feel in this moment. I know my own feeling. I know that I had a country — Italy — and now I have put the final seal on the fact that I have lost it. That is all.

This means that I am definitely

estranged from the land, the sky, the culture, in which I have lived. Of course there are always good men around, ready to preach about citizens of the world and culture that survives exile — nay, that lives out of exile. I wish I could pat my shoulder and congratulate myself on the little bit of Italian culture that I have brought to new life over here. But unfortunately the American is adult enough in me to scent the bunk. The truth is that my roots are cut, and that whatever Italian sap is left in my nature is living out of contact with the Italian earth. What is the use of tracing down the origins and the responsibilities? Fascist intolerance worked hand in hand with my stubborn sense of self-respect. I don't regret it. I would do it again. I could not become a Fascist. I became an American. Therefore Italy is my former country. The Italian culture is my former culture. These are facts.

There are people who say, 'But after all, things may turn out differently, and you will be back some day.' Things may certainly become different in Italy, but one cannot change his country as he changes his shirt. It is a great privilege to become an American. All these routine ceremonies are not exactly formalities or red tape. The two friends who are here with me to testify about my moral character are not professional witnesses picked up in the street. They are real friends. I am in a large group of friends over here, a community which is growing out of the work of each one of us, and mutual confidence, and common beliefs. It did not cause me any trouble to become an Italian; but my becoming an American is my own work. To me these ceremonies are a reality which is of my own making. No, I don't imagine I will undo in the future what I am doing today.

I shall go back perhaps, if things change over there, as an American tourist. I shall make a tour all over Italy some day, lecturing about the spiritual congeniality and the tradi-

tional friendship between the Italian and the American people. In my dotage I may possibly listen complacently to some chairman who will introduce me as a symbol of culture that survives hard times, as one of those migratory birds that bring the seeds of spiritual and learned life across the boundaries that nature or man has designed, back and forth, back and forth. Shall I have forgotten then all the comrades of my youth, all my Italian friends who were so worthy of survival? Some of them were murdered by the Fascists — murdered because they were the best of all of us. Some committed suicide. Some are in jail for the rest of their life or the life of the régime. Some have become functionaries of the régime. Two or three are living a pale decent life over there: all that is left of a group of men who were just facing the twenties when the régime started — brave young men who wanted to do good work for a civilized Italy.

No, all that was my Italy is gone. By accident, I suppose, I came over here and found work and made friends. In all truth, I do not have to give up any citizenship: I have remade myself over here, and now I am going to receive my certificate. I have not even friends left in Italy who may marvel or be shocked at my swearing allegiance to a foreign country — with the possible exception of two, in their graves, the youngest of us all, who died at nineteen in the war. One of them was a Zionist, the first Zionist I had ever known. He used to say that the Italian Jews owe a double loyalty to Italy, since Italy, he said, is the only country entirely free from anti-Semitism. In the rout of Caporetto he held together a group of disbanded soldiers and fought, as long as he could, his rear-guard fight. One day he was surrounded but refused to give up. A Hungarian chaplain blessed his grave: he said that he had never seen a man die so bravely. Now they have discovered in Italy that the Jews simulated patriotism

during the war, so as to spread more shrewdly their sinister influence.

Of course, there is physical Italy that is left. They cannot change it; they can scratch something here and there, tear down a few buildings in the centre of Rome, or plan a new quarter in almost every city. They want to give a Fascist tinge to the civilization, even to the landscape of Italy. It is hardly so sacrilegious as it is grotesque. The reality of Italy is in its earth and in its sky. The monuments, the works of art, reach beauty when they make visible the unity between the two. The sky can make plausible and proportioned almost anything, the earth can transform in its own way all traditions and intentions. There is so much history piled up in Italy; yet one can realize the beauty of Italy without knowing history. Nowhere else are the eyes more gratified; yet a blind man, I think, by breathing the air of Florence and Taormina can feel that these are two unique spots under the sun. That earth and that sky can take and melt away anything. In a way, in Italy, history and even art have less importance than in any other country: the particular Italian mark is not that of any single era or of a group of arts, but of eternity.

I think I can still scent the odor of the Laguna in certain corners of Venice and feel how I breathed when my lungs were filled with the air of Tuscany. I certainly have still vivid in me the exalted yet poised sense of the absolute that on a clear morning the sky of Rome can give. But all these recollections will inevitably fade away; they are already recurrent obsessions that my instinct tries to avoid. The fall in New England is becoming almost as familiar to me as the autumn in Rome. The stirring rhythm of life in New York multiplies the strength of my nerves and keeps me going. The direct, humorous man-to-man comradeship that one finds all over this country has become like a fluid in which I am accustomed to live. That

man who asked all the questions about the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence had a good one on me when the examination was over. 'Doctor,' he said, 'could you please make your signature over here so that somebody could read it? You see, the people who come to this place are usually not so highly educated, but they all know how to write their names.' He was a nice, friendly-looking man. We smiled broadly at each other.

III

In the list of the prospective citizens invited to call at the Immigration Office of the Southern District of New York on June 21, 1939, I have the number 38. Among all men and women I know over here there is not a single one, I suppose, whose American origins cannot be traced back to a number like my 38 obtained in some way for an identical purpose. This is why, perhaps, I feel as if the wrench of being uprooted from Italy were soothed by a sense of homecoming.

Of course, I could have become an English or a French citizen. I can almost see what would have happened. In England I should have been pigeonholed somewhere, after a careful weighing of my behavior and breeding. Over there even the natives are stamped according to the accident of their birth and the mode of their education; and certainly in the English social structure there is generous room for the aliens who become naturalized British subjects — particularly if they know how to keep their place.

In France I should have floated somehow among Parisian and cosmopolitan intellectuals. These people are called *métèques* over there — which means, approximately, international mongrels. At the margins of French society the *métèque* can spend his life in great freedom, as long as he can draw sparkles from his wits and protection from some *cabales*.

In America it is different, almost incredibly different. Here where the traces of the old countries are still visible in everybody's names and traits it is extremely hard to remain an alien. One can, of course, but only by secluding himself in some ghetto of the unassimilated. The country which has been made by immigrants is at the same time the most impatient toward immigrants. If the aliens want to have any chance they have to become Americans, to adjust themselves to American ways of thinking and behaving. They are graded not according to a stable hierarchy but rather to the criteria of the race track: they have to run, no matter what handicaps are imposed on them. A Wop has to overcome more handicaps than a pure Anglo-Saxon, therefore he has to run twice as fast, or else he will be treated forever as a Wop. An alien, if he wants to have a chance, has to mix in some church or lodge or trade-union, just as, if he knows how to take care of his interests, he has to find his way into some political organization.

However, the assimilation of the aliens, imperative as it is, is not a wholesale process, and its happy outcome in each individual case is not a foregone conclusion. I know people who were born in this country and who feel and behave and are treated like aliens. I know people who almost the moment they land are recognized by men here as congenial fellows. In Europe the commonplace is still running that considers America as a hodgepodge of all races and creeds and ideas, something that will possibly coalesce into some unity and shape but only in a future still far away. The truth seems to me exactly the opposite. In order to be fully admitted to the American community one must prove himself to have an American character and bent of mind. Which means, to put it broadly, that this country is made for natural-born Americans, and that Americans are born, not made. Not all the natives, of course, are what

may be called natural-born Americans, and not all the natural-born Americans become citizens of the United States. But the natives, and to an infinitely minor degree the aliens, are offered the chance of reaching the American type and of keeping it alive.

I remember when this unique American character first glimmered to me, the day I landed in New York. I remember my pride in looking at what men had done by rushing and pushing and gambling, with motives all muddled in self-interest: the result was New York. I remember the sense of human patriotism that I felt then, for the first time; later on, knowing the country, crossing many of its sections, I felt that sense over and over again. In England one admires the English people, its kings and noblemen and merchants; in Italy one loves the Italian nature and the Italian gods. In the United States one is impressed only by men and men and men. Plain men who came here as uprooted immigrants, all of them. No giants or gods or heroes: the only approximation to heroes are those great millionaires or public figures whom every third-rate journalist can debunk. The American character consists in this cheerful willingness to live and work in a society made of plain men—a society that gives a chance to individuals because this is the best way to get work done by them, and because it has a wisdom of its own that seems to be the ingrained experience of the human herd that tries here to rule itself.

In Europe the life of men is at the same time limited and protected by the tangible signs of the past. The streets we walk through, in the old country, direct the steps of our life. In New York, I was told, where there is now Saks-Fifth-Avenue there was open country a century ago. What will be standing fifty years from now, or in what direction the onrush of life will move ahead in a century, no planner of the city of tomorrow can tell. Everything is pro-

visional and tentative. The spick-and-span car of today will be junk in a few years. With little or no direction coming from the past, the enormous mass of human beings is always on the move, rolling on according to its own weight and instincts — an ocean of men. Those who with gusto plunge into such an ocean and its currents and undertows belong to this country. The others, the eternal aliens, are dragged along and pushed around, having a very hard time.

It is good to live in such a country. It is different from all other countries at least in this respect, that it is not defined by a peculiar set of hierarchies and traditions, but by a particular attitude toward life. The citizenship of the United States is the appropriate document of identification for men who find a hard pleasure in starting life anew, men sharpened by the individual will to survive and by the instinct of the herd — plain men.

'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.' These words I have to pronounce loudly, in order to prove that I can read English. I am a little uneasy: I don't know really whether it is true that all men have been created free and equal. Perhaps it is, but if they don't defend their birthright I know that their lot can become miserable. What I do know is that the uprooted men who made this country have created a setting, a condition of things that makes it possible to do something for freedom and equality.

IV

I think I know this country well enough not to be swayed by any Fourth of July optimism. I earn my living by teaching what is called political philosophy, which (I answer when I am asked, What is it?) is something between Plato and Jim Farley. I am getting more

and more familiar with the hard realistic Jim Farley way of turning things around. I don't think anybody has to teach me about Mayor Hague or Hearst or Tom Girdler: I know almost everything that has been written about these gentlemen who generously provide test cases for the defenders of civil liberties. I know about Senator Reynolds and the anti-alien sentiment. I have read everything I could about share-croppers and labor spies and labor rackets. *The Grapes of Wrath* is still on my desk.

I know about the ways of intolerance in this country, and what life was like in the twenties under Prohibition. I have met some dozen Babbitts and more than one Elmer Gantry. And certainly I have met here, among native Americans, Fascist types and countless men and women of no convictions at all who were ready to jump into the first wagon hitched to a faraway star. All European diseases and conditions for diseases I have found over here in large or small samples, and some more which are specifically American. And how could it be different? There is nothing super-human about this country and this people.

It is only too natural that all germs and pollutions which may affect the human breed have found their way and some chance over here. Sometimes these germs neutralize each other. Racial or religious intolerance may take ominous forms in Alabama, but will not easily combine with the brand of intolerance which is preached in Michigan. In some other instances intolerance has taken the character of a disease that by its recurrence has lost something of its deadly power. There is a definite limit to what the country can tolerate in the way of labor troubles or red-baiting. Men with some good qualifications for becoming dictators or tyrants have been rapidly blown to pieces by the mercilessly used technique of bunking and debunking.

This homespun wisdom, this shrewd biological health of the American people,

is the instinctive wisdom of that part of the race which in one way or another has so far managed to keep itself free from monarchies, from state-enforced religions, from dogmas of all kinds. Therefore it gets from time to time entangled in cheap substitutes of what it has freed itself from, and it falls under the fetters of machine politicians, of prohibition crusaders, or of abolition preachers of all kinds. For a while — and then the instinctive wisdom manages to get rid of all these fetters one by one.

It is extremely difficult to fool the American people all the time; it is quite easy to induce them to try anything — as the immigrant does who grimly wants, with all his determination and resourcefulness, to start life anew. By becoming collective this fondness for experiment and trial has socialized and lessened its risks. The enormous pool of wisdom of plain men who, finding themselves alone on this continent, managed to get something done has perhaps more resources in itself than our rational thought can measure. It is also true that this healthy resourcefulness has sometimes a rare power of irritating and humiliating the rational thought of the native and of the imported intellectuals.

Perhaps the freedom and the equality exalted in the Declaration of Independence mean a shrewd willingness to give to every germ a chance, until the body becomes self-immunized. Perhaps freedom here has its foundation in this astutely gained good health. I don't know whether the rights that the Declaration mentions are unalienable, but I know that they cannot be easily alien-

ated as long as they are guaranteed by good health, common sense, and good humor. Who knows whether God gave these rights to men? But certainly they are the instinct of the human race.

'It is a very strange thing to be an American,' MacLeish wrote. Perhaps it is somewhat less strange to become one. Or at least in becoming one the man who has been estranged from his own country may have the feeling that he is not doing a strange thing, that he is not the prey of a freak of destiny. He follows a way that other men have trod. Of course he is coming late, and he has to pay his toll. But he finds a country where, out of the pooled experiences of plain uprooted men, something healthy and enduring has come forth — a new kind of country.

I have now to pass the last test. I am told to go with my witnesses into a bare courtroom. A thin elderly man in shirt sleeves, sitting on the bench, calls my name. At his side is the American flag. On the grayed walls are two cheap old pictures, one of Washington and the other of Lincoln. With a quick official voice the man on the bench says: 'Do you believe in the American Constitution? Do you believe in the principles of the Declaration of Independence? Do you give up your allegiance to your former country? Are you willing to bear arms for the defense of the United States?' . . . 'We shall check all the information and data, and if they are correct after ninety days you will be called to take your final oath.'

I become an American citizen. So help me God.

ISLES OF SPICE AND LILIES

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

I

SMALL sounds of traffic coming in through the window at the end of the ward told him he was in some city. Then, in the gray of another dawn, a note prolonged and shivering at the bottom of sound could be nothing but a steamer's whistle; so the city was on a coast. Now the boy on the cot, who might have been sixteen or might have been twenty, wasted and big-eyed, drew a forearm from under the sheet and studied the crossed anchors tattooed above the wrist, blurred by peeling skin. He must be some kind of sailor. There was no fright about it yet.

Of the nurse who came presently he asked: 'Where is this?'

'This is the contagious division, City Hospital.'

'But what city?'

'San Francisco. This is the scarlet-fever ward.'

'I — I'm alone?'

Missing the meaning of his hesitancy, she glanced at the other empty cots. 'You've had company, two or three. They're gone now. If you'll be good and not fret, you'll soon be gone too. This, please, under your tongue.'

And still it was no more than a shapeless unease, far off.

But there was a morning when an interne came with the nurse and asked the boy his name and where he lived.

'Don't *you* know?' There of a sudden it was, fright and shame.

'You had a hundred and three of fever when you were picked up in the street,

young fellow; you were hardly giving us much information. . . . Now just your name and address, that's all. For the record.'

Cornered, the boy struggled up on an elbow. 'Why do I have to tell you? You can't force me, if I don't want to!'

The interne put his card and pen away quickly and got up. 'Of course not. Heavens! Don't you bother one bit more now. Come, Nurse.'

The boy took what comfort he could in the belief that he had fooled them. But he couldn't fool the awful embarrassment, the awful loneliness. Nor had he fooled the others. The nurse, returning with a glass of something to make him sleep, smoothed his brow after he'd drunk it.

'Don't worry, son. It often happens after things like scarlet fever, the kind of a siege you've been through. But it's an amnesia that passes. As you grow stronger, things will come back to you.'

They didn't, though. Out of quarantine at last, lodged in the convalescent division, the fellow became a problem. They tried all sorts of sudden things; flashed on him the clothes he'd been picked up in, sweat shirt, dungarees, and sneakers, worn but clean from their disinfection. These meant nothing, stirred no memory. Doctors of one breed and another dealt with him. One, a young man with a crazy eagerness to know the hidden sides of things, refused to quit.

'For you see, if we could get you to want to remember, you'd remember.

... No, now, wait,' he pleaded, over the protestations of the lost one, by now as jumpy-wild as a rabbit caught in the open, no thicket to hide in. 'By "you" I don't mean this you that's talking, thinking here, with the topside of your cranium. No, it's the other guy, the you that lives way down under, boss of the filing cabinet where every least act and word of your life is on record, for merely the riffling of his thumb to find. He's the guy that takes a memory and declares it out-of-bounds, taboo, and he's the guy I want to talk with — if there's any God's way of getting through the wall of hysteria he's thrown around your consciousness.'

'I'm not hysterical! I'm not!'

'That's all that amnesia is — hysteria of a type. Hypnotism will sometimes help. If you're willing to let us have a shot at it —'

'No! Let me be! Let me go now!'

'Easy, friend — no one's going to bother you. But you can do it for your own self if you'd rather — probably *do* it every night you sleep. Because it's that other guy that does your dreaming — if only you could remember when you waken the parts of the dream he doesn't want you to. . . . Listen, here's something can't hurt you. Will you, for me, give it a try?'

So it was that the boy was shifted to a private room to sleep that night, and wasn't let sleep — not for a while, anyway. Propped up on triple pillows, he was given a sheet of paper to stare at, blank and blinding in the ray from a hooded bulb, 'for that guy to write on when he's ready,' the doctor said over and over. 'Like a signboard. Think of it as a signboard, to point you the way.'

Over and over, ruthless, each time the boy's eyes wandered or the lids drooped — until it must have been that words did actually take shape, on a signboard grown enormous. Words fleeting, but half written, and all gibberish, were they? Or were they words solid, sober, and sequent in the idiom of dreams?

The boy could never say, for he was asleep and remembered not a bit of it.

The first thing he himself knew, and nine-tenths fantastic, was a fragrance heavy in nose and mouth, and ecstasy. If only he could have hung on, lain there longer in the drift of perfume that was like nothing on earth but heavy, hot, wet lilies, shaken by fright and bliss. But now the doctor's face was above him, bringing him wide-awake.

'Have I been asleep?'

'About five hours. Tell me, did you watch the signboard? Do you remember what you dreamed?'

'No. I guess I didn't dream.' Of what had not been dreaming, but half waking, the boy saw no need to speak. 'Why?' he asked.

'Nothing. I'll put the light out now. Go on back to sleep.'

But the next day the doctor let him know what actually had happened. He had a notebook, scantily penciled. 'I got you to talk in your sleep last night — if you can call it talking. I want your help now. Does any of this mean a darn thing to you?'

The boy took the loose leaf the other detached from the notebook. He read aloud the fragmentary jottings, blank mystified.

'*Signboard? . . . Signboard? (At intervals, as prompted) . . . The White Friars . . . (Prompted: Who are the White Friars?) . . . The white rocks . . . They are killing the natives — no, it's the Friars — no — I don't know. . . . Some were killed Thursday and I hear the bell. . . . (What bell?) . . . I daren't go out by the bell till dark — lay low till dark, in behind the sisters . . . (What sisters?) . . . The Three Gray Sisters. . . . Cocoa, nutmeg, cinnamon — spices, spices, everything nices. . . . What will the wages be? . . . Maybe death? No, no! . . . Dark and the bell is still. . . . The White Friars are small and black with the moon behind them. . . . To hell with death! I will dare! (Vehemently, and no more.)*'

'You must realize,' the doctor hastened to explain, 'not a word of it awake may have the sense it had dreaming. That guy in the subconscious has a thousand dodges, double meanings, association hookups, farfetched puns. Read it again; see if there isn't some one thing can touch a spark. For instance, your White Friars, evidently rocks of some sort — I find there's a reef in the Irish Sea, the *Grayfriars*. Still, the insistence on the word "natives" — I don't know — it's hard to say. Mayn't the Three Gray Sisters, taking the bell as a buoy —'

But the boy cried sharply, 'Let me think!' His rereading had brought him as far as 'Cocoa.' Mightn't it mean 'coco' — coconut? Nearly it seemed there was a spark. 'Coco, nutmeg, cinnamon . . . spaces, spices.' Excitement shook him as he recalled the fragrant fright-and-bliss of his waking. But no, not spices; more like heavy lilies it had been.

The doctor, watching his face, asked: 'Caught something?'

'I thought for a second — but not quite. Could I keep this and —'

'Surely, yes, do!'

But when the boy was returned to his room all thought of the paper in his pocket was whisked out of mind. A middle-aged, stoutish man with a queerly tight gray face was waiting there. The boy stopped dead, blinked once or twice, and said: 'Dad! You here?'

'Hullo, Merrill.'

'My — yes — my name is Merrill. Merrill — August — Mygatt. How's everything in — back in — you know —'

'Des Moines.'

'I mean, Des Moines.'

II

There are all sorts of keys; Merrill Mygatt's key was visual. Just as physical sight of his father had unlocked recognition instant and complete, so it was to go with everything.

He had said, 'I mean, Des Moines,' but it had really been only echo to his father's prompting, and not until they got off the train at the station days later did he remember what his home town was like, and who his friends were. Even then it was only such friends as were gathered there that memory accepted, face by face, and fitted back into the pattern of life: Uncle Ben and Aunt Ella; Waite Koy, basketball captain; Belle Wingate, such a peach; Walt Finn, boss toolmaker; so on, one by one, face by face. And so it was with the city, each street; one look along it on entering, and in a wink: 'Of course — I know all this.'

So too with the house that was home; Cousin Natalie, white-haired housekeeper, smiling weepily in the doorway; then room by room, unknown before the threshold, and in a flash familiar since babyhood; and the picture of a pretty woman, and Merrill knew, and what had been a secret wonder was cleared away. His mother. She'd died when he was little.

For Merrill's father had not quite understood about him, and shyness born of shame had kept the boy under a strain of watchful waiting through the long trip on the train, careful to ask no question till some chance word of his father's had prepared him for the answer.

It was so he learned, without asking, that he was seventeen, and it was well over a year since he'd gone away. 'Run away,' he read between the lines. What they'd done about it at home was left a blank, other than that it was only through police publicity, set going by the hospital, that his father had learned of his whereabouts.

'Even then I doubted it,' he told Merrill. 'They made such a point of your being, probably, a sailor.'

Coloring, frowning with embarrassment, the boy hitched up a sleeve. The man frowned in turn as he studied the crossed anchors.

'Where ever did you get a thing like that done to you, son?'

'Oh — er — I dunno.'

The way he tried to throw it off, sulky-sounding, threw the father off. They were too much alike, shy to the point of prickliness, overquick at hiding a hurt. And there'd been too much of this flushing and eyes turned away at any least attempt to draw Merrill out about his year of wandering. If he could once have looked his father in the eye and said straight, 'I'd tell you if I knew, Dad, but I don't know, that's all,' it would have been different. As it was, the father ended by feeling puzzled, evaded, and rebuffed. He certainly wasn't going to pry, he told himself, and space and silence had grown between them.

The irony of it was that Merrill himself had a question he'd wanted very much to put. It recurred to his mind after he'd gone to bed in the heaven of his own bed that first night, with a day of recovered kin and friends and common graciousness behind him; came with such a press of necessity that he got up, went out barefooted to his father's door, knocked, entered, and asked quickly before pride and timidity should catch up with him: 'Dad, why was it I ran away from here?'

To the parent it was happy miracle, contact remade. His brow cleared, his eyes misted; he made a gruff pushing-off motion with his hands.

'That's all water under the bridge, son; let's both forget it.'

That was just what Merrill didn't want, but what could he say?

A few days later, Mygatt got down to business, with characteristic awkward lightness.

'Well, my man, how about it? Still feel the same — don't want to go to college? Straight into the works, from bench up?'

Could something about that have been the 'water under the bridge'? Absurd! Not knowing what to say, Merrill said: 'Yep, I still do.'

It was a hot summer, the air through the windows of Mygatt's metal-stamping works heavy with the dust and pollen of the midlands. But the apprentice toolmaker didn't mind; he was too content to have his hands busy with solid substance and measurable angles, and foreman Finn's quaint profanity to bring his mind back when sometimes it would stray.

The straying would begin like this, sparked by a glimpse of the anchors on his forearm: 'My palms are hard and my fingers quick to catch the hang of things. How come?' On what seas, what coasts, had the skin learned to callous without blistering; what queer knacks did his fingers know that he didn't know they knew?

One day Finn found him truant from his bench, seated idle among the odds and ends of a rubbish shed, two bights of greasy old rope across his palms, his eyes fixed on nothingness, resolutely blank.

'Whaddaya think you're doin' here, me fine felluh?'

'Aw, nothin' — I dunno.' It was a lie. Had Merrill answered the truth, it would have been: 'I was waiting to see if knots would tie.'

Foreman Finn began to worry. 'Give him time,' Old Man Mygatt put him off. 'Merrill's been a sick fellow, remember.' And because it went all against his business religion his voice grew sharp: 'Boys will be boys!'

Merrill was a boy as boys will be in any country city, any summer. Waite Koy, ex-basketball captain, home from the CCC; Belle Wingate, with her job in Fliegenheimer's, such a peach; Winona, Emil, two or three others of the old class; movies, dancing sometimes, long discussions in dog wagons, or a boat on the park lake while the band played. A thin-tin boat and Merrill rowing, his hands uneasily disdainful on the plaything oars in their patent oarlocks, the red-and-blue-inked stigma on his forearm winking in and out between the rays

from the bandstand arcs and the moon. . . .

'Heave ho, whaddaya know — our Merrill run off to be a sailor!'

'And here *I* used to think he was set for the *baking business!*'

A gasp of merriment at this sally of Belle's; something of the past known to them, cryptic to Merrill.

'Where all did you sail and what all did you see — no kiddin', Merrill, why won't you ever loosen up and tell us?'

'With one in every port? You don't get that guy to talk. He's too wise. He "don't remember."'

'Shiver my topmast, look at our bloody pirate — is his face red!'

Red, yes, ducked down, chin in neck; and in the fury of his heart the boy who had mislaid a chunk of his life wanted above all things to be alone, free of them and their picayune prairie-bound railleries about things he couldn't remember and about things they couldn't guess.

That night he got down a bundle from his closet shelf, sweat shirt, dungarees, and sneakers, felt in a pocket, and found a folded paper.

'White Friars' that might well be 'white rocks.' The penciled jottings seemed fiercely to chide and mock him. 'They are killing the natives . . . no . . . the Friars . . . I don't know. . . . Some were killed Thursday and I hear the bell . . . till dark . . . in behind . . . the Three Gray Sisters. . . . Co-coa (coco?) . . . nutmeg, cinnamon . . . wages? . . . Maybe death. . . .'

To the taunting of the words the cheap, frayed, adventurous garments spread there seemed to add their own. 'Here at home you have three suits for play and two for work and one for Sunday, and every day three big soft meals, security, and a thin-tin boat with patent oarlocks on a park pond where a band plays. You — who once lived and cried vehemently: "To hell with death! I will dare!"'

When Merrill did go to sleep it was with the bedside light on and the paper held against his peaked knees, 'sign-board,' though without much faith. Yet it worked, in a way. He dreamed laboriously, the same dream over and over. He sailed a pitch-black water, but with no ship under him and no ship's wheel in his hand; instead, three tiny figurines of pressed coco fibre — the hear-not, see-not, speak-not monkeys they seemed at first, till a disembodied bell went by and they were three gray-robed nuns. And one said, 'Keep clear, it's none of your affair,' and one, 'And you're too young,' and one, 'And too afraid.'

Then there would come in sight a line of rocks, ill-formed, far off. Now they were white with fountaining surf, now black with the moon behind them, and now to end with, every time, they became a smooth concrete rim with park benches above it, packed with dim people listening to a band. And as for the gray sisters, they were three little dark spiced cakes with coconut frosting he was eating, and when he started to wake at last the taste of the spice was in his nose and mouth. Half awake, he thought with a cloudy excitement: 'I had hold of it!' But, wide-awake then, he realized that the stuff of the dream had only been what his consciousness had given it to play with: once more he recalled that it wasn't spice that should have lingered, but a frightening sweet stench of lilies.

III

The following Saturday Merrill turned up at the Public Library. Awkward with shyness as he was, the girl who waited on him had to wait.

'Something about islands in the South Seas?' she echoed dubiously.

'Well — er — yes.'

He was the more vacillant because the girl troubled him. Young, slight, grave almost to plainness, mouse-colored and mouse-quiet, it was only when she

glanced back at him on her way to the racks and, caught by his eye, flushed hotly and bit a smile, that he half placed her. When she returned with a trial offering, *White Shadows on the South Seas*, he beat around the wretched bush. 'Haven't I — somewhere —'

'Washington High.' She swallowed, pink again. 'But I was only a junior — I didn't suppose you'd remember me.'

'Alice — ?'

'— Doane. . . . Er — Mr. Mygatt — we are all happy you are back in town again. I don't know if *White Shadows* will do, but you can try it.'

Merrill tried it. From three till the library closed at six he lost himself in the sad green heaven of the Marquesas.

'Would you like to take it home to finish?' Alice Doane suggested, seeing the excitement that widened his eyes, and the carriage of his shoulders, as though his stature had increased by inches.

Merrill shook his head. 'It's not it. There aren't any spices, and there have to be spices. And lilies.'

'I'll see what I can do — if you'll drop in next week sometime.'

Wednesday was the evening the library kept open. Wednesday evening: 'I don't know, of course, Mr. Mygatt, but do you suppose the Moluccas might do? They've been known as the Spice Islands for centuries.'

'Where?'

'Here's an atlas. See, the Celebes and Dutch New Guinea, and here between them all the Moluccas — the group called the Bandas is somewhere here in the Banda Sea.'

'The Bandas? I don't see them.'

'They're too small. But of all the spice islands they are the spice islands — Gunong Api, Banda Neira, Lontor, Pisang and Suwangi, Wai and Run. And in this old travel book I found in the storage racks — have you time? — here's the passage I mean: "With dusk the

force of the northwest monsoon had abated, and though our ship lay well out, to seaward of the dazzling reef called Te Takeh, yet there was borne to us on the soft night air from Lontor a fragrance of nutmeg forests, mingled with the lesser perfumes of mace and cinnamon and stench of copra from the natives' drying yards."

'Copra?'

'That's the meat of coconuts they dry.'

'It says there "the dazzling reef"?'

'Here, see? "The dazzling reef."'

'It doesn't say if lilies grow on Lontor, does it? Would there be any way of — er — could you find out?'

'I'll try.'

Looking up at her, Merrill knew that 'Why?' trembled on her lips. But she didn't ask it. Instead: 'Would you like to take the book home?'

Merrill let his breath out, grabbed the book, and went.

The next evening he was back, not inside but on the steps, when the library closed at six — all because she hadn't asked why. He was surcharged and stammering. 'W-w-would you like — er — why don't we walk by the Ideal and — I dunno — have a soda.'

Nearly there, Alice stopped. She said, like a teacher: 'No true lilies. But *Agapanthus formosi* grows in profusion on Lontor and Banda Neira, a cousin of *Agapanthus umbellatus*, the so-called African Lily. Heavy-flowered, its scent —'

'I know,' said Merrill; and who was she, to ask how he knew? 'Look,' he said, 'here's the Ideal, but do you feel like a soda — or — how about we go somewhere and — well — eat?'

But, though they passed a dozen eating places, on a bench in the park was where they found themselves, the sun gone down, and Merrill pressing a piece of paper into the girl's hands with a diffident violence.

'I woke up last night, wrote it

straight off, in bed. It's not poetry, just written like poetry. Read it!

Alice read it, half aloud: —

'I hold my breath. The bell is still.

The dazzling reef is dark with murder and the moon behind.

They come out to me from Lontor, swimming, murmuring,

Three Sisters, murmuring, swimming round and round me,

With lilies in their hair.'

Alice swallowed. 'It *is* poetry!' She reddened and looked away. Who was she, little more than adolescent and altogether unextraordinary, to be telling Merrill Mygatt what was what?

'No, it isn't,' he protested. 'But wait, Alice, you don't even know the beginning of it. . . . Look at this.'

Another paper, dingy, creased, nor head nor tail to be made of its babble of friars and white rocks and natives, sisters, spices, death, and a bell. . . . The girl kept her eyes on it, moving back and forth, back and forth; she couldn't think what else to do.

Nor could Merrill wait. 'Nobody understands, not even Dad. But Alice, honest, from before I left here, up to the day in Frisco —'

Here came the story at last, a rush and tumble, words end over end. ' . . . If I could just only *know*, Alice! Whether it was something criminal I did, or something yellow, or *what!* For instance, look.'

Rush and tumble, words end over end. Dusk was long gone. At a distance below, the lake reflected the yellow apple of the stand where the band was playing. Maybe Belle was there, and Winona and the fellows. Strange that Merrill should be out here, telling everything to this kid he hardly knew. But how explain, even to himself, how it was he couldn't have told it to a peachy-looking girl or anybody quick with all the come-backs?

The thread of his words broken, confusion took him. 'Good gosh, here I invited you to eat — and look!'

'I'm not hungry. Wait, won't you?'

Silence for a while. Had it not been so dark he might have seen the girl's face whitening with the effort to be old. Then: 'Merrill. You say it's only when you see faces and places you remember things?'

'It seems to work that way, yes. . . . Wh-what, Alice?'

The face in the dark was whiter than ever.

'There's no two ways, Merrill. You've got to go.'

IV

Sunday noon. Merrill's father looked tired and bewildered and his hands that lay on the table before him in the den were suddenly veined and old.

'Well, son, I suppose there's no two ways. If you want to go —'

'But I *don't!* It's not that I *want* to, Dad, can't you understand?'

'I'm dull some ways. I fit in Des Moines, Iowa, U.S.A.'

'And I ought to. I want to. Remember, I've one more generation of it in me than you have, Dad. If I could be any good here, do my work, feel right! Haven't you ever in your life looked over your shoulder and caught a shadow of something frightening that you couldn't quite see, and known you couldn't go on till you found out what it was?'

'Why "something frightening"? Now you're out of it, obviously safe.'

'But how *came* I out of it safe? Did I quit on it, all mouth, no guts? Why doesn't the subconscious want me to remember what it was all about and how I acted? I've got to know, Dad, I've got to know!'

'I guess you have. You better drop in at the American Express tomorrow, look up transportation. I want you to go decently this time.'

The boy caught at it. 'The other time, why did I go? You've never told me.'

The man's eyes went down to his hands on the table. Red came out of his collar and covered his face. 'I guess it

was because you didn't like the licking I gave you, with a trunk strap.'

'But *why* did you lick me? What *for*? Tell me, Dad!'

Deeper and deeper red. 'Because I forgot a couple of things. I forgot you were nearly sixteen, son. And I forgot I was nearly sixteen once, myself, in this same town, and my old man didn't fancy some of the company I kept, either. . . . As I say, see the Express people, work out the way that's quickest — we'll find the funds. . . . Come, there's Cousin Natalie calling and she doesn't like her Sunday dinner to go cold.'

Merrill went up to his room after dinner, shut himself in, sat on the bed. 'So I'm going, honestly, actually going.' He waited for his heart to beat faster. It didn't. Beat slower, if anything. Something was wrong. An impulse came to him to rush down to the den, throw open the door, cry: 'Nonsense! Where did we ever get this fool idea?'

But he didn't. He sat there. It wasn't nonsense. It was settled — he was going. Alice ought to know. After all, it was her doing, in a way. Merrill got to his feet before he recollected that the Library was closed and he didn't know where Alice lived, the funny kid.

Funny? Officious was more like it. What call had she to mess up his life this way? The life he wanted, and was fit for.

He went to a window and looked out at the neighbors' roofs. Now the uneasy thing that had budded the instant his father had said he should go came full to homesick bloom. Friendly roofs. Friendly, ugly, beautiful town. The work and the workmen. Evenings and the gang. Dad, Cousin Natalie, this house, this room. . . . Merrill moved about the room, touching objects, worn, homely, part and parcel of him. As he reached up to straighten a picture of himself as a baby with a St. Bernard, his sleeve slid down from his wrist; crossed anchors looked him in the eye and

brought him roughly right-about. 'What am I doing, going soft?'

Quick to the closet and the shelf, out he brought the bundle. Gear of what adventure, frayed by the winds, rimed with the salt, blistered by the white-hot decks of what far seas? Chiding, deriding him.

'What's wrong?' he parried. 'It's settled, I tell you — I'm going.'

Skeptic: 'Yes? When? Right now?'

'The minute I get the transportation fixed and the money —'

'Money for what? Had you money the other time? . . . And transportation where?'

Merrill flung the bundle back on the shelf, slammed the door, sat on the bed, red playing tag with white across his face. But still, through the shut door, it seemed to him the bundle went on mocking.

'White Friars black with blood and the moon behind them; night of spice and lilies, ecstasy and terror; do you think for a minute a bank and a travel bureau know where such things be? Zephyr trains and gold-braid liners, do they ride the roads of the aching sole and the begging thumb, steer by the wakes of tramp and schooner, junk and prau? No, lad, there's only the one way there; you found it once. But you'll never in God's world find it twice if you wait for money and tomorrow.'

V

The only thing Merrill did that was different was to leave a note on his dresser before he went down quietly the back way. Though, after all, how could he know it was different? Maybe he'd left a note the other time.

It was dusk when he stood at a crossing of Potter Avenue; why Potter Avenue he had no notion, except that it ran west. And though he had money in his pocket, above eight dollars of his own earned money, yet he knew his ticket would have to be his thumb.

Cars, cars, cars, went by without a flutter; a wishful youth in sweat shirt, sneakers, and blue jean pants was too old a story. Finally a T-Model coupé with a home-built pickup body slowed in to the curb.

'Where you want to get to, buddy?' the driver called.

Dazed and dumb as he felt, Merrill had to smile. 'The Moluccas.'

'The — where did you say?'

'The other end of the Pacific Ocean.'

'Yeah? Take a trolley!' Off went the T-Model, the joke on Merrill.

And here, in fact, came a trolley car. Merrill got aboard, rang a precious nickel in the box; with that the whole thing became fantastic. How many trolley rides, divided into halfway around the world? He returned along the aisle of the nearly empty car and peered in around the curtain, forward. 'How far do you go?'

The motorman turned a face immediately familiar to Merrill. 'Yeah? Go on sell your papers!'

The roadbed was none too good; the platform pitched and swayed. Hanging to a rail, tongue-tied, the boy stared ahead at the oncoming avenue. It was the first time he'd been out this way since he came home. It happened as always, with each successive landmark as it took shape in the twilight: 'Why, of course, of course.'

A dark big building. 'Washington High! I went there.'

'No kiddin'!' The motorman had overheard. 'How's every little thing by you, Merr'l? Ain't seen you for a coon's age.'

'I — I've been away.'

'So I heard.'

The houses grew smaller and sparser. Some to the right backed on the avenue and faced the river it paralleled. Merrill felt queer.

By and by, 'Hogan,' he said, 'I used to ride out this way with you — after school sometimes — when I was in high school.'

'You're tellin' me?'

The houses were thickening again, down toward the river, and the river farther and farther off downhill. Day was only a ribbon in the west now.

Hogan mused. 'I wish I was you, your age, night off, with a moon like that comin' up. Give it a look, Merr'l.'

Moonrise was on the far side from Merrill. He started to duck, to look, but his eyes never got to the moon. At a distance ahead, on a corner among the vacant blocks, an open-faced shack stood empty, a sign reared above it, obliquely, to catch the outbound traffic. It caught Merrill. As he watched it grow, prickles came up his legs and up his spine. And of a sudden — of course! How many times he'd watched and waited for that sign, all prickles.

Brakes, and the sough of the door beside him folding back open.

'Want off here, don't you, Merr'l? . . . With that moon — oh, baby!'

Merrill got out, and the car moved on. He stood in the dimness and stared up at the signboard.

SAMBOWSKI'S ROADSIDE

Garden truck, poultry, eggs

SPECIAL

Fresh killed every Thursday

NATIVE WHITE ROCK FRYERS

Of course. Waited and watched for it, high-school kid, not because of vegetables or eggs or Thursday frying chickens, but because it signaled the cross street here, leading down to the corn-canning suburb on the river.

Merrill turned into it. Halfway down the hill, the note of the bell came up to him faintly. Someone had just gone into the Grace place, or else just come out.

Come out. And coming up the street a pair. The moonlight was stronger than the vestage of day now, and behind Merrill. To them he was only a silhouette; to him they were plain. The fellow didn't matter; he was anybody. But Merrill thought to himself with the shock of one who has been away: 'How sharp and bitter she looks!'

But why shouldn't she, at her age? Of the three Grace sisters, Rose was by far the oldest. Twenty-four — five — she must be twenty-six now. Sharper than ever, in that pointed little hat like a horn, more sarcastic, picky, interfering. Jealous, knowing her time was by.

It was not till Merrill was past that she looked back, stopped short.

'You again, you damn kid! I thought you went away.'

'Hullo, Rosa.'

'Come on, now, turn around, beat it somewheres else, hear me? If you think we want your old man out here givin' us hell again —'

Her gent had had enough and dragged her. 'Cut it! Come along!'

Merrill went on down to the dead end in the suburban business street.

LORELEI BAKERY

Johann Grace, Prop.

The windows were weakly lighted, showing Saturday's staling bread and cake. Merrill turned the knob and pushed the door open, to the tinny clang of the bell overhead. The remembered air met him full in the face, a mingled redolence of slab gingerbread, cinnamon buns, coffee rings, rye-and-caraway, applecake brown with nutmeg, cookies a half inch deep with coconut, gone a little rancid.

Johann, ancient of the Rhine, legless prisoner in his chair high in a corner, brooded with puttering fingers over his till box. Only by chance, or some instinct, did he become aware someone had entered. He gazed at Merrill with the infant eyes of senility.

'Haf you hear now in Germany vat dey do mit dot Jew-people?'

There was nothing to do but shrug and nod; Johann was stony deaf. That was the reason for the bell, so that the girls could hear when customers entered.

One was coming now, slap-footed down the stair beyond the rear partition. It was Columbine, the middle of the three Grace sisters and the sloven, al-

ways shouldering at a strap beneath her blouse or hiking up a stocking or, with a spit-finger, curling the hair back out of her large, brown, ready eyes.

'What can I do for —' She broke off, mouth open. 'Oh my God!'

'Hi, Columbine.'

'You Mygatt kid, get outa here! If your old man was to find out! Look, I'd think you'd had your bellyful once. Didn't he give you a beatin' up? That's the way we heard it — with a trunk strap — and you run away from home, west or somewheres. Whyn't you *stay* run away?'

Merrill didn't say. He'd hardly heard. As he moved toward her and the partition door, Columbine's voice broke high. 'Lily ain't in! She's went out, I tell you! . . . Papa, Papa! tell him Babe ain't here. . . . No, now, wait, Merr'l, while I tell you 'bout Lily. . . .'

VI

The boy passed through the doorway as if there'd been nothing in it but air, passed on through the back part where the mixing tables were, and came out on the terrace above the river at the rear.

Underfoot, bricks some places, other parts cement. Overhead, lean poles supporting a vine's old age. Beyond and below, sloping to the water, a moraine of cans: syrup, fruit, pumpkin, baking powder. To Merrill's right, at the far end, there was swung a Gloucester hammock, dilapidated by wear and weather. He went and sat down in its riverward corner, back to the water.

He was busy wondering. He repeated out loud, 'Grace sisters, Grace sisters,' first slowly, then fast. Had it been that he'd babbled in his watched sleep, mistaken by the jotting doctor? Or had the subconscious warder in him slurred it to 'gray sisters' in pure craft and cussedness?

He raised his eyes. The terrace was longer than the building was wide, this end clear of its corner, so that he had

only to raise them to see out between the bakery and the neighboring barbershop, up the hill of the street he'd come down, to the signboard small at the crest, black against the moonrise sky.

He had only half heard the murmurous goings-on inside the back door, anxiety and protest. The youngest of the girls was out and nearly to the hammock before he realized and looked.

'Hullo, Lily.'

'Hullo — but listen, Merr'l, you can't do this!'

Lily must be close on twenty now. The heavenly plumpness of a while ago began to take on more plumpness, less heavenly. The childish face was still a childish face, though, and a strange thing to see now as it tried to struggle with adult dismay.

'Look, sweetie, I — I — I'm glad to see you back and all that — but things 're different — I'm a married woman. If he come home and — and you was here, see? . . .'

The scent of her came and lay around him, got into his nose and mouth, humid, heavy, blent of armpits and ten-cent-store perfumery. The extraordinary thing was that the perfume wasn't lily, but heliotrope. It was her name that was Lily.

' . . . was differ'nt then . . . you were just a kid . . . like a kid . . . then . . . but me bein' married now . . .'

It ran on and on like a worried bee-buzz, but Merrill's brain took none of it. Something inside had parted with a

soundless pop. A clear wind ran all the way down through memory. . . . The bell, and Dad's feet coming through the bakery, a Dad he wouldn't have known. The ride home. The incredible strap. The tail of a truck that night into Dubuque. . . .

He wanted to laugh, he felt physically so light. He pulled the belly of his sweat shirt out in a peak to see. 'You, I remember where I bought you new: Minneapolis, on that relief job sorting rubbish.' He picked at a dungaree thigh. 'Salvation Army, Denver; they got me work too, carrying sandwich boards for that tattoo parlor.'

He was on his feet. Lily's face was a study — pulled two ways.

'Not that I — I don't mean to rush you off, Merr'l. Maybe — I dunno — after all — listen, dearie — Eddie — that's my husband — he don't get off till ten at the cannin' works — and — wh—what's this?'

Merrill had her by a hand, pumping it up and down.

'You don't know what you've done for me. Thank you very much, and good-bye!'

He didn't stop running when he was through the shop and clear; he kept right on up the cross-street hill. He thought he heard the trolley coming, inbound. Maybe he wouldn't make it in time.

But, he thought, what difference? Feeling as light as he did, he wouldn't mind running all the way home.

SELF-PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST

BY SIR JOHN LAVERY

I

I PAINTED my first picture in 1876, when I was twenty. A woodcut of the 'Death of Chatterton' appeared in a magazine about that time. It affected me greatly and was the cause of my very first attempt at a picture. I was helped by the brother of my landlady, who was a copperplate engraver and knew a little about drawing; he showed me how to square it off on a larger scale. I spent many months stippling it in water color, and when finished I thought it good enough to offer for sale. The difficulty, of course, was to find a buyer; but a raffle was suggested and tickets were issued at half a crown each. After the frame and the drinks all round had been paid for I realized eight or nine pounds. Before the final draw, the picture was on view in the bar parlor of a friendly publican, a patron of the Arts, which included boxing.

This initial success inspired me to attempt my Georgina picture. It was a highly stippled water color inspired by reproductions of Millais's 'Yes or No?' I spent a year on the picture and sent it to the Royal Academy priced one hundred guineas (sentiment is valued highly when one is young). It was rejected.

After my three years' apprenticeship as a miniature painter were up, I took a small flat in a tenement house in the west end of Glasgow. I had a brass plate on the door: JOHN LAVERY, ARTIST. At the same time I took an engagement with another photographer at £100

a year. At the end of that time he desired to renew the engagement at £200. I thanked him, but did not accept. He was not pleased, and his parting shot was 'Weel, ma man, ye may want to come back before lang, but mebbe I'll no want ye.'

My studio was next door to a sentimental house painter who had given up his job and taken to painting portraits. One was called 'Tender and True,' a commission he had obtained from a newly married couple. In spite of the fact that it is most unlikely that it was either too true or too tender, they did not appreciate it and refused to pay.

One morning I met him climbing up the stairs, his face swollen and battered out of recognition. 'Hello, Tommy!' I said. 'What's the matter?'

'A wus oot collectin' ma account late yestere'en an' b'God I had to fight for it.'

In those days in Glasgow the existence of the artist's model was made known by advertisements in the *Herald*, which brought forth all kinds of applicants for the post. One morning I found sitting at the studio door a ragged, barefooted child of about seven or eight. 'Would you be wanting a model, sir?' 'Have you been sitting?' 'A wus sitting to Rattray.' Her reply indicated a familiarity with the profession that was surprising. Mr. Rattray was a stained-glass painter, and I inquired what she had been posing for. 'A wus posing

for an angel and he gave me saxpence an oor in ma claise and ninepence in ma skin.'

She compared favorably with the girl who came to pose as Marguerite for a picture of the Garden Scene in *Faust*. This girl was terribly upset when Faust got a bit familiar in the greenhouse that was being used as a dressing room. She rushed out and refused to let him near her. Faust was a hussar I had got from the barracks close by. She was very refined in her appearance and genteel in her choice of language. She would not pose again, saying to her friends, 'I would not have went if I had knew.'

Sitting at dinner one afternoon in the house of a friend, we heard a loud knock on the front door and a strange voice in the hall wanted to know if Lavery was there. A burly Highland policeman entered the dining room, looked hard at me, and said, 'Are you Lavery?' 'Yes,' I answered with some anxiety. 'Weel, ye're gutted.' It was his delicate way of breaking the news that my studio had been burnt to the ground and my first masterpiece, 'Tis Better to Have Loved and Lost,' had gone with the rest of my belongings.

I cannot remember ever feeling so happy; I was insured for £300. At the moment I could not pay my rent, long overdue, and my present sitter, a busy city man, had got tired of sitting for his portrait. On the morrow he was giving me my last sitting and I was in a terrible mess, as I knew that I could not possibly finish it. I had pawned everything I could get money on, literally my shirt, for food. I met with much sympathy, even from people who did not like me, and it was difficult to hide my joy at the thought of getting £300, a larger sum than I had ever had before.

It gave a brother brush an idea, and he had his studio insured at once. Shortly after, a gas jet attached to an easel was unfortunately left alight and burnt a hole in the canvas he was en-

gaged on. He made a claim to the insurance company, and an inspector was sent round to estimate the extent of the damage. The inspector asked some searching questions, looking all over the place and making no comment. As he was going out of the door my friend anxiously asked how much he thought he would get. The answer was brief: 'About six months.'

The insurance put enough money in my pocket to pay my bills and take me to London to attend Heatherley's Art School in Newman Street. I remained there for twelve months — the loneliest year I have ever spent in my life. Every morning I walked from Liverpool Street Station and back in the evening without meeting a soul I knew. For a whole year, for all the communion I had with my fellow men, I might have been in the middle of the Gobi. In the school everyone went his own way when the classes were over, in the well-known English manner. The cheap lodgings at Dalston — with a dismal landlady who had recently lost her husband and was continually telling me how hard a struggle it was to make ends meet, and how she never thought she would be reduced to taking lodgers for a living — were not a great attraction.

Soon I began to feel that I should never be able to make much progress at Heatherley's and that only in Paris could I get the grounding I needed. And, still owing to that windfall from the insurance company, I was able to go there.

II

This first journey abroad was slightly complicated by the fact that, although I took only one suitcase, I also had to take a lunatic. It was this way. About seven or eight years after the Franco-Prussian War, I was taking lessons in French from a former *franc-tireur* who had escaped from Metz when that city capitulated. His name was Gravet; his father, he said, was mayor when disaster

came. When I knew him he was married to a pretty little Irish girl, the daughter of an Irish resident magistrate. My French lessons were being given for a portrait I made of him and his wife. I well remember the strange look in his eyes and the hopeless misery of his expression at times. He gradually lost his reason, which made it necessary to place him in an asylum; and, hearing that I was going to Paris for the winter session at Julien's studio, his father-in-law came over from Ireland to ask me to take charge of the harmless lunatic on his way to Charenton.

Gravet's brother was meeting us in Paris, and it was arranged that I was to meet the father-in-law at Victoria. The rush of the Underground proved too much for his slow habits, and he was left standing on the platform at Charing Cross while the lunatic, with his luggage and without a ticket, was carried around the 'Inner Circle.' Meanwhile all the different stations were notified that a man without a ticket might attempt to pass the barrier. We waited until the train had had time to go round the circle twice without a sign of the traveler before we called in Scotland Yard. Next afternoon a message was received from Bromley, Kent, that a man answering the description had been found asleep and partially clothed on the side of the road outside that town and at that moment was in bed in the workhouse there. How he had passed the ticket collector or where his luggage had gone remains a mystery.

We got him back to London and more clothing — he had only shirt and trousers — and off we started for Paris by the Newhaven and Dieppe night boat. He was now in my full charge, and feeling tired, sleepy, and anxious, I suggested a comfortable seat in the saloon. I soon found it difficult to keep awake, so, pretending it was for warmth, I sat close up to him, slipped a bit of his overcoat under me, and went to sleep, thinking I had made escape difficult. I

woke a couple of hours later still sitting on the tail of his overcoat, but he was no longer in it. He was found up forward, stretched full-length on his face, all but frozen, gazing at the waves breaking against the bow.

His brother met us in the morning at the Gare St. Lazare. We three, with two stern-faced men, had breakfast together at the Grand Hotel. Poor Gravet, looking hopelessly unhappy, anticipating disaster without knowing in what form it might come, sat refusing to taste a morsel. His brother and the two strangers talked a great deal, not paying much attention to either Gravet or me until they rose from the table saying that it was time to go. The hotel bus took us to the asylum at Charenton, Gravet sleeping most of the way. We drove into a courtyard and were politely escorted into an office where doctors, warders, and others kept us for some time. The brother, Gravet, and I were asked if we should like to see the place, and we went out into a wide passage, followed closely behind by three sturdy warders. We had not gone far when Gravet was suddenly pounced upon and rushed through a door at the side that was quickly barred. We were told that we might look through a grating and see him. There he was, walking quietly with the warders in a large sunlit courtyard. I was allowed to visit him on Sundays until the end came, some months afterwards, from softening of the brain.

On arriving at the Atelier Julien, I was asked by the *massier* if I were English. I said, 'No, Irish.' 'Are you a landlord?' 'No.' 'How many have you bagged?' I was surprised to find him so well informed.

My first instruction was from Bouguereau; after he had looked at my drawings from the nude and asked me a number of questions he was very brief, though kindly: '*Mon ami, ça c'est comme bois — cherchez le caractère et les valeurs.*' During the three winters I spent *chez*

Julien I cannot remember being told anything else. The rest of my training came, and has continued to come, from what I saw rather than what I heard.

But that does not alter the fact that we foreigners were getting our art training from what we believed to be the greatest French artists, and the nominal fees we paid merely covered the rent of the studios and the cost of the models. I believe at the *École des Beaux-Arts* no charge at all was made. As a result, when we sent to the Salon, we looked upon it as our right, and if our works were neglected or badly treated all we had to do was to notify our special professor and it was rectified. The State purchased irrespective of nationality — all of which was very different from the treatment of the foreign artist in England at that time.

One Sunday I went to Nogent-sur-Marne and started a little canvas which found a place on the line at the Salon next to the 'Bar at the Folies-Bergère' by Manet. Mine was called 'Les Deux Pêcheurs' and was purchased by Saint-Marceaux, the sculptor, for three hundred francs. On Varnishing Day a very chic little lady in the height of fashion, Marie Bashkirtseff, in front of whose picture 'Pas Mèche' I had been standing, introduced herself, speaking perfect English, and congratulated me on my exhibit and the Atelier Julien — where she also was — on having such a distinguished student. I am sorry to say that is all I remember about her. At that time I knew nothing about her famous diary, in which she confessed her ambition and declared her will: 'I swear solemnly — by the Gospels, by the Passion of Christ, by *myself* — that in four years I will be famous.'

III

After my return from France my first successful picture was the 'Tennis Party,' which was accepted by the Royal Academy. It is generally considered —

and I think fairly — that this picture expresses my debt to French teaching. Although I had only seen Bastien-Lepage on one occasion on the Pont des Arts, where I was presented to him by a fellow student, I have never forgotten his advice on figures in motion. Pointing to people passing, he said: 'Always carry a sketchbook. Select a person — watch him — then put down as much as you remember. Never look twice. At first you will remember very little, but continue and you will soon get complete action.' From that day on I became obsessed by figures in movement, which resulted finally in the 'Tennis Party' and drew attention to what became known as the Glasgow School. When it first appeared it shocked the critics. They lamented that so promising a young man, who had hitherto shown such good taste and high-mindedness in the choice of subject, should now decline into mere vulgarity. After the Academy it went to Paris and was bought for the Neue Pinakothek at Munich. After the war it was sold along with a number of other foreign works, and now is in the Municipal Gallery of Aberdeen.

In the early spring of 1888 I held a small one-man show in Glasgow, and included in it were a series of sketches I had been making in the Glasgow Exhibition grounds. This led to my being chosen by the Glasgow Corporation to paint the State Visit of Queen Victoria in August, for which £600 had been earmarked to meet the cost. Thus at one swoop I was ushered into Royal circles, having up to then aspired to nothing higher in social life than that of the Lord Provost.

No one dared to ask the Queen to give a sitting. The Lord Provost sent me to Sir Henry Ponsonby, her private secretary. He was very nice, but the best he could do was to give me permission to make a copy of Her Majesty's portrait by Von Angeli, her favorite painter. I explained that I feared a copy of the portrait might not satisfy

the people who had given the Queen one of the most enthusiastic receptions of her reign. I tried the Honorable Harriet Phipps, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and Lady Southampton, all in especial favor, but without success. At last, when I had given up hope, Prince Henry came to my aid; the Queen could refuse him nothing. He came to Glasgow with the Royal entourage, and while he was giving me a sitting at Windsor I told him of my difficulty. He at once said, 'I will ask the Queen.' He left the room and returned in a few minutes. 'The Queen will come at two o'clock.' I got my things together and waited. On the tick the door opened and in walked a little lady, followed by two ladies-in-waiting all in black with their bonnets on. It was a very cold, large room with a very small fire in the distance. The Queen looked warm — a dark red complexion and plenty of clothing; the ladies seemed afraid to raise their voices. I offered the Queen a chair, which she refused, saying she would rather stand. She asked what view of her face I wanted. I said, 'Profile, if it please Your Majesty.' She said she had put on the bonnet she had worn in Glasgow, at the same time looking me up and down; then she went on talking with her ladies. The subject of her conversation was flannel underclothing, which must have given the ladies some comfort, they were looking so cold. I might have felt embarrassed had I not had an important task on hand.

Before I could complete the study the Queen indicated that she had had enough, — about twenty minutes, it appeared to me, — and turned and left the room without showing any interest in what I had done. However, I was more than pleased that I had got something to show. Her profile reminded me of a Roman coin showing a Cæsar.

In order to do the thing properly it was necessary to have over two hundred portraits, all of them painted from life. For my London sitters my friend Patrick

Whyte lent me his studio on Primrose Hill.

One day while engaged on the Royal Visit picture an incident occurred which altered my life. Coming out of an artist's color shop in Regent Street early one morning, I saw a young girl with a bright red shawl round her head like a gypsy, in a neat navy-blue frock, standing under the Arches rather shyly holding a little basket of flowers, which she was evidently offering for sale. I was so struck by her extraordinary beauty that I turned back and asked her to let me paint her. She understood at once and in the most charming manner said she would. I had no card, but by good luck I had a letter from Windsor Castle in my pocket giving my address at Whyte's studio, which I thought would impress her favorably. I gave it to her and asked her to bring it when she came to sit in the morning. She was, I thought, greatly relieved at my confidence and more sure than if I had given her a card. She came to the studio the next morning looking happy and contented at the thought that perhaps, after all, there was something less alarming in an artist's studio than being stared at by passers-by in Regent Street — though fortunately she had not been there for more than ten minutes when I spoke to her.

Whyte was bowled over by her, and, I admit, so was I. She told us that she was eighteen, that she had run away from a convent school, and that her name was Kathleen MacDermott. Her appearance and accent suggested that she was Irish. I learned years afterwards that she was sixteen when I met her, and her real name was Annie Evans, for she had taken her mother's name to prevent discovery. I asked her if she would care to come to Scotland to be an artist's model. She jumped at the idea, and, a day or two after, Whyte saw us off at Euston by the 'Flying Scotsman' bound for Glasgow. I got her lodgings, but within a year she developed a cough I did not quite like. I called in a doctor,

who said that her chest was weak and Glasgow not the place for her in winter. She reluctantly agreed to go to her married sister in Wales — both her parents were dead — during the worst months in Glasgow. On the third of January at the Central Station we parted, she in tears, I, in my selfishness, with a sense of relief.

As the weeks passed I found it very difficult to resist her pleadings to come back to the studio; but for the doctor's warning me of the danger to her life, I would have risked everything in my desire, even the Royal picture. Fortunately for both of us, the rush of sitters filled up my every moment, three and sometimes four a day coming to the studio, while at intervals I would have to go out to them. I had no assistance, no secretary or anyone to help me in making and keeping appointments scattered all over England, Ireland, Scotland, and Germany. Still the memory of that cold, bleak morning on the platform of the Central Station could not be blacked out. The more exhausted I became with overwork, the weaker my resolve not to see her again.

It was little wonder that the strain was beginning to show itself, and without my knowing it the doctor was told to keep an eye on me. All that I can remember is that for some reason I believed in my sleep that I was being blackmailed for something terrible I had done, the nature of which I cannot recall. In the mornings I would leave my lodgings for the studio, believing that I should find in the letter box a sealed document denouncing me. The sense of terror as I reached the door was indescribable, as was also the relief when I found nothing of an incriminating nature in my correspondence. As the day wore on and I got buried in my work, I would gradually wake up to the fact that I had been dreaming and the whole thing was a nightmare that persisted in holding me in its clutches even when I was awake.

This had been going on, slowly but surely getting worse, until one morning

early in March I found Kathleen in the studio. There she was in white muslin, the cheap, stiff kind which was all that she could afford, seated on the model's throne, a vision of innocent loveliness, waiting in fear that I might be angry and send her back. She said nothing. I was beaten. Joseph Crawhall and Patrick Whyte came in and acted as witnesses while I went through the formula, 'I, John Lavery, take you, Kathleen MacDermott, as my wedded wife,' and so we were married. We were all sworn to secrecy until the completion of the Royal picture.

When Kathleen was nineteen Eileen was born, but her mother never recovered from it. Acute phthisis set in, and within a year she passed away.

Whyte, who had nursed her through all her illness, taking her from one health resort to another, had finally rented a furnished villa at Kilmalcolm, near Glasgow, where I could go daily. There was a little sheltered garden where Kathleen, all wrapped up, would sit in the sun when there was any, and where Whyte, day after day, week after week, sat with her. I could spare only the week-ends. There was a United Presbyterian Kirk near that made Sundays hideous by the sharp clanging of a bell morning and evening. The days were shortening and growing too cold to sit out, and her cough was persistent. One Sunday morning the bell was beginning to clang. The nurse knocked at the door and said, with characteristic Scottish brevity, 'She is going.' I heard Whyte on the stair saying in a strained voice, 'Come quickly.' She was being held up, breathing with difficulty, her large eyes staring straight out. I took the nurse's place, but her eyes did not move, though her lips smiled. I tried to whisper a prayer in her ear; I could just hear 'Good-bye,' a gasp, and her head fell forward. High up on the banks of the Clyde, overlooking the Kyles of Bute, she lies under a simple headstone designed by Whyte.

IV

Whyte now gave up his time and means to my child, calling himself the 'nursery governor.' There were two things he lived for: Eileen, and the painting of his masterpiece, the Cà Doro in Venice. He took a house in the country and lived with Eileen and her nurse through babyhood: I with my head in a paintpot in London — forgetful. Eventually they came to live with me. The Cà Doro and Eileen were inseparable; everywhere he went he talked of them. At the Chelsea Arts Club, where he was nicknamed 'Permanent White,' the usual salutation was, 'Hello, Whyte. How's Eileen and how's the Cà Doro?'

I first met William Patrick Whyte — it annoyed him if it was spelled White — at the Atelier Julien. He was the finest man I have ever known. He had rather a military appearance and was proud of some months spent as a volunteer in the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders. He had been in an architect's office in Glasgow when his parents died, leaving him a couple of thousand a year. Then he decided to throw over architecture and study painting in Paris. He took a charming apartment on the Quai Bourbon and allowed me the use of one of his rooms as a studio. He would appear at Julien's regularly every morning about eleven o'clock, leisurely set up his easel and drawing carton, look at the model, sharpen his charcoal, have another look, make a few scratches, then spend some time in further contemplation, roll a cigarette, and look at the other fellows' work. Someone would call out, '*L'heure model*,' and we would leave Whyte putting away his things for the morrow. And so day after day for weeks, when suddenly he would disappear for the rest of the term. He used to say, when people looked at his work, that everything they saw good in it they annexed as their own, and all the bad they gave him credit for having done.

He spent his winters in Venice, painting the Cà Doro on the Grand Canal, year after year making many studies for it under different aspects of light, until at last he found what he wanted. Then he got a sixty-by-forty-inch canvas and started on what was to be his masterpiece. For twenty years he worked at it, cutting a few inches off one side of it, adding to the other, taking it back each year, never completing it. He had frames cut to fit the varying shapes, having them cut or added to, the canvas becoming so loaded with paint and relinings that its weight was ten times more than that of the original picture. He got rather sensitive about it; once a friend said, 'Whyte, if it is not a rude question, how long have you been working on the Cà Doro?' 'Well, now,' said Whyte, 'suppose we discuss the question of rudeness first.'

He was an honorable gentleman — one of the few I have ever met. And with this he combined the wit of a genius. I cannot recall the brilliant gems he let fall in days before men treasured up every bon mot so that it might be published and paid for. Three only I remember, and those three I lay here as a wreath on his memory. On religion: he said he did not attend church because prayer showed a want of confidence in the Creator. On morality: 'I have never gone back on the devil for the pleasure he has given me.' And when his income became considerably reduced he said: 'I am living on the explanations of how my friends lost my money.'

Perhaps the most noble and unselfish incident in his whole life was when he sacrificed himself that Kathleen might marry me. He was in love with her and she with him, but he had got it into his head that he would never arrive anywhere and that she was far too beautiful to be tied to a failure. So he told her that I possessed every virtue and continued pleading for me until she consented to marry me.

(To be concluded)

BUT PEOPLE MUST EAT

BY DONALD S. HOWARD

I

CHICAGO'S fighting alderman, otherwise known as economics professor Paul Douglas of the University of Chicago, recently carried an armload of groceries before an audience he was to address. The bread, milk, cereal, prunes, and other low-cost foods were valued at approximately \$1.05, representing the amount supposedly granted relief families of four persons for one day's food. Unfortunately, relief families had not for months been receiving what they were supposed to get, and provision for food was only two thirds of the established standards. To illustrate this deficiency the alderman-professor reduced by one third the meagre groceries before him. There remained 70 cents' worth of food. With this homemakers were expected to provide four persons with three meals each. At best only cheap foods could be purchased, and but a minimum of those. Little could be saved out to cover odds and ends needed in cooking, or to provide desserts, fresh fruits, protective foods, or variety. Since purchases would of necessity be limited strictly to penny-stretching buys, attempts to provide much of the spice of life would be likely to leave somebody hungry. Monotony of relief diets is almost as galling as their inadequacy.

That Chicago's food allowances fell one third below established standards was not all, for those standards represented, not what families needed, but only what the relief administration with

depleted resources thought could be provided. This was so much below family requirements that a well-known Chicago social worker christened it a 'skeleton budget' to make clear its sub-minimum nature, and to distinguish it from minimum budgets recommended by home economists. During the fall of 1939, a minimum budget would have provided, in Chicago, \$65 a month for a mother and three young children. The skeleton standard would have given such a family only \$44. Actual relief allowances represented only two thirds of the skeleton standard and less than half the minimum! No term to be applied to these sub-skeleton grants has yet been coined.

Inadequacy of relief in Chicago has been so glaring that the city has been shocked by revelations of the number of Chicagoans who have less than enough food. The number of children found to be weakened for want of proper food compelled one nationally famous Chicago social centre to modify its program, substituting quiet activities for games like basketball and baseball.

During the most recent of Cleveland's recurring relief crises, 16,000 were reported to have gone without relief. Under circumstances like these there is little talk of three meals a day. The problem is to find one. A Cleveland welfare official, during the relief stoppage, was quoted as saying that an expectant mother went three days with nothing to eat but apples; a mother with

eight children had no food but corn meal; another woman spent her last \$1.25 for a streetcar pass so that she could ride streetcars night and day to keep warm.

Low relief standards, unfortunately, are not unique to Cleveland and Chicago. They are found in every section of the country.

St. Louis's relief program, according to a newspaper dispatch, was recently termed by the health commissioner 'an experiment in malnutrition.' In October, families were given only \$24.30 for all purposes for the entire month — approximately \$6.00 per week, barely enough to feed its members, to say nothing of housing, clothing, or keeping them warm. Single persons were, on the average, given only \$8.62. Whole families in Cincinnati and New Orleans in October were also granted less than \$25 for all purposes for an entire month. Only three or four dollars more per family were provided in Boston and Cleveland.

Relief allowances sharply below minimum needs are more the rule than the exception in the United States. Reports received from cities as widely separated as Seattle, Denver, Minneapolis, Detroit, and Atlanta all indicate that relief allowances have, within the past twelve months, provided only a fraction — perhaps 80, perhaps 60, perhaps 40, or even but 25 or 30 per cent — of what home-economics experts regard as an irreducible minimum. As a result, many a relief recipient receives less for one day's food than is spent in some households for a dog. And although children, like monkeys in zoos, need fresh lettuce, bananas, oranges, and spinach, only the monkeys are assured these necessities. Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, within the year limited relief grants, for a family of four, to approximately \$12 a week, or \$1.70 a day. One cannot but wonder what these might have been if Philadelphia had been merely, as some cities advertise, a friendly city. Rule-of-thumb methods used in some areas pre-

scribe one dollar, or perhaps a dollar and a quarter, per person per week for food. These amounts, which cannot decently feed a human, are sometimes augmented by perhaps 10 or 15 per cent to cover incidentals.

Miserable as general relief standards frequently are, the whole trouble is not in the starvation level of life they impose. Almost as bad as their inadequacy is their uncertainty. Without warning, relief offices sometimes close for indeterminate periods. Or a specified percentage of relief grants may suddenly be lopped off.

Then, too, allowances granted to cover designated items (usually food and sometimes food alone) must often be used for rent, fuel, electricity, clothing, carfare, medicines, soap, or other incidentals for which no provision is made.

Although it is usually food money which is diverted to meet other pressing needs, the converse sometimes occurs. A letter received by a Chicago social worker stated the problem baldly: 'Miss, we have ate our budget of coal and light also rent. ples excus and help.'

Worse yet, allowances wholly inadequate to meet current needs must sometimes be applied to back rent or grocery bills long overdue. This necessity not infrequently springs directly from policies which in some areas require people to exhaust all possible credit before applying for relief. The inevitable result of these practices is that when relief is granted it must sometimes be spread back over the period during which potential applicants were being forced ever deeper into the quagmire of destitution.

What standards and practices like these mean to families throughout the United States is evidenced by the average amounts actually granted relief recipients last winter. Data for winter are used here because it is then that need for food, clothing, shelter, and warmth is most acute, and the inadequacy of grants most apparent. Averages for this winter are not yet available.

In December 1938, Christmas month (although hundreds of thousands have no reason to recall it as such), relief in 39 states for which reports were available averaged \$26.15 per household. But this was only the average. At one extreme were states like New York and California, where grants for the month averaged over \$30. Even these maxima, however, provide no beds of roses. This is evidenced by the fact that food allowances in New York City, where standards are among the most nearly adequate in the country, provide for a family of four an average of only 8 cents per person per meal. If food money must be diverted for other needs for which no provision is made, even this modest allowance is reduced.

At the other extreme were 10 states (Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, New Mexico, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, and West Virginia) in which average grants for the month fell below \$10, reaching a mere \$4.60 in Arkansas. In Mississippi, the average sank almost to the vanishing point, only \$2.73, less than 10 cents a day. And these grants, it must be remembered, are not for individuals, but households which probably average three or four persons each. The meagre grants cited here must therefore be split at least three and perhaps four ways.

Fortunately, relief grants do not necessarily represent all that relief households have to live on in any one month. Many also have at least some other resources like those described below. Furthermore, average allowances also understate somewhat the amounts actually given to households for an entire month, since some grants included in the average are for only part of a month.

Relief (sometimes termed 'general relief'), to which reference is here made, is one of the five basic types of public aid now being granted in the United States. The other four are WPA employment and three types of assistance granted needy persons under the federal

Social Security program — aid to dependent children, old-age assistance, and aid to the blind. Emphasis placed upon the inadequacy of general relief must not be construed to mean that WPA wages and Social Security benefits are adequate. They are only relatively so.

When contrasted with old-age assistance, general-relief grants appear all the more insufficient. In August, 31 of 41 states reporting on a comparable basis granted more to individuals receiving old-age assistance than to relief families which probably averaged between three and four persons each. Two states, notably Arizona and Colorado, granted individual aged pensioners more than twice as much, on the average, as relief families. A number of others granted individual old-age pensioners half again as much as families given general relief. The nub of this is not that pensioners get too much, but that relief families get far too little.¹

WPA wages, over the nation, vary from about \$31 to \$95 a month, averaging perhaps \$50 for the country as a whole. Although this average is nearly double that for general relief, WPA wages are frequently wholly insufficient to meet families' needs. This is especially true when workers are unskilled, work in areas where lowest wages are paid, or have a number of dependents.

In a meeting of WPA workers not long ago a frail little man, nervous and tense, arose to remind his hearers of what they apparently well remembered — that he had refused repeatedly to go with delegations demanding that WPA officials increase wage rates. Apologetically, his eyes not meeting those of his hearers, he made his confession. Suddenly fire burst out of this hitherto

¹ Discrepancies between general relief and old-age assistance grants in the future will undoubtedly be even greater than they have been in the past because the Federal Government, beginning in January 1940, stands ready to contribute half of individual old-age assistance grants up to a maximum of forty instead of thirty dollars per recipient as heretofore. — AUTHOR

mild man. 'But now, by God,' he almost yelled, electrifying his listeners, 'now I'll join a delegation. By God, I had a delegation come to me, and I'm ready now to join one myself.' The delegation that had come to him, he explained when the flame had subsided somewhat, consisted of his two little daughters. At the close of their evening meal they had picked up their empty tin plates and walked to their father asking for more supper, more than he felt could be provided out of his WPA wages for unskilled labor. Little wonder that these workers gather in neighborhood houses, schools, or empty stores to ask each other earnestly how they make their wages last, how they manage to find houses they can afford to rent, what they use for food.

But WPA wages are not merely too low decently to feed, house, and clothe many families. Every so often they stop completely. In this they are like general relief. Congress in its wisdom recently decreed that all workers (except veterans) continuously employed by the WPA for as long as eighteen months must be discharged for at least thirty days. Two things, however, Congress forgot. One was to appropriate funds sufficient to provide jobs enough to reemploy these furloughed workers at the end of their enforced thirty-day layoff, if at that time they still needed work. The second was to declare a moratorium on hunger. The effect of these oversights is to sentence, not to bread and water merely, but to no visible means of support, many whose crime it was to need WPA jobs for eighteen continuous months.

II

Harrowing as it is to live on inadequate and intermittent relief, living without it when in need is worse. How many persons there are who need but do not receive relief is not known. That they represent several hundred thousand families is altogether likely. This very

uncertainty as to their number but symbolizes the degree to which federal, state, and local governments have neglected their plight.

Who they are is clear. Some are single men and women. As a rule they are among the first to be denied relief when funds run low, a chronic condition in not a few areas. Somehow people without dependents are expected to be able to fend for themselves even though they have no jobs or resources. Some are childless couples. When there is only so much relief to be divided among so many, those with dependents are sometimes given a priority that sentences to utter resourcelessness those with none. Others are fathers, mothers, and children who have not lived long enough in one place to meet what are often stringent residence requirements. Still others are those who do not quite meet qualifications for assistance under the Social Security program — old people not quite old enough to qualify for old-age assistance, blind persons who technically can see a little too much yet not well enough to work or support themselves, young children who are a bit too old or whose fathers are incapacitated but not for a long enough period. Large numbers of those denied relief despite their being in need are able-bodied or employable persons and their families. The plight of all these is unenviable.

It is a strange paradox that wives and babies who have never lived in any other community than their present home may be denied relief because of some technicality regarding the residence of the head of the family, that children under working age are denied aid because their father is employable though without work. It is no less whimsical that, although federal-state provision is made for needy aged persons sixty-five and over, none is made for those who are only sixty-four; that although the federal and state governments coöperate to aid certain (but not all) dependent children under sixteen, there is no such coöpera-

tion to aid children attaining that ripe age. Beginning on January 1, 1940, the Federal Government can participate in assisting dependent young people under eighteen years of age provided they attend school regularly. State laws, however, must still be amended before this new policy can be effectuated.

With regard to employable persons, eight states and the District of Columbia were, within the past year, reported by the federal WPA as granting them no relief. The states were Arizona, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, Nevada, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Texas. Another six states — Alabama, Arkansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, North Carolina, and Oklahoma — were reported as giving 'practically no relief' to those who were employable. Another thirteen states — Idaho, Indiana, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Ohio, Oregon, South Dakota, Virginia, and Washington — were reported as having 'low standards' or only 'limited funds' for direct relief. Employable persons and their families in many of these states were probably aided only on a very restricted basis if at all.

Failure of a state to appear in any of these three groups does not mean that all was therefore well for employables. In New Jersey, for example, a local relief director boasted not long ago that he secured local funds for relief only by demonstrating that it would cost less to give people relief orders than to bury them. Relief designed merely to keep people out of the hands of undertakers cannot be expected to offer much to families and growing children needing more than to be kept alive.

Denial of relief to those who are really employable is bad enough. Its denial to persons of doubtful employability is worse. In one state, if a person was able-bodied he was construed to be employable, and anyone able to go to a relief office was automatically classified as able-bodied. Thus ability even to apply for relief rendered one ineligible.

In another state, unless one was almost ready to qualify for old-age assistance he was regarded as employable and therefore ineligible for relief. In a third state, relief to employables might be given in emergencies. However, being foodless or evicted and on the street was not construed to be an emergency.

Why is provision for needy employable persons, and those not given assistance under the Social Security program, so inadequate? A first answer is that, for those who are employable, there are not and never have been enough WPA jobs to go round. WPA officials themselves have estimated that the federal work program has from time to time failed, by from 350,000 to 1,300,000 jobs, to provide work for all needy employable workers. This inadequacy is due in part to failure of the administration to request appropriations large enough to meet the full need; failure of Congress to appropriate even as much as requested; failure of local and state authorities to initiate and contribute toward the expense of projects; failure to create the kinds of work that can be done by those needing jobs. Most important of all, however, is the failure of the American people to demand that proper provision be made for those unable decently to maintain themselves and their children.

Since the WPA and Social Security programs do not provide for all needing aid, why do not the states and localities make proper provision for them? Some of course do. More do not.

One bar to effective action is the unsettled question whether, since the Federal Government apparently will not help to meet the whole need, the obligation is one for the states or for cities, towns, and counties. State responsibility for general relief is less widely accepted than for relief granted under the federal Social Security program. Federal law requires that states contribute toward the cost of old-age assistance, aid to the blind, and aid to

dependent children. In addition, states must assure good administration of these programs in all political subdivisions. This requirement in itself necessitates substantial contributions of state funds in order to make supervision effective. Lack of comparable provisions in regard to general relief has contributed to the present chaos. A first step obviously demanded is for the Federal Government to give to establishment of sound general-relief programs the same degree of financial support and leadership it has given to the inauguration of special programs of assistance under the Social Security Act. Only thus can a sound beginning be made at the all-important task of meeting the distress of people who are not eligible for any type of public assistance provided in coöperation with the Federal Government.

III

How do needy people get along when granted inadequate relief or none? Some, of course, don't. A very few don't even try. Sometimes mere anticipation of the experience is so overwhelming that people choose not to face it.

In New York City news stories have told within recent weeks of two workers who, when discharged from their WPA jobs, chose not to face what lay ahead. One of these, a woman, shot herself after one glance at the envelope known to contain her dismissal notice. The other, a man, seemingly in a daze of disappointment after discharge by the WPA, marched stolidly into the path of an onrushing subway train.

As for those who choose to 'tough it out,' as all but the rare exceptions do, there are other ways. What these are is by no means clear. Even social workers and public-welfare officials who are closest to the problem, when asked how people get along, reply, 'We simply don't know' or 'We can't imagine how they do it.'

Yet only details are lacking. The broad outlines are clear enough, and first-hand observers agree that getting along without relief, or with only inadequate aid when one is in need, is a bitter, grueling experience. Those compelled to undergo it are left stunned, bewildered. A recent report by a social agency in Baltimore declared the insecurity and dependence of needy families receiving no relief to be 'devastating.'

Families suffering this devastation are shaken to their depths. Men become embittered over their failure to find work and to feed their families. One father, because of his inability to provide more than one bed for his entire family, was recently reported to suffer recurrent 'black moods.' How even the youngest are affected was evidenced by a five-year-old who looked into his father's face and said half-assuringly, half-questioningly, 'But we'll soon find a job, won't we?'

Tensions and stresses among destitute families always become aggravated around Christmas time, when parents have to try to explain slip-ups in Santa's schedule. To many a family, and to several times that many children, Christmas is something like the twenty-ninth of February. Sometimes it comes, sometimes it doesn't.

Fortunately, people in bitter need frequently don't have to endure it for long at a stretch. Something may turn up, after a week or month or so, to break the agonizing tension. After longer or shorter periods, families may be able to manage without difficulty. Some, however, may again fall into need when the smile vanishes from the face of fate. However infrequent, however short or intermittent, may be one's descent into dire unrelieved need, the experience leaves its mark.

One way of getting along, perhaps the first (after earnings, credit, ability to borrow, and insurance adjustments have been exploited to their fullest), is to give

up cherished belongings. When sold or pawned, these may bring no more than enough for a meal or two. A wedding ring, usually the last thing of value to go, may yield food for a day, possibly enough for a week. Investigators in different sections of the country have reported finding homes of people in bitter need without one article which could be sold or pawned for ten cents. This is the Midas touch in reverse. Instead of base things turned to gold, cherished keepsakes are turned into bare crusts.

One resource almost everywhere available to needy families is federal surplus commodities. These, for hundreds of thousands, have constituted a last thin line of defense against hunger. The commodities are those purchased by the Federal Government, not so much with a view to their appropriateness for feeding hungry families as to stabilizing agricultural prices. Amounts and types of commodities available for distribution vary both from place to place and from time to time. The range of items is so limited and so unpredictable that they give families dependent upon them no more than a tenuous hold on life — a *Tobacco Road* sort of existence. Commodities granted at any one time may include, perhaps, flour, prunes, beans, grapefruit, and corn meal. Again they may include only onions, flour, and cracked wheat. Butter and eggs sometimes made available are genuine delicacies.

What the government's new 'stamp plan' may ultimately accomplish in terms of augmenting relief allowances for food is not yet clear. There is, however, the constant threat that too-low relief standards may be further reduced as the plan develops. Should these not be lowered to offset possible gains achievable under the plan, there still would remain an elemental difficulty. Free commodities to the value of half the amount granted in relief for food would still not raise to a defensible level many food allowances. Half of nothing

isn't much, and half of very little isn't very much more.

Next in importance to surplus commodities are casual earnings. Driven by necessity, needy persons sometimes work for such miserable wages that their hourly rates are unbelievably low. Rates of ten cents or less per hour are not unknown. Low earnings which might appear to be sufficient to raise relief families' level of life somewhat above that afforded by relief allowances frequently have no such effect. In the first place, it costs money to work. Carfare, clothes, and lunches cut deeply into meagre wages. More important is the fact that, in some jurisdictions, earnings in any amount disqualify families for relief — this because agencies do not want to 'subsidize private industry.' In areas where persons having private earnings may be given supplemental relief, allowances are usually reduced by an amount commensurate with the earnings. Thus earnings do not raise the low plane upon which relief families must subsist. This is particularly true in areas having lowest relief standards.

Another way of getting along is to live off each other. The necessity of 'looking up a friend' every time he wanted to eat or needed carfare to hunt a job was described by one man as the bitterest pill of all. One by one, friends tired of it. Friendships waned. Gradually he was left more and more alone, withdrew more and more into himself. Finally, as he put it, 'you feel all withered inside.'

Relatives are normally expected, under our social system, to help one another. Even here, however, there are limits which any court would recognize. Under our relief system, however, admittedly needy people who are denied necessary aid must sometimes be taken in or aided by almost complete strangers who for some reason are willing to share with others resources which many times are not adequate for themselves. This robbing of hungry Peters to help starving Pauls is sometimes called 'invisible

aid.' It is frequently lauded as a manifestation of desirable social attitudes. This lauding, however, is usually done only by those not called upon to play the part of either Peter or Paul.

Another device is for someone to leave home. Or perhaps a family will split up. Youngsters may be sent to live with grandparents, leaving the parents to face the rigors alone. Children in at least one section of New Jersey are still taken from their parents and given temporary institutional care when families are dispossessed. Among social agencies with high standards, the practice of removing a child from his family because of poverty alone has been outlawed for thirty years. Keeping a roof over a family's head, it may be pointed out in passing, is no less cardinal a principle than keeping families together.

Sometimes, instead of sending children away, the father may leave home in the hope that perhaps remaining members of the family may, in his absence, be granted relief for which they are ineligible as long as he is there.

Again a family may be broken up simply because there is no way to care for it as a whole. A family of eleven recently put into the street was thus dealt with. The father was sent to a shelter, the mother and children given institutional care. Separations of this kind may not be for long. Again, they may.

IV

Most devices to which families resort in order to keep together and alive are legal. Sometimes, however, people in dire need do not stop when all conceivable legal means have been exhausted. Hungry men to whom relief agencies have denied food have been known to walk into restaurants and eat long-postponed meals, telling cashiers to charge them to the city.

Sheer desperation has driven men to other extreme steps. There was, for

example, the case of an ex-waiter. In better times he had worked in some of the largest hotels in his city. While he was out of a job and receiving relief in that city, his little daughter fell sick. The doctor prescribed for her an extra quart of milk a day, and urged that if possible the milk be served warm. Prescription in hand, the child's father hounded and harassed relief authorities every day for seven days until the coveted 'medicine' was at last authorized. Milk to that family assumed overnight a value and importance worthy of radium; gas with which to heat it couldn't have been more highly prized if it had been helium. Suddenly a new blow fell. The gas was turned off; bills had gone too long unpaid. When the gasman had left, a meter on those premises was broken. And that meter hasn't been the only one operated on. Unfortunately the ex-waiter was alone neither in what he suffered nor in what he did.

Electricity, too, has been carried into houses without benefit of meter. This involves stringing wires which at times become real fire hazards, threatening both life and property. Yet they bring light. People otherwise might have to sit in the dark. School children might otherwise have no light to study by.

However needy families get along with little or no relief, the result is likely to be the same — adults and children hungry and, on occasion, fainting from hunger; families evicted, 'doubled up,' living in darkness; adults too weak or improperly clothed to work; children too run-down actively to play; few properly clothed, all more or less cold — the whole constituting a mass of unrelieved misery.

In view of relief conditions, it is surprising how some federal officials can refer with ill-concealed pride to the administration's policy, adopted in 1935, of quitting this business of relief. And this despite the fact that the Federal Government has never quit, and is not

now out of the business. It has only withdrawn from the one all-important field of general relief. It administers directly the work-relief program of the Work Projects Administration, pays 100 per cent of the cost, and itself administers direct relief granted farmers by the Farm Security Administration. It coöperates too with the states in continuing the business under a different name adopted when the federal Social Security program, embracing three types of relief, was established.

Needy persons not provided for through these special programs, whether because they are not eligible or because the programs are not adequate, the Federal Government passes by on the other side. This lack of federal aid and leadership has undoubtedly contributed to continuance of present chaotic, deplorable conditions. There is little room for pride in either the policy or its results.

To suggest that the Federal Government has not fully met its relief responsibilities is not to disregard the importance of possible economies in federal spending or of limiting the growth of the national debt. It is only to point out that, in the absence of federal aid and leadership in this field, people are in want or only inadequately aided. Perhaps the country's whole relief scheme needs restudy to determine whether the programs to which the Federal Government is already contributing represent the best possible use of funds available for relief. Perhaps the whole structure of local, state, and federal taxation should be reviewed to arrive at the most equitable division of responsibility consonant with the well-being of the country as a whole. Until some such steps can be taken, however, there are strong reasons for federal aid for general relief. Among these are unmet need; disparities between state and local resources on one hand and unemployment and destitution on the other; the handicap placed upon industry in one state which pro-

vides comparatively adequately for its needy as opposed to another state which levies upon its industries distinctly lower or perhaps no relief taxes.

By stressing the necessity for federal aid I do not intend to imply that relief is the best possible way of helping people eat when they lack other means. No one likes relief. Those who pay for it don't like it. Neither do those who administer it, nor those who receive it. It is not even a good second-best. Ultimately, it is hoped, some fairer way may be found to absorb into the nation's economy at least those who are able to work, thereby reducing need for relief to them. More equitable distribution of the national wealth, income, and the products of industry might also serve to reduce the need for relief. But these possibilities, though they may be for tomorrow, avail nothing today. In the meantime many needs remain unmet or only partially met. Relief, at least for the day, must go on.

A high federal officer in a recent radio address told workers discharged by the WPA that in the absence of jobs and relief they'd better take in their belts another notch and get ready to face a tough winter. This advice, realistic though it may have been, hardly squares with assurances that 'no one in America shall be allowed to starve.' Failure of the American people to aid hundreds of thousands of needy, destitute families which happen not to benefit or to benefit only inadequately from existing federal or federal-state relief programs, suggests that what is really meant is that 'no one in the United States shall be allowed to starve *too long*,' or, perhaps, even 'no one shall be allowed to starve *to death*.' It is not the Federal Government or state and local governments which must assume ultimate responsibility for conditions as they are. That rests upon the American people. We have failed to demand a newer deal for large numbers of needy families. We have also failed properly to support proposals made by administra-

tion leaders to give greater security to those in the nation who are most disadvantaged.

But, someone may interject, there are probably millions of people in other countries living on far less than the average American relief recipient; why all the excitement? This may be attributed to at least four factors. In the first place, need is relative. It is materially affected by mores and standards of living. In the interest of public health and safety, for example, authorities in an American city might compel a relief family to vacate a house which in another country might be regarded as a quite adequate establishment. Thus, one corollary of America's relatively high standard of living is a relatively high standard of need. A second factor is the standard of life a nation can assure to even the poorest of its people. If a country is unable to provide no more than an animal-like subsistence to its most disadvantaged members, that is one thing. If a nation can do better but doesn't, that is something else.

A further consideration beyond what a nation can do is what a nation should do. If there's anything in being a good neighbor, in the Golden Rule, or in social justice, surely this has some bearing upon what a nation does for those within its borders who are in greatest need. To many Americans the failure of other nations to do more for their most disadvantaged members no more justifies this nation's failure to do all that can be done than homicide by one man gives other men a right to murder. Finally, there is the realization that needs unmet today may in the long future ultimately entail even greater social costs and outlays of money than an adequate relief program for the present. Relief, there-

fore, is looked upon as a preventive of something worse. The recent national health survey which disclosed a markedly higher incidence of sickness and more prolonged disability among those in the lowest economic groups than among those in comfortable or better circumstances again suggested that efforts to improve living conditions among needy people may, in the long run, be good social economy regardless of what other nations choose to do.

Recognition of extensive unmet responsibilities must not, however, be allowed to obscure the tremendous gains achieved in seven short years or to cloud the vastly greater degree of security now afforded millions whose very means of subsistence is vouchsafed only through the WPA and Social Security programs.

Failure to do what remains to be done reduces to a mockery our noble pretenses about establishing a minimum level below which no man, woman, or child shall be allowed to fall. It negates, in large measure, values that might otherwise accrue from broad social, educational, health, and recreational programs upon which Americans pride themselves. Can hungry children play, cold children learn, half-fed children remain well, develop properly? What of destitute and harassed parents who suffer far more from realization of what is happening to their children than from their own deprivation? Can they be good fathers and mothers? Can they rear today the best type of citizens for tomorrow? Difficult if not impossible as these tasks seem, miserable if not intolerable as are circumstances confronting millions of needy persons in this country, they constitute the lot of those of our fellows who are most insecure, most harried by necessity, worst fed, worst clad, and worst housed.

THE CASKET OF PANDORA

BY MARYA ZATURENSKA

WHEN for a long time I contemplate this box,
Carved so cunningly by the hand of a God,
Glittering with withheld treasure,

I take no delight in my eye's light, the body's pleasure.

How many times awake, or in sleep, a voice
Through the open window, from the earth or the shore,
Says 'This thing, this thing, you must not explore.'

The shade of evil falls on the pure grass;
It shoots up from my life's root, its face
Troubling the emptiness of clear water.

And somewhere in my dream, the sound of pain and slaughter.

Then, waking in my room, the casket gleams;
The maiden pallor of the morning light
Pierces my heart with an unnatural night.

For in my world it is always morning,
The dew refreshes the mind, the early flowers
Hint of a delicate spring, foretell a green summer.

Now always at my door, the step of a newcomer

Whose face I never see though I open the door,
Though I look through sun-struck windows,
Though I peer through the enchanted lawn.

Then I touch the casket's lid, pearl-clear as dew on the lawn,

Locked, locked as a scent in a closed flower's heart;
O to open the glittering box, to shut my ears
To the small voice that seems to sound from a tree.

Through my window the tree takes shape, has a face I cannot see,

O marvelous tree! half-sun, half wine-dark.
I feel the murmur run through your sap like blood
Eager for the deed to be done, wild to be understood!

MOTHER'S CALLING!

BY HELEN ELLWANGER HANFORD

I

CHILDREN, with their energies still comparatively unsubdued by the business of living, are to be depended upon to be in opposition to something or other most of the time. I am thinking at the moment of the splendid fight they can put up when it is suggested that they assume some responsibility for the work of the household.

I am not referring to merely sporadic examples of work: children are often good about giving you a lift when they happen to be on hand — particularly when the need is obvious, as when the saucepan boils over as the telephone rings.

No, what I have in mind is far less casual. It is nothing less than all the odd jobs of the household that are not performed by the parents themselves or persons in their employ. 'Chores' they used to call them, and still do around the farm. The sum total in any household will differ according to the physical prowess of the mother, the amount of outside service, the size of the family, and the number of animals, rabbits, puppies, and the like, dependent upon the family for attention. In any case, if the mother is not to be overworked, it is a good deal, and it is going to go on for a term of years.

In what may be called the unregenerate household, getting help from the children resolves itself into four stages, each fatiguing in itself and unnerving when performed as a complete sequence.

(1) Catching the child. This is not so

simple as it sounds, since up to dinner-time, at least, the children flit through the house like birds of passage. You see your son, but when you turn to lay hands upon him you have only the echo of his voice from some vacant lot.

(2) Persuading him that the demand is legitimate and not merely some eccentricity on your part. Be prepared with a ready answer for such questions as why grass should be cut when it looks actually prettier this way, or why beds have to be made when you are going to get right back into them anyhow.

(3) Convincing any given child that he is the one to do the task assigned — not his brother or his sister, but himself. You observe that most of the children are in favor of Henry's doing the piece of work, though one or two may ask passionately, 'Why can't Bill — doesn't he ever have to do *anything*?'

(4) Getting him to do the work in a manner approximately consistent with the equipment on hand and with the end in view. Make your own swift decision as to what, if anything, is wrong with the plan of stacking all the soiled dishes on the kitchen floor, applying the garden hose, and thus cleansing both dishes and floor with one inspired stroke.

Any mother who has lived through such a bout would seem to have earned her resultant state of coma. But even that, after enough repetitions, she is unable to enjoy. She recalls with uneasiness that her cries for help had a certain desperate quality not approved by the

psychologists. She is nagged by the thought that Henry looks 'put upon' and at the same time a little too pleasantly martyred. She remembers that legendary uncle of hers who disliked work to such an extent that he went to live with the Indians and let his beard grow; and with alarm she thinks of heredity and Bill's uncanny skill in keeping out of the laboring class. Something, she concludes, is wrong with her present methods.

Something is indeed, and it is high time that she took steps. She need not, however, torment herself with the added worry that her condition is different from that of other mothers. All of us know by heart the groan with which the mention of a simple errand upstairs is greeted (and we thought they loved us!). We too have ripped the bed apart, extracted the woolly slippers or the stuffed cat, and done the work over ourselves, muttering that it was *more bother* . . . Children at work are a universal problem which each individual mother solves as best she can.

II

What every mother really wants, of course, is coöperation and plenty of it — some planned distribution of labor whereby action is automatically released and allowed to flow into the proper channels. Once she realizes this, a mother of sanguine temperament may, in pleased anticipation, see herself immediately pulling the lever. But this is going too fast. I hope that she will restrain herself from announcing the new coöperative life to her household. The most ludicrous results often follow hasty action. Many of us have humiliating memories of such mass meetings — our own brightness, rapidly becoming a trifle forced; the children lounging about like sleepy cats; their shocked incredulity at what you propose: 'Isn't this a *home*? Do you want us to be some kind of a military academy?'; the angry 'Oh, all *right!*' either of children or parent. There you

are with all those ideas, and only the youngest left to listen. He is sobbing, having gathered from the discussion only the general idea that his rabbits are about to starve.

No, before the mother even thinks of talking to her children she will want to mull quietly over this problem which she herself has permitted to roll up like a snowball. She might ask her friends how they are meeting it. (Disregard the statement, 'Oh, my children all just love to help me!' That mother is in worse case than you. Choose friends that are both helpful and honest.)

I always remember the Browns. Indeed, my children will never let me forget them. 'Why, we're *always* doing things for you!' they say. 'Remember how we slaved that time the Browns came?'

The classic example they refer to occurred when the cook's exit through the back door coincided almost exactly with the arrival of some English friends through the front entrance. I had barely time to line up my family for an impassioned plea: 'If ever I've done anything for you children, help me out now!' They rallied. Under the efficient leadership of the eldest, they loosed upon the affairs of the household that energy usually reserved for baseball and hockey. Beds were made almost before the occupants were out of them, dishes were washed, floors and furniture dusted, Mr. Brown's boots polished till they gleamed like black mirrors. It was a beautiful example of coördination.

Every mother's classic example will, of course, be something quite different. You, perhaps, will recall the Mother's Day program, sponsored by your son Bill and worked out by all the children — a dramatic presentation of scenes from your own life, not devoid of the implication that the story is almost told. Anything more absurd than Bill in your new spring costume it would be difficult to imagine. But your tears were not for your blue pumps. As the thing went off without a

hitch, from the drawing of the curtain by Baby to the final tableau, you were thinking tenderly of all the work that must have gone into it. Bill, generally a block away when you want him, had achieved complete coöperation.

Or you may remember the time that Father took all the older children on a canoe trip; overnight the house was emptied. Left with the problem of one baby, transportable under the arm, you found your thoughts resting pityingly on poor Father. How was he getting along? How were the children taking it?

You need not have worried. When the car returned at the end of the week, all was well. Under the superficial soil, every face was radiant. When Father called out, 'Hi, you! Give a hand here!' they all sprang to attention. As the tale was retold, you could see them putting up the tent, gathering firewood, washing dishes and underwear in running streams, digging for worms, cleaning fish — and having fun.

So vivid was the picture of mutual helpfulness that when the last one of them was in bed, and you too prepared to take a bath, you were almost surprised by the sight that greeted you. For a moment you played with the notion of waking everybody up to coöperate in the cleaning out of your tub. But of course you didn't; that would have been 'mean.' Only before you joined Father in the room which his presence had filled with a woodsy odor of bacon, gasoline, fish, and the earthy aroma of human endeavor, you did permit yourself one wistful calculation: This spirit of coöperation in the wilds, you computed, would, if tamed, have saved you in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars for service in the last fifteen years, plus all your gray hairs.

These three cases will find counterparts in the experience of every mother, and from such illustrative material she may advance tentatively to this question: What, if any, are the common ele-

ments in these three examples of family coöperation?

Well, first of all, there was in every case a definite end in view — a shining house to dazzle the Browns, a good show, shelter and fish in Canada.

Next there was praise, unstintedly given. I am not saying that liking to be praised is a worthy attitude on the part of our children; no doubt they should be above it. I merely point out the fact that they seem to thrive on appreciation.

In each case, every child felt himself to be personally indispensable, a small cog but a necessary one. (One has only to omit doing it to discover that the careful cleaning of the fish is as important as the baiting and frying.)

In every case, the element of pleasure entered in.

In every case, there was a firm hand in control. Children, like their elders, seldom spring together in a coördinated fashion, selecting major and minor rôles in an enterprise according to their fitness for the part. Someone in the background is directing with foresight and vigor. He is utilizing all the forces, and ten to one he got up early to do it. Look at Bill. Look at Father! Yes, look at Father and grasp this thought firmly: Unless I am greatly mistaken, the father is the most imperfectly utilized force in modern society. He is the only one in the family who can really grasp your need for better labor conditions. He knows the individual setup, and the money earned and spent. He will know too whether the matter had better be settled *ex cathedra*, letting the children catch the general drift as they do the work assigned them, or whether a meeting and discussion can be risked.

III

Such a meeting, if it is well planned, will be fun, but certain rules must be observed.

First, make an engagement with all the children old enough to take part in a

sustained discussion. It will be time enough later to relay in suitable language to the three-year-old that she is a big girl now and able to pick up her toys, and that toys left around are likely to disappear; or to the six-year-old that his part is the pleasant one of feeding the livestock, who will hardly be able to wait for his coming. As for the older children, choose a time that will take into consideration the basketball game, the dance, the meeting of all secret organizations, and the handing in of all compositions. And Heaven help you if you have forgotten your own calendar, for this is a date that, once made, must be kept.

Now just sit back and let Father preside. Listen to him as he expounds the problem in his best committee voice, robust enough to absorb any small squeaks. Watch your children in parliamentary action. They may start to gum things up at first, but as soon as they get the idea that something is going through, *with or without* their approval, they will take hold. Don't be surprised at seeing them work the thing out quietly; they do it every day in school. They may want to elect a leader to protect their interests or they may prefer to have you divide up the work. Accept either decision amicably.

They can also be amazingly logical. They will understand perfectly that it is the needs of your particular household that must be considered, and that other families with a different income and half or twice as many children do not really enter in and only prolong discussion.

Watch your temper when Mary asks, 'And what is Mother going to be doing all this time?' The correct answer is, 'Stay home some day and find out!' and Father will probably make it.

Try not to expect mature reactions from children. Don't expect the child whom you recently nursed through earache to think much about it after the event. His ear is all right now and he has

gone on to other things. If he were to put it into words, as he probably won't, he might say, 'Sure, you were swell! But that's what mothers are for, isn't it?' Maternal care he docketed with food and shelter — just as we did at the same age.

Remember that a task easy enough for a grown person may seem literally impossible to a child. Drying dishes used always to be my forte, but I remember my tears the night there were eleven glasses in the dishpan.

In discussing plans for work, you may find that a child hankers to take over some particular task that you have always done. I once knew a girl who would find an excuse to stay home from church, and then, of all things, mop the kitchen floor. All that sloshing around gave an outlet to an adventurous spirit. Well, provided they do the work as well as you (Look out, they may go you one better!), aren't you willing to trade? It may settle forever the suspicion that you are getting off easily.

Don't hurry the children into decisions. Give them the same chance to get oriented that you yourself took.

Remember, and this is important in planning a family work program, that proper allowance must be made for emergencies. Guests come under this heading (When Aunt Martha pops in unexpectedly from Fairport, how can you show her the city and do your work too?); and temporary loss of paid service; and, of course, sickness. So many of these emergencies can be counted upon that, unless they are smoothly provided for, a mother will still be constantly in need of rescue. Work out a scheme that will include such crises; and, if you see one in the offing, don't hoard the knowledge, springing it on the family at the last minute. Give them a chance to readjust. The children can decide whether they prefer to be on call in rotation or whether you should pick a number. In either case they learn that a crisis has to be met with a special spurt of energy.

Suppose that the child, after every reasonable effort on your part has been made, continues to shirk. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he will simply have to be *made* to help. It is deplorable, and a parent will want to examine his own tactics carefully; but in the last analysis it is the child that must fall into step. Please omit all such phrases as 'After all we've done for you!' etc., etc. The question must be met on the impersonal grounds of fairness.

IV

Should service be paid for — either normal, everyday service or extraordinary labor? How I wish I knew! The two schools of thought are vociferous and sure. Those who maintain that the laborer is worthy of his hire look with belligerence upon those who contend that paying the child commercializes his attitude to his home.

All would agree, I should think, that the practice of doling out small sums for little tasks involves too much book-keeping. You may forget, in paying Bill ten cents for the lawn this week, that last Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock you paid his brother Henry fifteen; Bill will not. Life on these terms becomes a frenzied memory contest. Some general payment, to be used by the child as an allowance, would be better. Even better, I am inclined to think, is keeping the two ideas separate. The child enjoys the life of the family, and in turn does his part. He has certain needs and is apportioned his rightful share of the family income.

It does seem reasonable to say once in a while, 'Hurrah! We're coming out ahead this month. Now you children decide whether we'll buy a radio or a puppy.'

There are times too when, with the family functioning according to a worked-

out plan, it may be possible to say something like this: 'I'm tired of the inefficient maids the agencies send me. I believe I could manage alone, if you children could each give a little more help. Now for this and this I'm prepared to pay so much.' The thing then becomes a dignified giving and receiving of salary, with the implication that anyone not earning the salary is fired.

I am not unaware that I have been taking for granted the existence of outside, paid service. In doing so, I have purposely set myself a more difficult task, since it is my theory that it is easier to get children to help when such service does not exist. Friendly children react favorably to the sight of their mother actually performing the routine tasks of the household. If she is seen in the act of scrubbing a floor, washing dishes, or cooking the food the family enjoys, she is admittedly busy. It may be thirty years before her children will understand that running a complicated household with several employees is also a form of labor.

Working out this system (for I myself am just getting ready for that first mass meeting), I pause, pleased at all my findings — and the telephone rings. It proves to be my fifteen-year-old daughter. She is a kindly child and it has occurred to her that I might like to know in advance that she is on her way home with twelve of her best friends. 'Don't bother to do a thing!' she adjures me, and adds, 'I suppose we have cookies or something.'

We haven't; but before my mind, always my weak point, has begun to function, I have an ovenful. Then — wait a minute! This isn't getting set for coöperation; it is a spineless following of the path of least resistance. I hesitate. The cookies send forth a good smell. Just this once, I decide; but next Monday morning, bright and early . . .

THE BOY FROM VERMONT

BY CLAUDE M. FUESS

I

ON Thursday, September 17, 1891, Amherst opened for its seventy-first year; and John Calvin Coolidge, having brought with him a certificate from St. Johnsbury Academy, was excused from entrance examinations and duly registered as a freshman. The two old dormitories, North and South Colleges, dating back to the 1820's, although not entirely abandoned, had fallen into disrepair, and most undergraduates roomed either in fraternity houses or in lodgings in the village. Coolidge secured a room at 'Mr. Trott's' — a comfortable brick building still standing a little back from the road on South Pleasant Street, with peculiar pointed windows which attract the attention of the passing pedestrian or motorist. Seventeen other Vermonters were registered that year in Amherst; indeed the only other student living at Mr. Trott's was Alfred Turner, from Rutland, only twenty-five miles from Plymouth. But of the eighty-five members of his class recorded in the catalogue, young Coolidge had probably not met a single one before coming to Amherst.

For his room Coolidge paid \$60 a year, with twenty-five cents a week for care. He had to furnish his own wood and the oil for his lamp. He engaged his board at a house on Pleasant Street, at a cost of three dollars and a half a week — a sum which seemed exorbitant to the young Vermonter accustomed to country prices. Among those who sat at his table were Dwight W. Morrow — nicknamed

speedily 'Kid' because of his small stature and youthful appearance — and 'Charlie' Andrews, now the Treasurer of Amherst College. One anecdote of this period has survived and has been often related in different versions. A big black cat occasionally prowled around the dining room. On one evening the principal dish was hash, a dish familiar to Coolidge as to all native New Englanders. When Calvin was served, he examined his plate critically for a few seconds and then called to the waiter, a classmate named Albert M. Tibbetts, better known as 'Bitts.' As 'Bitts' drew near, Coolidge said, 'Bring me the cat.' The animal was produced, spitting and clawing, and Coolidge, taking a long look at her, simply murmured, 'Thank you,' and then — but not until then — began to eat his hash.

During the busy 'rushing season' covering the opening week of the fall term, tired freshmen were led from one fraternity house to another for a half hour in each and then 'pledged' if they seemed desirable. But no upperclassmen spent sleepless nights meditating on young Coolidge's qualifications for Alpha Delta Phi or Delta Kappa Epsilon. When the elections were over, 'Bert' Pratt and 'Gussie' Post had been taken by 'Alpha Delt,' 'Charlie' Burnett by 'Psi U,' Jay Stocking by 'Deke,' 'Kid' Morrow and Lucius Eastman by 'Beta Thet,' and 'Charlie' Andrews by 'Phi Delt'; but the unsponsored Coolidge was an 'Ouden,' a 'Barbarian,' a non-

fraternity man in a college where fraternity affiliations somewhat determined a man's status. There is something pathetically reticent in a sentence from a letter which he wrote home, October 15, 1891: 'I don't seem to get acquainted very fast.' On January 6, 1892, after returning from his first Christmas vacation, he wrote, 'Every time I get home I hate to go away worse than before and I don't feel so well here now as the first day I came here last fall but suppose I will be all right in a day or two.' Two days later he wrote again, 'I feel quite reconciled to being here tonight but felt awful mean yesterday and the day before, I don't know why, I never was homesick any before.'

During his first two years at Amherst he was, to say the least, an inconspicuous member of the class of 1895. One of his classmates writes me, 'A drabber, more colorless boy I never knew than Calvin Coolidge when he came to Amherst. He was a perfect enigma to us all. He attended class regularly, but did not show any very great interest.' Early in the freshman mathematics course Professor Olds, who had sandy hair, looked over the victims in front of him and then called on 'my red-headed brother in the second row.' This was Coolidge; and this is also one of the few authentic incidents which can be rescued from the oblivion of his first two years in college.

He did not make a practice of calling on his professors; he did not sing in the Glee Club or strum the mandolin; he had no 'girl,' either in Amherst or in 'Hamp.' He did not join the Y.M.C.A. or the college church. He took no part in athletics, although he did in his letters comment on intercollegiate contests. In later life, when reporters tried to enliven the monotony of his past, he confessed that in games he did 'hold the stakes.' He did not enter into competition for the editorial board of the *Student*, the undergraduate newspaper. On January 7, 1892, he wrote his father, 'I want to do careful work but many men in my class

have strength, preparation, inclination, and ability to do much more than myself.' All of the more explosive manifestations of youthful ebullition had no attraction for him. A few of his acquaintances called him 'Cooley' or 'Cal' or 'Red,' but he was little known to most members of the class.

When he had become President of the United States, several of his college mates recalled in him qualities which they certainly did not perceive when he was a sophomore. The fact is that he displayed few traits which could encourage prophecy. If he had dropped out of Amherst in the spring of 1893, he would hardly have been missed.

'It has always seemed to me that all our other studies were in the nature of a preparation for the course in philosophy,' said Coolidge in his *Autobiography*. This was given by Professor Charles E. Garman, the most famous and mysterious of Amherst teachers, around whose romantic personality legends gathered even during his lifetime. Garman, who had graduated from Amherst in 1872, one year after Morse, had been called back in 1880 to his college, where through what must be called his genius he gradually acquired over his students an influence as enduring as it was impressive. Although he lived in an unpretentious and somewhat secluded dwelling at 10 Gray Street, he understood the value of dramatic appearances. In his conventional black frock coat and bow tie he looked grimly ministerial; but his pale face, piercing coal-black eyes, and gleaming white teeth made him resemble even more a middle-aged Hamlet. A confirmed valetudinarian, he shunned physical exercise, was morbidly susceptible to drafts, kept his study and lecture room like a hothouse, and even on warm spring days wrapped his delicate throat in a muffler. A lesser man might have been suspected of posing, but Garman, with all his peculiar habits, was genuine at heart.

Garman's course, as Coolidge knew it,

covered four terms — the spring term of the junior year and the entire senior year — and dealt successively with psychology, philosophy, and ethics. His unusual technique had been developed in the 1880's and was thereafter little changed. He employed no textbooks, but distributed to his classes thin pamphlets which he and his Negro servant, William Glasgow, printed in his cellar on a small hand press; and, with a mystic ceremony savoring of a secret order, he exacted a pledge that his pupils would return them to him and not show them to anybody outside their own section. At heart and by training a devout and rather orthodox New England Congregationalist, Garman early adopted the Socratic method and a policy of setting up one theory after another, each of which he in turn demolished until he and his listeners had reached the truth. He insisted at each stage that they weigh the evidence and, through reason alone, arrive at a logical and irrefutable conclusion — Christianity.

Garman published almost nothing. He was too busy teaching. But the class of 1908 placed on his tablet in the College Church the words, 'He chose to write on living men's hearts.' Coolidge said of him, 'We looked upon Garman as a man who walked with God.'

Coolidge's first collegiate success came when he was more than halfway through his course. Juniors at Amherst had the right to wear a silk hat and frock coat and carry a cane. This attainment of social maturity was celebrated by what was styled the 'Plug Hat Race,' the last seven men to cross the line being obligated to provide a supper for the others. Coolidge was one of the losers, but he surprised the others with a witty speech at the ensuing banquet.

At the very close of his college career, principally because of his reputation as an excellent debater, he was elected by his classmates as Grove Orator, with the duty of making the audience laugh. His witty sallies aroused shouts of laughter,

and, when the audience demanded the repetition of a clever sentence, he spoke it again in precisely the same words and with the same solemn, almost stern expression. The oration was packed with sarcastic observations on members of the faculty — remarks which, although good-natured in tone and intention, had nevertheless something of a bite.

II

In filling out the questionnaire submitted to each member of his graduating class, Coolidge answered the query, 'What do you plan to do next year?' by writing, 'Nothing, I reckon. Must rest after these four hard years.' On January 7, 1895, in a significant letter, he wrote his father: —

I have not decided what I shall do next year, shall probably go into the store or go to a law school at Boston or New York. That is about as far as I can get, and think you will have to decide which I shall do. I do not see as I have much of any preference now but may have later. I expect to sell out the present in terms of the future and am not in any hurry to get rich. I should like to live where I can be of some use to the world and not simply where I should get a few dollars together.

Dr. Jay T. Stocking recalled that Coolidge said to him as they parted, 'I'm only sure of one thing — that I'm a Republican.' He had recorded himself among the twelve members of the class who intended to study law, but where and how he was still uncertain.

In early September following his graduation, responding to an invitation from his classmate, Ernest W. Hardy, Coolidge went to Northampton and was escorted by him to Hammond and Field's office in the old and now demolished First National Bank Building on the corner of Main and King streets. Hardy, who had been known in college as 'Fat' or 'Chipmunk,' was a jovial, talkative person, the direct opposite of Coolidge in temperament, and his gar-

rulity and easygoing characteristics frequently got him into difficulties. According to the clear remembrance of Field, the junior partner, Hardy spoke effusively in praise of his college friend, while Coolidge, after an introductory 'Good morning,' lapsed into patient silence, merely standing impassive with slightly bowed head and hands crossed in front of him holding his derby hat. Field, just back from Europe, explained that he would have little time to devote to a student but that Coolidge might sit at a desk, read as much as he wished, and learn what he could. The result was noted in the *Daily Hampshire Gazette* for September 17, 1895:—

J. Calvin Coolidge, of Plymouth, Vt. and a graduate of Amherst, class, '95, is to take a position in the law office of Hammond and Field.

Calvin Coolidge could easily have found for himself some legitimate recreation, but his mind was fixed first on the law and second on politics. His days were spent in mastering his profession; in the evenings he was likely to read a little history. Judge Field said that Calvin did not overwork. Often he would turn in his swivel chair at the black walnut desk and stare for long minutes out the window—perhaps thinking. He could not be persuaded even by the members of the firm to go to the football and baseball games at Amherst. He joined the Wishton-Wish Canoe Club, at Hockanum, in Hadley, but seldom made use of its privileges except on Sunday afternoon.

Undoubtedly he craved companionship, but he did not always know how to make himself companionable. He did, however, find jovial company in 'Dick' Irwin, Ernest Hardy, and one or two others who lunched regularly at Rahar's Inn. Those who were acquainted with him say that he did not accept invitations to dinner, that he avoided formal entertainments, and that he seemed quite content to 'sit around.' Judge Field once confided to Hammond, 'I

guess we've added the Sphinx to our staff.' Coolidge seemed to have no craving for excitement, no passion for exploration, no wish to break the routine. It was noticed, however, that he seemed to get along well with tradesmen, clerks in the stores, streetcar conductors, and people who liked to talk politics.

With commendable ambition Coolidge devoted himself to qualifying as a lawyer. The only other student in the musty office was Edward A. Shaw; and the two clerks together learned by experience how to prepare writs, deeds, wills, contracts, and the ordinary legal documents. The Superior Court sat in Northampton for three civil and two criminal sessions each year, and Coolidge then observed its procedure and became acquainted with the practical as well as the theoretical aspects of trial work. He and Shaw were soon being called upon to prepare briefs and hunt out evidence. Judge Field never maintained that Coolidge was at his desk earlier or lingered longer than anyone else in the office, but he did not fail in diligence, and, to quote his own words, 'was soon conversant with contracts, torts, evidence, and real property, with some knowledge of Massachusetts pleading.'

On June 29, 1897, when he had been a student for twenty months, Calvin Coolidge, after having been duly questioned, was admitted to practice in the Massachusetts courts. It was only a few days before his twenty-fifth birthday.

III

By this date Coolidge was recognized as having distinctive qualities which made him different from other young men in Northampton. His scorn of normal exercise and recreation, his regular habits, his devotion to his law books—these made him seem like one of Benjamin Franklin's industrious apprentices. When he took a vacation, he announced solemnly that he was 'going up to Plymouth to shoot woodchucks,' and

he was back almost before the news of his departure had spread. Tales were whispered around about him.

In 1896, Orville Prouty, Selectman of Hadley, climbed to the office of Hammond and Field to inquire whether he, in his legal capacity, could move the body of a man who had been killed while rowing on a near-by lake. Mr. Prouty, finding the two partners out, reluctantly explained his quandary to a slender youth who was reading at a small desk. The stranger, after listening intently, said simply, 'Can move body,' and returned to his book. Somewhat annoyed at his informant's abnormal reticence, Mr. Prouty said, 'Are you sure?' only to receive again the laconic reply, 'Yes, can move body.' On the way downstairs Prouty met Hammond and inquired, 'Who the devil is that tongue-tied blond you've got up there? Doesn't he ever get excited?' Hammond answered, 'That young chap isn't much on gab, but he's a hog for work. If he tells you the body can be moved, you can bet your life it can. He's only been in the office a few months, but I've found out that when he says a thing is so, it is.'

In a small community like Northampton, incidents of this kind lose nothing in the reporting. Coolidge's reputation for discreet silence — one of the most valuable of his political assets — was established during those early months in Hammond and Field's office. After his admission to the bar Coolidge was uncertain where to hang out his shingle. He considered a possible opening in Great Barrington and even meditated emigrating to Boston. Finally he opened an office of his own, on February 1, 1898, in the Masonic Building on the north side of Main Street. He had two rooms on the second floor, for which he paid a rental of \$200 a year. The outer room had but two windows, looking out on Main Street; the inner one had no window, but offered a secluded place, under artificial light, for confidential discussion. He furnished his quarters

with some money he had inherited from his Grandfather Moor and was soon equipped fully as well as most of the young attorneys in the city.

His earnings during his first year were slightly over \$500. It was not much, but he could live on it; and at last he had the satisfaction of knowing that he was completely self-supporting and need no longer call upon his father for part of his expenses. In 1899, he was appointed counsel for the Nonotuck Savings Bank, of which some years afterwards he became president. His fees for his second year of practice amounted to \$1400.

Despite his intermittent excursions into local politics, Coolidge's primary thought was to improve himself in the profession by which he proposed to earn a livelihood. He built up his balance in the bank, and his credit improved each year. It was important, as he saw it, that he should always be at his desk when he was needed; and there he sat day after day, his feet usually on the shelf of his new oak roll-top desk, sometimes reading or making notes, sometimes just looking out the window at the passers-by. If he had any dreams of greatness, he kept them to himself. In his *Autobiography* he wrote, 'I fully expected to become the kind of country lawyer I saw around me, spending my life in the profession, with perhaps a final place on the bench.'

In 1897, Coolidge was placed upon the Republican City Committee for Ward Two and sat among his associates in unassuming fashion, inconspicuous and silent, looking about him and learning. On December 7, 1898, he was elected as one of the three Councilmen from Ward Two, receiving 207 votes to 236 for Allen N. Clark and 206 for Harry W. Kidder. The highest of the three contesting Democrats had only 148 votes. At the first meeting of the Council for the year, Coolidge was placed on three committees — on Claims, on Military Affairs, and on Rules, Orders, and Ordinances.

The position of Councilor paid no sal-

ary and was not generally regarded as important, but it did widen Coolidge's acquaintance and experience. Almost his first act was to move a resolution of respect upon the death of an Irish Democratic colleague — a courtesy which won him the friendly regard of the Democratic group on the Council. All his life Coolidge insisted that a vote captured from Democrats really counted as two, and in his Northampton days he never antagonized unnecessarily any members of the opposition party. During his service on the Council the only matter of significance in his record was his effort to have an armory built for the local military company on its return from the Spanish War.

On November 16, 1899, the *Daily Hampshire Gazette* published an item under the heading of 'City Politics': —

Calvin Coolidge has filed with the City Clerk his declination of the Republican nomination for Councilman from Ward Two.

Coolidge had made up his mind to be a candidate for the office of City Solicitor, which paid a salary of \$600 and did not involve very heavy responsibilities. 'I wanted to be City Solicitor because I believed it would make me a better lawyer,' he said in his *Autobiography*. Actually the City Solicitor, who was the legal adviser to the City Council, was elected by that body at one of its early meetings; and Coolidge, already known to most of the members, was chosen by a comfortable margin. This success introduces one of the earliest authentic Coolidge anecdotes — the story of the supporter of a defeated candidate who, after the decision of the Council, said to Coolidge, 'I don't know now how you won. I didn't vote for you'; to which the new City Solicitor replied dryly, 'Somebody did!'

The close-mouthed young attorney was rapidly mastering the fine art of personal solicitation of voters. He did not draw cigars from his vest pocket, he did not slap men on the back, he did

not buttonhole them unctuously on street corners or in hotel lobbies. He seemed to defy all traditions as to the qualities of popular politicians. Although a few intimate friends hailed him as 'Cal,' he had no nickname, and no one could have called him a 'mixer.' And yet he did get along with people, mainly because he had what Kipling had styled the 'common touch.' Something about him inspired confidence. He never promised more than he could perform or let himself be drawn into an overstatement. He was a polite listener, even to Democrats; and when he spoke, he said something. Perhaps the very strangeness of his tactics was appealing to voters who were weary of the customary preëlection flattery.

Among his friends at this period was James Lucey, an Irishman from County Kerry, who kept a cobbler's shop in a basement room on Gothic Street, a favorite haunt for a group of his Democratic compatriots. Coolidge, who had met him first as a sophomore in Amherst, occasionally dropped in at the shop for a chat and subsequently won the support of the picturesque old gentleman, who advised his cronies to vote for Lawyer Coolidge even though he was a Republican. Newspaper men later found Lucey a colorful source of copy and made the most of his stories. His genius as a philosopher was undoubtedly exaggerated, but he was a self-respecting, loyal, volatile Celt, who exerted some political influence in certain quarters. With persons of this type Calvin Coolidge always got along well, possibly because he understood them.

We have few letters of this period, but one sent to his grandmother at Christmas time is characteristically whimsical in tone: —

I am sending you a little box which was made from sumach wood by a man over ninety years old I believe. It is not good for anything but will come in handy for you to put away and forget about it.

I wish you a very happy Christmas. The

first Christmas I can remember I spent at your house and besides the Leslie family and Steve there was also goose to eat. We had a Christmas tree at night, and I got a fine sled with a red top, and green runners striped with white. It was a mighty handsome thing but not very strong and when I left it in the walk at night where father fell over it he used to break it, but Hen Willis could mend it with iron and glue.

I have looked at the Law some but do not yet find that you can get a pension, so do not make any arrangements at present to spend the money.

When he retired as Clerk of Courts, Coolidge was promptly chosen Chairman of the Republican City Committee and found himself much occupied in a Presidential year. The Roosevelt ticket swept the country against the feeble candidacy of the Democratic Alton B. Parker; but locally the Republican candidate for Mayor, running for the fourth time, was defeated by eighty votes. In commenting on the result Coolidge said later:—

We made the mistake of talking too much about the deficiencies of our opponents and not enough about the merits of our own candidates. I have never again fallen into that error.

IV

Calvin Coolidge was now regarded as a rising young man and an eligible bachelor. The comments in Northampton when the supposed misogynist, Lawyer Coolidge, appeared at public functions with the animated and charming Miss Goodhue were amusing, and she was the victim of considerable banter from her friends. Calvin's first gift to her, the earliest indication that he was a possible suitor, was a porcelain plaque of Mount Tom, which he purchased on a trip with her to its summit. He had taken dancing lessons while he was in Amherst, but Miss Goodhue would not waltz with him, telling him that if he danced as badly as he skated the experience would not be a pleasant one. He was not a romantic wooer, and Miss

Goodhue, who was popular in other quarters also, was in little danger of being swept off her feet by his impetuosity.

Numerous anecdotes about the courtship have appeared in the papers, many of them manufactured, but a few of them authentic. According to one legend, Lucey, the shoemaker, gave the young lawyer some excellent practical advice on how to plead his cause. The intimacy must have been developing, for early in the summer of 1905 Miss Goodhue was invited to Plymouth, where Calvin's grandmother, 'Aunt Mede,' said to him, 'That's a likely gal. Why don't you marry her?' 'Mebbe I will, Grandma,' was the only reply. A few days later, when Grace Goodhue had gone to Burlington on her vacation, Lawyer Coolidge took a few days off and appeared unexpectedly at the Goodhue home. Several versions of what followed have been printed, the most plausible maintaining that, when Mr. Goodhue entered his living room and found Coolidge there reading a magazine, he said, 'Hello, Calvin, what are you doing in Burlington? Got some business here?' 'No,' was the reply. 'Came up to marry Grace.' 'Why, have you spoken to her yet?' 'No, I can wait a few days if it's any convenience to you.'

Somehow things did get settled, and an understanding was reached. Miss Goodhue then asked Calvin to accompany her on a drive of eight miles to the home of a college friend. He appeared dressed with scrupulous care in a new and well-tailored blue serge suit, a derby hat, and patent-leather shoes with very wide silk shoelaces, and at the last moment placed a whisk broom in the back of the carriage. When they arrived, Coolidge drove the horse into the back yard and hitched him carefully to a ring in the corner of the barn. Then he took out the whisk broom and brushed the dust and horsehairs from his clothing and went very deliberately inside to be introduced. The conversation went

along in halting fashion, Coolidge contributing nothing until he could bear the ordeal no longer and, arising, said with a smile, 'We'll be going now.' As he disappeared to get the horse, Miss Goodhue's friend said, 'My land, Grace, I'd be afraid of him!' As they drove homeward, Miss Goodhue protested, 'Now, why did you act like that? She thinks that you are a perfect stick and said she'd be afraid of you.' His only reply was, 'She'll find I'm human.'

Mrs. Goodhue wished her daughter to resign from teaching and come home for a year before she was married, but Coolidge took the position that he was able to support a wife and there was no reason for postponement. He had his way, and the ceremony was set for October 5, 1905. Coolidge went to Burlington on the previous afternoon with his best man, Dr. A. H. McCormick. The wedding itself was a quiet house affair, with only about fifteen people present, including Colonel and Mrs. John C. Coolidge and Calvin's aunt, Mrs. Pollard, with her husband. The officiating clergyman was the Reverend Edward Hungerford. The day was rainy, and someone remarked on the bad omen. Calvin replied, 'I don't mind the weather if I get the girl.'

Mrs. Coolidge has described gleefully one of her first lessons in domesticity. One afternoon she saw her husband coming home from his office carrying an odd-looking and ancient russet-colored bag. When opened, it was full of men's socks, fifty-two pairs in all, every one in need of mending. Later she asked him if he had married her to get his stockings darned, and he answered, 'No, but I find it mighty handy.'

The best-known anecdote of this period, however, is that of the time when Mrs. Coolidge, as a bride, was inveigled by a book salesman into paying eight dollars for *Our Family Physician*, a volume of medical information. It cost more money than she could afford, and therefore she said nothing to her

husband about the matter, but merely left the volume on the parlor table. One day she glanced inside and found on the flyleaf, in a handwriting she knew well, these words: 'This work suggests no cure for a sucker.' There was no signature.

Ten years had now passed since Calvin Coolidge had settled in Northampton. In that decade he had established a reputation for probity, industry, thrift, and reticence, for being 'on the job every day and all day.' William Allen White has expressed it well by saying, 'His master passion seemed to be to do the day's work so well that he might do to-morrow's work better.' He was regarded as a serious-minded young fellow, sensible rather than brilliant, and yet just a trifle queer — according to Judge Field, 'an inscrutable little devil.' He had been City Councilman, City Solicitor, Clerk of Courts, and Chairman of the Republican City Committee.

Although not rated by his acquaintances as magnetic or eloquent, he had managed to come out well on election day. He had formed the habit of calling on his constituents in their homes and saying simply, 'I want your vote. I need it. I shall appreciate it.' He had loyal supporters among persons with some political influence: Cobbler Lucey, in his basement shop on Gothic Street; 'Phil' Gleason, the blacksmith, who had converted several Irish Democrats to his cause; Johnny Dewey, the tavern keeper; Ed Lynch, the brickmason; Jim Maloney, the baker; Cliff Lyman, from Bridgman's bookshop; and numerous small tradesmen and clerks and schoolteachers, the men and women to whom he nodded as he walked to his office each morning. He often gathered with other aspiring young politicians and some veterans in the drugstore of Clark and Parsons to talk over the situation. In Northampton, in 1905, Calvin Coolidge was known as a shrewd politician, a good vote-getter, a chap who might possibly become Mayor or even go to Congress — a good man to watch.

DIARY OF CAPTIVITY

BY A POLISH NURSE

'Pages written in sleepless nights, in the face of death and shame . . .'

EVERYTHING is asleep now. The faint light from a taper standing on my trunk shows five field beds on which the other Sisters are already asleep. Their sleep is calm, much unlike the squeaks and giggles and noisy greetings that welcomed my return today. I alone am awake. Writing one's diary becomes a sort of vice, and here I am, scribbling as fast as I can, with my book on my knees, after a day's shaking in a cattle wagon and cart. But if one does not write things down directly, next day everything's forgotten.

What happened? Well, nothing in particular. I arrived, said 'How do you do,' was shown the hospital, was given dinner, and went to bed — and that's all.

But now, as I sit writing here, in the peace and silence of night, with the giant shadows creeping on the walls of this gloomy vaulted chamber (I do not know why the bedroom of hospital Sisters is called 'the chapel'), a crowd of reminiscences, impressions, and plans make my head burst. I must write them down before I go to sleep.

I came to this place through a world all strewn with rubbish, smelling of dirt of the filthy cattle wagon, dark with brutality, gray with misery, gloomy as if overhung by a leaden cloud. I return to my post at the last moment. Our hospital is on the front line. From every side — north from Mohilev and from Minsk, south from Kalinowicze, east from beyond the river Dnieper, and especially west, from the wreckage of the

ancient front of the Great War — the boundless sea of howling, cowardly, bloodthirsty mob draws in upon us.

The people in our hospital are the same: the 'Head,' Dr. Mroczek; the lady-doctor, Józka Dowgiallo; Mrs. Henrietta Wolbeck — she is Head Sister, small, bright, smart, and tough as iron, never forgetting, in the most tragic moments, to draw her powder puff over her little nose; Lala Landsberg, a quiet, gentle Lithuanian girl; Ira Krzyzanowska, nicknamed 'Peo'; Halka Skibniewska, bright tomboy, with bobbed hair and a sunny smile which brightens the darkest hours; and good old Olesia Bialkowska, who used to be housekeeper, a buxom old maid, slightly pretentious, but a good old soul, through and through, curling pins and all. There are other Sisters, twelve in all, but they are new to me.

I think this confounded building has much to do with the gloom which weighs upon us. An old house, belonging lately to some Russians, empty since the beginning of the war, plundered half a year ago; lately whitewashed and disinfected in order to bring in the hospital. A house without tradition and today a whitewashed tomb, without even the insignificant tradition of the last inhabitants. Are we to give it life and warmth?

The old building has countless rooms, halls, glass and open galleries, hiding places, and twisting stairs. The hall and sickrooms are on the ground floor. We live upstairs; there we have the dining room, 'crocodiles' room,' or respectable

abode of the elder Sisters, and 'goats' room' or 'chapel' in which I am writing, cold as a dog kennel. Besides these, downstairs, are the isolated parts of the hospital: the first ward for the typhus patients, *izolotka*; the second room for those suspected of typhus, the *separatka*; and the kitchen.

A dull house, inside and outside. A dead-looking mock-garden and pseudo-park. On the other side, the red brick wall of the distillery, three hundred paces away. On the third side, something that used to be a lawn or flower bed; on the fourth, the yard, and a little way off the first houses of the village.

I don't like to have the village under my nose. I don't like to have a red brick wall directly before my eyes. I shouldn't like to have a ploughed field or a road looking as if they would invade the house. The air is sickly with the smell of fresh walls. My heart is heavy. My brother Maurice is somewhere far away in the snow and darkness with his squadron. Where is he now? I feel as if a brutal hand had grasped my heart and squeezed it hard, as the brute of a soldier I saw today did to the squirrel.

Oh, God! Anything but that dismal day, that heavy lump in my heart and that dreadful anxiety!

A nice way to begin duty: I must pull myself together and work — work!

A week later

A week has passed since my arrival. A week, a string of days utterly uneventful, sterilized of interest like our hospital bandages; it unrolls its white ribbon indifferently, endlessly. It covers blood, it is smeared with blood, but it always remains the same — even, endless white ribbon.

Our hospital, ourselves, our life here, are involved in that great thing called 'Poland's military action.' Our Army Corps is already engaged in fighting, which is growing hotter every day, but not on our side. We are on the east side of our Polish Army facing the Bolshevik

Headquarters. The Bolsheviks harry us from the side of Osipowicze and Ziobin, and here they are preparing now a final attack, concentrating their forces.

It is a good thing, at least, that there is so much work. I have two sickrooms to attend to, about sixty patients. In the evening I feel so tired sometimes that my head swims, throbs, and seems as if it would burst. Jane and Peo have set up a school for the sanitary soldiers and the children of the farm hands. In the evening, after twelve hours of duty, they still feel energetic enough to stay there till late.

I am much ashamed of myself, but as yet I cannot force myself to help them. Every morning I make a resolution to do so; but in the evening I jump out of the sickly atmosphere of the ward and trudge on through the snow. I never mean it to be more than just a quarter of an hour's airing, but it ends in a couple of hours' tramping. Today, for instance, I have just come back from one of these long walks.

By the path trodden in the deep snow, across the fields, I always go in the same direction, to the village cemetery. The farther from the house, the more open becomes the snow-covered world, marked with thorny trees standing out against the wintry sky.

It may be very poetical and easy to dream elegies in a village cemetery, or to dream of heroic crests and plumes amid the thunder of cannon. But it is hard to creep like an ant among sixty sickbeds, reeking of iodine, and know nothing and wait passively when fighting is going on around.

The other Sisters laugh and talk, write letters and teach children. Do they see nothing? Why, our days are numbered. Dr. Mroczek says nothing, but I see he knows. The chief attack of the Bolsheviks will come from Mohilev — that is, on our side. I humble myself in my conscience and try to make an honest reckoning. No, I'm not afraid. It is not that.

Only . . . there are no crests and plumes and glory — butchery alone, tons of human flesh. And what will be the end of it? Where is the true way that leads to Poland?

A few days later

There it is. At last something has occurred that has scattered my gloomy mood and I am myself again. The hospital is nearly all evacuated; tomorrow we shall be here no longer. That is, if we do not fall into the enemy's hands before that time. We are like the last remnants of a crew on board a sinking ship. The boats that we await are the horses which have gone with the hospital and which will come back to fetch us.

But I must begin at the beginning.

Maurice always says that the most difficult thing is to make up your mind to do a thing, and that, once you've done that, the rest is easy. I make a resolution and swear to myself on my honor that I will go on writing this diary under all circumstances, however hard they may be. I command no one and have a very small amount of responsibility. But I mean to be such as a member of my family ought to be. Let this witness stand beside me; it will help me not to lose my head. Besides, a diary is like a constant examination of conscience — like the eyes of somebody very dear, standing behind me.

Having been on night duty in the hospital, I had a free morning, and resolved to make the most of it, to get out of Cichinicze into the wide world. Our officer in charge, Mr. Stiller, was going to Rohaczew, twenty miles away. We got into the broad, low, comfortable straw-filled sledge — Peo, Halka Skibniewska, and I.

That 'wide world' — great hubbub — the streets crammed with loaded wagons going this way and that. We said good-bye to Mr. Stiller — rendezvous at the confectioner's at 3 P.M. Then we dived into the crowd.

To the shops to buy some buttons,

tapes, elastics, yeast, a lamp glass — it's shopping all the same.

Suddenly — boom! . . . Boom! — after a minute — again. The street gets white with panic. People run to hide in houses and gates, their teeth chattering. What is it? We ask the soldiers.

'The Bolsheviks are shelling the station.'

So, there we are!

We walk on through the streets on the excuse of shopping — in fact, so as not to be afraid. Anyway it is a change. Terrible — but . . . never mind. My heart feels lighter directly, as if a hand had lifted off my spirit all the depression and forebodings of former days.

We are at the café an hour too soon. We order cakes. The gunfire goes on, but sounds more distant.

Stiller bursts in; he is pale. Damp clusters of long fair hair slip from under his cap, which he has not taken off.

'Sisters, please come directly — everything else afterwards.'

We run out, rush into the sledge. He takes up the reins and tells the driver to whip up the horses. The sledge rolls madly from one side of the street to the other. Before coming to the station, he takes a narrow street to the right. Off we gallop, the last houses of the town are passed. Hop! The sledge jumps up a yard high against a step. We are now in the open, on the main road.

Mr. Stiller gives up the reins to the soldier and turns to us, explaining: 'We are in retreat. The whole of our first division is gone. That which you saw was the remainder of it. The Bolsheviks will be in Rohaczew in half an hour at most, if they dare enter. *Our hospital has been forgotten.*'

We were struck dumb by the news — the horses tore on. Hard lumps from under their hoofs were flying in our faces.

As we drove up, Mr. Stiller turned to us again: 'Remember, Sisters, not a word to anyone. I am going to the Head.'

So we waited in our goats' room and unpacked our parcels. After a moment Henrietta sent for us. Everybody was assembled in the crocodiles' room. Dr. Mroczek greeted us gayly.

'Well, Sisters, to work. Translocation — Mr. Stiller brought us orders. [I know there had been no orders.] By evening we must be here no longer.'

Squeaks, laughter. . . . A translocation is always fun, and everybody wants to get away from this house.

By evening everything was ready. At midnight the last transport had departed. We sent out 240 sick men. Twenty of the worst cases and we Sisters alone remained. Nearly all the orderlies had gone with the hospital.

Dr. Mroczek entered. 'Well done, little Sisters — and now off to your own bags and away with you; the horses are waiting.'

Joy! . . . 'Knocik' squeaks with delight. 'Swallow' catches me up and dances round the room. A sledge drive in the moonlight!

'And if there is room, take these two officers with you. [They were slightly wounded, but did not go with the hospital.] They are very uneasy,' added Dr. Mroczek, and went out.

If there is room enough . . . And the doctor. The Head Sister said she had to stay, because there were not enough horses. Dr. Psarski said the same, and also Józka Dowgiallo, the chemist Nehrebecki, and the commissariat officer Stiller.

That was impossible. We sent Henrietta to say that we would not go if the others were staying. The doctor was angry, but Dr. Józka Dowgiallo took our part. Dr. Mroczek yielded. 'Twelve of you womenfolk against me alone — what can I do!' He only sent Dr. Psarski in a sledge towards Rohaczew for news. But the Sisters must pack their trunks and make ready for the journey, he added. So I caught up my trunk and crammed my things into it.

We went to bed. They are asleep and

I'm writing. Perhaps it will be the last time I shall write. Well, it does not matter. I am not afraid. My pencil flies over the paper. How I wish I could let that pencil write on and fly into tomorrow. What will happen?

Now I must go to sleep, the first pleasant sleep in this beastly house.

In Captivity

Two days and one night have passed since we were captured by the Bolsheviks, and the second night is approaching. It is my night for duty. We are all crammed together in the *izolatka*, the patients and four of us Sisters who have remained — Halka, Peo, Olesia, and I. It is the only room without broken windows, and that because it is situated at the back of the house. There is proper accommodation for four people; now it contains twenty-three patients, as well as the four of us. It is stuffy and cold. Every moment I see the face of the guard peeping in through the window.

My hospital apron is red with the blood of the dead whom we buried. I wrap myself up as well as I can and write, till the last moment of my life.

The day before yesterday, in the morning, we woke up with our trunks packed up. Peo and Halka were on duty; Knocik and I went for a walk. We had not gone half a mile when suddenly we heard shots. A band of children came running towards us. A boy explained that at the entrance to Cichinicze a few Polish Uhlans were fighting with some hundred Bolsheviks. One of them had fallen from his horse; the others caught him up on the saddle and fled. The Bolsheviks were coming on.

We returned home as fast as we could. Knocik rushed ahead without waiting for me. Suddenly many shots sounded quite near. I saw that one of our lieutenants, with a few soldiers, started shooting from behind the garden fence. My eyes followed the line of shots.

There, by the road leading from Cichinicze, approached a thick black

mass. It stopped. Small points scattered over the fields, like spilled quicksilver. The road from Cichinicze was empty by that time; only from the other side shots came thick and fast, first high up, *dzinng*, *dzinng*, then with dry knocking sounds, hitting on the fence as if nuts were cracked. Our soldiers lay down and went on shooting.

I walked towards the house very slowly, just to master myself, because I felt the blood tingling in my veins. When I reached shelter, I tore into the house at full speed.

Upstairs in the dining room, the windows of which face Cichinicze, I found Dr. Mroczek distributing rifles and cartridges to the remaining staff.

Suddenly the lieutenant burst in.

'I take the command. Sanitaries, follow me! Three of you remain under the doctor's command! My regiment is not far away. We shall easily hold our position till relief comes!'

They ran out. The doctor and the remaining soldiers took their positions by the windows, and shots began popping. Far out, in the fields, the little black figures jumped up and ran forward. Our men aimed at them, but I did not see any result. The Bolsheviks aimed badly too. It was only after some time that dark holes began to appear in the ceiling and plaster showered upon our heads. They were aiming too high.

I did not feel nervous at all in the beginning, but I knew very well that it would become hotter by and by. So I tried to brace myself up, to be sure not to funk in any case. There was nothing for us to do but to hand cartridges to those who were shooting. I sat down on a case and began to think that, as a matter of fact, there was absolutely no reason why I should be a coward. My father was always brave; so was Maurice; my uncles and my grandfather had been in the Insurrection. Further back, as far as I know of, there had never been a coward in our family. No, I concluded, I should not turn coward.

Meantime, the cannonade diminished, then stopped almost completely. Just a shot every now and then. Dr. Mroczek ordered dinner, because, he said, that business would drag on.

Suddenly, we heard shots coming thick and fast, accompanied by an infernal noise of breaking glass, which poured out of all three double windows.

'Down on the floor!' called Dr. Mroczek. I lay down and asked, 'What is that?'

'Well, confound them, they are peppering at us with a machine gun from the distillery,' answered the doctor.

We found out that the pause in the shooting was due to the Bolsheviks' hoisting up the machine gun to position on the second story of the strongly built distillery, which was about two or three hundred yards distant from our house. Now they could shoot at our men in the garden from above with an advantage. I crawled towards the window and peeped over the sill. From the window of the red unplastered building I saw the black nose of a machine gun puffing nervously at something below, to the left.

The door, banged with boot and gun, flew open suddenly and in burst a soldier, his peasant face heated by the utmost interior fire, a face such as Kossak likes to paint.

'Cartridges! Our men are shooting their last.'

I filled his pockets with cartridges; Peo seized a water bottle from the table (the glass was gone somewhere) and handed it to him. He drank with great gulps.

We filled our aprons with as many cartridges as we could, and carried them to the garden. Our men were shooting from behind the trees, running constantly from one tree to another. The lieutenant ordered it so that the Bolsheviks might think there were more of them.

We went to and from the house carrying full aprons of cartridges. The machine gun clucked, but there was no time to be afraid. Each time we came from the house we found fewer defenders,

more rifles lying on the snow, and foot-prints stretching out beyond the garden, into the fields.

We brought enough cartridges, so, slipping home for the last time, Peo stopped me in the hall. From the hall there is a door to the laboratory. She opened a cupboard, found what she wanted, gliding with her deft, manicured fingers over familiar jars and bottles, lifted a glass stopper, took out small bottles with a white powder inside.

'Zosia,' said Peo, 'take that — it is strychnine. Keep it on you . . . but only in extreme emergency . . . in *extrem-i-ty*, remember!'

I hid the bottle in a pocket, under my apron. They say that soldiers are less afraid of bullets when they have gun in hand. Those bottles certainly had a calming effect on us.

Peo snatched up a bottle of ether. We must break it so that they wouldn't get drunk on it. I grasped another big bottle. We ran out under the machine-gun fire, and I poured out the ether. How slowly it goes through that thin neck! After some seconds which seemed an eternity, I smashed the bottle against the steps of the porch. Then we realized that we might just as well have done it indoors, in the laboratory.

Coming back, we seized a big can of alcohol. The clack of a few bullets on the door stopped us; we could not break that metal can. On second thoughts, we poured its contents into the water closet.

As we came back, the entrance door opened and in ran the lieutenant in command of our defense. 'Where is the Head Doctor?' he asked, breathing heavily. We ran upstairs together. There we came upon an idyllic scene. The Sisters sat round the table, curled up and looking rather sheepish, while Dr. Mroczek, ladle in hand, served tomato soup into the plates, joking, and saying that, if we must go to the other world, better go with a full stomach than with an empty one. . . . (Oh, God! Poor Doctor Mroczek! He fell today

into the grave so clumsily that I had to straighten his neck.)

The lieutenant burst out: 'It is not a time for making fun. The sanitaries have all fled. Down below only Stiller, Nehrebecki, and my men continue shooting. Is there a horse? I shall skip over to my regiment for help, because I alone know the country round here. It is the last hope.'

'You can take my Nelly, or Halka's mare,' I put in from my corner.

'Where are they?'

'I will show you,' I answered, and ran out with him.

So once again I had to run out of the safe protecting door into the rain of bullets. Every time when I jumped out I felt as if I were leaping into cold water — but after the first moment it was all right, I swam on.

I ran out and the lieutenant followed me. The stables were halfway towards the machine gun. Luckily we found some loaded carts. We crept under their shelter and heard the bullets whip the cloth and clash upon the preserve tins. The Bolsheviks had noticed us. The machine-gun fire chased us and tramped on our heels. Before it caught us, we were in the stables. At the same time the machine gun began hailing bullets upon the wooden wall of the building. White holes appeared. The horses, mad with fear, roared and plunged, tied to their leather straps. Nelly's nervous wiry body was straining like a bow-string. The lieutenant put on the saddle. I fastened the reins.

I ran to open the stable door; it crashed open, making a square patch of light. Horse and rider leaped out.

'Good-bye, Sister!' was all I heard. Mad shooting followed him. Now I began running again from cart to cart and up to the porch. After an unproductive race, the machine gun came back at me while I struggled in vain with the locked front door. Seeing it was no good, I ran round the house and entered by the safe side, the *izolatka*.

Here I came upon an entirely different world — the everyday hospital life. Half of our patients were unconscious, not knowing anything of what was going on. Peo and Lala had succeeded in calming the others. They went about, talking to the patients, giving medicine. Lala, who had been on night duty, had not left the sickroom and had not eaten anything yet. She went about her duties with absolute calm, but half dazed. I told her to go and rest, but it took ages to persuade the obstinate Lithuanian girl to go. Finally she started making notes for me about the medicines taken by each man, and she dressed me in her apron, not forgetting to button it neatly and to smooth my ruffled white collar.

She had hardly turned to go when suddenly we heard a deafening bang. Somebody must have thrown a hand grenade into our house. The sick jumped out of bed in a panic, which spreads so easily in a defenseless, ignorant crowd. I tried to think of some lie to calm the men, when suddenly we heard a series of explosions.

‘Lala,’ I shouted through the noise of bursting shells, ‘say the *Sub tuum praesidium*, for I might get the words mixed up myself.’ Lala knelt before the Madonna’s picture. It was a very large Byzantine picture of Our Lady, with a dark face and a golden robe, very old and in the possession of my family for many centuries past. I had saved it from our house and now it drew the eyes of all our group of sick, helpless men.

I fell on my knees and repeated the prayer after Lala; the sick echoed the words, and the panic ceased. We felt that from that moment our souls were united for better or worse.

I had proposed prayer as a means of calming the patients, but as I knelt down the spirit of prayer overcame me. I cannot recollect the words, but the thoughts I remember.

‘O God of my fathers, O thou, most holy Virgin, thou hast looked for so many ages on our deadly strifes; before

that very, very picture of thine my ancestors have prayed ever since they embraced Christianity. O thou, our Help and Consolation, how many times women and children and old men have turned to thee as their only refuge!’

Outside, the noise and shooting had stopped. Peace reigned inside our sickroom. Suddenly the door opened and the head of Halka Skibniewska appeared. She beckoned to me. I went with her into the passage. Three of our soldiers stood there, with guns still smoking.

‘Zosia, what can we do with them?’ asked Halka with despair in her voice. ‘The Bolsheviks are in the garden. They will be here in a moment. They may possibly let the sick alone, but what about these?’

I looked at ‘these.’ They stood there, motionless, waiting for our decision. They had been shooting to the last moment, and now their faces expressed wild determination. There lies the difference between a Polish and a Russian peasant — the latter shows only passive indifference in tragic moments.

I felt a flow of admiration for those men. It seemed that at that moment there was no one dearer to me. We had to save them.

‘Get into bed!’ I called.

‘There’s no time,’ whispered Halka feverishly.

Quickly I opened the store under the staircase. We ran in with the soldiers and I shut the door.

‘Undress,’ I commanded, pulling at a boot while Halka pulled at a sleeve. When they were in their underclothes we gave them slippers and dressing gowns.

‘Quick, to the sickroom and to bed,’ I ordered.

‘It’s no good,’ said one of them, a gloomy giant. ‘Only trouble in vain for the young ladies.’

‘Please, Sisters,’ said another, ‘there is a peasant from the village who is leading those Bolsheviks and showing them the way. He had a quarrel with Stasze-

wicz here. He was jealous about a girl, and Staszewicz had given him a sound kicking.'

The third, a short, flaxen-haired, red-faced peasant from Masovia, straightened himself to say, 'That's right.'

What should we do? They must not be recognized.

'Halka, shave and bandage.'

I looked round the shed; there, in the corner, I saw large dusty scissors — probably used in former days to shear sheep or to cut wire. With that old rusty instrument I proceeded to cut Staszewicz's hair in a shameful way, leaving clumps all over his head. Halka found in her apron pocket small manicure scissors, so her work with the two other soldiers went quicker. When hair and moustaches were shaved, we seized bandage, gauze, and iodine. I painted half of Staszewicz's head with iodine, rubbing it in so hard with cotton wool that the skin became black.

'And if they ask us what is our sickness?' asked the poor fellows, who began to regain hope.

'Make no reply; you have brain fever,' I answered, heaping a pound of cotton wool on Staszewicz's head. 'And you have inflammation of the jaw — and you dysentery.'

Having pronounced this diagnosis, we put them to bed and breathed a sigh of relief.

Now we picked up the guns and uniforms and carried them far away, into the garden, into the shrubbery. Peo walked ahead, erect, indifferent to the whistle of bullets; I tried to do the same.

Hardly had we returned when suddenly we heard a wild roar in the courtyard. A black crowd covered the lawn. I could distinguish the faces of those nearest, distorted with fury. We heard no words, only a thunder-like yell of the mob, gathered into one roar. The faces of our patients seemed petrified, only the hands — thin, parchment-like hands — pressed round the handles of the

stretchers. These hands lived and strained and spoke of a terrible anxiety.

After a moment we shook off our inertia and said to each other, 'We must know what is happening to the others.' Peo and Halka stayed while I went to get news.

On the way I came upon the keeper of the stores and Nehrebecki, the chemist, cutting off their N.C.O. shoulder straps.

I began to understand the yell of the crowd: 'Co-o-ome o-o-out!'

From the courtyard, through the bolted door, a horrible voice was crying, 'Co-ome o-out, all of you! Officers first — those who don't come will be shot all the same!'

By the narrow staircase leading from the first floor a sad troop of men and women descended, reluctantly, with bowed heads. First went Dr. Mroczek, pale but calm — he was speaking to those behind. I saw him put some sort of white powder into his mouth as he unbolted the door. Behind him Henrietta, then Lala with a glazed look in her eyes, fixed before her. Behind her those two officers, then Stiller and Lesiewski, carrying his little daughter in his arms. His wife was trying to hold him back by the shoulders, speaking in a breathless, hoarse whisper: —

'Stachu, don't go there — Stachu, don't go there, don't go there!'

She evidently did not understand her own words, repeating them mechanically in horrible anguish.

Last came the Sisters in a compact group. Knocik, Stasia and Ela, sobbing aloud, and Dr. Józka Dowgiallo, with her hands in her jacket pockets and her head proudly thrown back.

I caught her by the sleeve as she passed me. 'Mrs. Józka, where are you all going?'

'Why, don't you hear they are telling us to come out? We cannot continue the defense. The Head wants to explain to them that this is a hospital, and that they should leave us in peace. Well,

come along, we must not exasperate them.'

Suddenly her eyes fell on my apron and cap.

'On duty, Zosia? Good, then, go back to your patients.'

A Bolshevik burst in through the open door, brandishing the butt end of his gun. I sprang back, slamming the door, and returned to the ward.

Here I found Peo and Halka struggling with poor Olesia, who, screaming like a peacock, tried alternately to stuff herself under a bed and to leap out of the window into the garden.

At last we succeeded in calming her, and she fell exhausted into an armchair.

Comparative silence reigned in the sickroom again, a silence broken now and again by shots. Who can be shooting now and why? They probably want to frighten us out of the house. They shan't. After a moment we heard a banging at our door, and hoarse yells: 'Co-ome o-out! Those who don't obey will be killed all the same!'

But they fell back before we decided what to answer.

A short calm — then angry shouting of Russian voices. Then for one moment we caught the calm voice of Dr. Mroczek, but it died in the hubbub.

Suddenly a horrible scream from Henrietta. Then a shot. Then a dozen more shots. Then silence — the sickroom was frozen in deadly anguish.

We sprang to the door and wanted to run to where some awful tragedy was going on. But in that moment from all corners of the sickroom voices rose in supplication: 'Sisters, don't leave us.' One of the soldiers we had just put to bed jumped out and lay down on the threshold to bar the passage.

'Kill us first, Sisters.'

'Kill us, Sisters,' groaned the ward. One man, unconscious with typhoid fever, rolled his head on the pillow, fixing us with his burning, senseless eyes. Parched lips opened, but no words were uttered; only those eyes spoke.

'Oo-ooh!' a groan escaped his throat, a moaning call for help.

There is something strangely pathetic in the helplessness of so many grown men. A boy of sixteen, a voluntary soldier, — a great favorite of all the hospital, who had passed the typhus crisis and was getting better, — drew out his thin hand from under the blanket and caught at my apron. I looked at that bloodless boyish hand, which reminded me of the orphanage children catching hold of 'their young lady,' asking for sweets.

'All right, all right,' we told the sick. 'We will remain with you, of course we will. We only wanted to know something — perhaps to help someone. There is something bad going on there. And no harm will be done to you here, you know.'

We sat down on the edges of the stretchers, trying to calm the more restless.

Sick men are like children; they are calmed easily. A few minutes afterwards silence again reigned in the hospital, silence broken now and then by the sniffings of Olesia, who, sitting in a corner, was blowing her nose loudly.

A terrible uncertainty beset us. We could neither go out nor speak to each other. The eyes of all our patients, heavy with anguish, were fixed on us. Only with our eyes could we communicate to each other the unmistakable knowledge. 'But who — all of them. . . . Why did Henrietta scream like that?'

Suddenly we heard a simultaneous banging at all the windows — again that same intolerable yell: —

'Co-ome o-o-out!'

Behind the door a voice began to speak Russian. (What hoarse voices those men have!)

'Ey, you there — why have you not come out yet? We thought we had finished with you all and here there are some more of you. Simeon, climb in

through the window and drive them all out of there!’

Our windows, though on the ground floor, were pretty high.

‘Climb in yourself, if you want to risk your head,’ grumbled Simeon.

‘We must speak to them,’ said Peo.

So we went all three to the window, which we opened. At the sight of us the crowd began to yell louder. Two Red soldiers were standing on a bench, making faces and obscene gestures at us. I gripped my bottle of strychnine firmer in my hand, and noticed that Peo did the same. Halka leaned out and tried to make herself heard.

‘Listen to us, you fellows,’ she began in Russian. ‘It is understood that we are your prisoners, but you must understand that we cannot leave this room because of the sick men lying here. Of course you will do them no harm. We have no weapons; you can come in and see for yourselves.’

‘Oh, don’t be afraid — we don’t know how to shoot,’ she added after a moment, with a somewhat humorous disdain which she could not restrain.

As a matter of fact, the ‘heroes’ looked as if they were in no hurry to answer our invitation, fearing a trap of some kind. They did not enter the house, although the door was broken out. They only repeated obstinately and stupidly:

‘Co-ome out, we tell you! If not, we will set the house on fire.’

A young lad stepped out, an anæmic type of army clerk, dressed in leather jacket and armed with every existing weapon, from sword and knife to revolver and hand grenades hanging from his belt. He shouted: ‘What’s the use of hobnobbing with those cursed blood-drinkers! Don’t you know how to shoot! And who killed our sailor who lies there on the road! That’s what you deserve!’

He pulled out a hand grenade and hurled it at us.

We sprang aside. The hand grenade, well-aimed, fell on the floor, at the other end of the room, between the unconscious

typhus patient and the young volunteer boy.

We knew that hand grenades do not explode on falling, but only a few moments after the safety stop has been pulled out by the thrower. Our eyes were turned spellbound to the small object, lying on the border of two lives. The typhus patient was perfectly unconscious, but the boy jumped up on the bed and, wrapped in his blanket, stood pressing himself against the wall in an agony of fear. We felt our knees bend. What the others were doing I do not know; I only saw that black point between the two stretchers.

Luckily the hand grenade did not explode. We sat frightened, not knowing what to do, afraid to go up to the window, where guns and grenades threatened us. . . .

But what was that new word which the mob began to shout? It was no longer ‘Come out!’

Halka suddenly grew pale. ‘They want to burn us,’ she gasped.

It was true. ‘Fire! Burn them!’ the crowd was roaring.

In a sudden determination, Halka approached the window. One step, like a leap into eternity — and she stood out, in her white hospital apron, framed by the window casement. The first clouds of smoke rose in gusts from below, screening her now and then from the eyes of the crowd.

‘Listen to me, put the fire out!’ called Halka. ‘We will all come out — only help us to carry out the patients!’

A mocking, lazy laugh was the only answer. Men are always grateful when somebody gives them occasion to laugh. Amid the jeerings and mockings, unexpectedly, without any reason whatever, the atmosphere became less hostile.

‘Leave them alone and let them go to the deuce. Let them be roasted, if they like. Hurry up, don’t you see the house is burning?’

Hearing that, Peo and I leaned out of the window to see what was going on.

'And if you won't come out we can go in and we can roast you,' sympathetically remarked a thin, consumptive-looking man with a goatee, throwing an armful of damp straw under our window.

'A little sauce won't hurt,' called out a beardless Bolshevik, with the nice rosy face of a boy of eighteen. So speaking, he poured on the straw a canful of paraffin, stolen from our supplies, amid general approval.

Thick black suffocating smoke entered the room. We closed the window and ran to save the patients. Luckily our *separatka* had no beds, only litters.

But the work proved to be beyond our strength. We stuck in the corridor with our first patient, a tall, strong man, sick with brain fever. Impossible; we had twenty-three patients. And besides, what use would it be to carry them out into the keen frost?

We carried the litter in again. Death-like silence fell on our ward. I saw some of the conscious men's lips move silently, as if in prayer.

Peo buried her face in her hands, praying probably also. Behind the damp windows puffs of brown smoke rose into the air. It was a bright day, with the sun streaming in through the windows; but the smoke had become so thick that it obscured the light at times.

After a moment, light shone again in the ward.

Halka and I wrote sitting on an empty litter awaiting death.

How long we sat there I do not know. Each of us was probably examining her conscience and bidding her people farewell. I think it must have lasted a long time; for when I roused myself and went up to the window I saw that the crowd had dispersed, the straw and paraffin which had been laid at the four corners of the house had gone out, and only some of the beams smoked. Opening the window, I leaned out and saw a number of people crossing the courtyard bending over something, which was lying on the ground. The same thing happened in

many places and on the road as well. In the farmyard a crowd surrounded the hospital wagons, which were loaded with food and clothes, stealing what they could lay their hands on. I shut the window. Halka and Peo lifted up their heads.

'Well, Zosia, how is it?'

'Better than we could expect, it seems to me. The fire has gone out. But do you hear . . .'

In the rooms above us we heard distinctly the tramping of many feet and a hubbub of voices.

Peo rose and took my hand.

'Come, Zosia, we will go upstairs, and perhaps we may learn what has happened to the other Sisters. Halka and Olesia will remain with the patients.'

So we went upstairs together. The staircase was all muddy and dripping with melted snow, carried on the boots of the band.

In the dining room a crowd of Bolsheviks were sitting round the table. With wild laughter and yelling they were snatching food out of full plates. All the spoons and knives and forks had been thrown on the floor. One Bolshevik had seized the soup tureen and tilted it, drinking greedily, indifferent to the streams of soup which were pouring behind his collar and down his clothes. Several others standing behind were shaking him and demanding to have their turn.

The beautiful large white azalea standing in the middle of the room, covered with snow-white flowers, was dripping with tomato sauce.

Disgusted with the sight, we drew back unnoticed and went towards our goats' room. There, besides the Bolsheviks, a whole crowd of peasants — men, women, and children — were plundering. All our boxes had been emptied, the leather ones cut open with knives, the wooden ones broken with the butt ends of guns, and our belongings thrown out on the floor. Women with horrible animal faces were ferreting and looking

into all the corners of the room, pulling, tearing, and cramming away their spoils. Some of them were weeping and pitying us all the time. One especially, a big strong woman, was crying heartily, sniffing loudly. She kissed our hands, groaning 'Oh, poor dear!' every now and then, greedily cramming each time some new object into her large apron, which was already bulging and full.

The Bolsheviks, armed with guns, lifted up now and then with the tines of their bayonets some new part of our apparel, crying out, 'Who wants that?' And, according to what the object proved to be, either a dozen hands were stretched out for it (shoes and overcoats were most in demand) or else it was thrown out of the window amid laughter and jokes. In that way our prayer books flew out, our fine stockings and other dainty articles, because the women took only the stronger linen, several pairs of our slippers, our needlework, and — oh, horror! — Olesia's false hair, which she must have forgotten to put on in the general confusion.

Nobody took any notice of us. I squeezed through the crowd with difficulty towards my bed, thinking that I might rescue some of my things. To my great surprise I noticed that one of my trunks had not been opened. It had been pushed under the bed and had escaped notice. Kneeling beside it, I took out some of the things which I cared for most, leaving the rest. This diary I took out, the leather-covered book with my favorite poems, the prayer book which I had got on the day of my First Communion, and the stirrups which I had brought for Maurice but had not had the opportunity to give him.

Before going down, I stopped to look round and see where Peo was. I saw her, loaded with a heap of clothes and making her way towards the door, energetically pushing aside those who would not let her pass.

How strange that crowd was! It not only tolerated but seemed to approve of

our taking a share in the spoil. It robbed calmly and shamelessly, in the sight of the owners. You could not call those people bandits — just jackals.

We got out into the corridor at last, and from there to the sickroom. Here only Peo proudly exhibited her spoils. Darling Peo! — unselfish as usual. Of her own things she had hardly taken anything, but each of us found something of ours: Halka her cloak, Olesia her uniform and boots, I my leather jacket and sweater. We found some linen and underclothes and several keepsakes of absent Sisters — such as Hanka Trzcinska's miniature portrait of her mother.

Halka, encouraged by our example, also decided to go to carry off some more things.

We enjoyed it immensely, and were much amused. For really, was it not funny to steal your own belongings? Only Olesia would not see the joke and declared she would not move, begging us not to leave her alone.

Peo remained to keep her company, while Halka and I went up to our goats' room; here, among the robbing women, we saw our maid Fruzia, who had already filled her apron with our things. Halka ran up to her. 'What a good thing you are here! Please help us bring down some things.'

Fruzia looked askance at Halka, then gazed round fearfully and, shrugging her shoulders, answered in Russian: 'What do you want with me? I don't know you' — and quickly mixed in the crowd.

We carried down some more things, but could not forget Fruzia.

On our return to the ward, we noticed a white board hanging outside our door. Upon the board was written in Russian this inscription: —

COMPARTMENT FOR INFECTIOUS DISEASES
TYPHUS — SMALLPOX — DYSENTERY

Peo explained that she had put up that board during our absence, to keep out the Bolsheviks, and it worked splendidly. Whenever an undesirable guest ap-

proached the door and read the inscription, he flew away like anything.

But we were still in ignorance about what had happened to the rest of our Sisters. We were especially uneasy about Lala. Oh, why did she not stay with us!

We held a council and decided that we must find out what had happened to them and to the others. Peo and Olesia remained with the patients, and Halka and I went in quest of information. We met a lot of men at every step, but they either would not or could not tell us anything. Besides, seeing our white aprons, they tried to keep as far from us as they could. Some of them were even afraid to speak to us: 'You come from the infectious hospital. Keep away, Sisters, keep away, farther back!'

Thinking we might learn something in the farm or in the village, we went out.

It was late in the afternoon. The hour had come when, over the bright winter day, ashes seemed to scatter. Everything was becoming gray and cold. The crows were settling for their night's rest with a low rustling of wings and shifting to make themselves more comfortable on the stiff branches of the trees.

There, high above us, light still lingered, but below dusk was falling. In that twilight we distinguished a patch on the snow. We approached. A man was lying face downwards, half naked and his feet bare. We leaned over him. On his cropped hair there was a stain, as if from a blow, and a little blood. 'Perhaps he is still alive,' we thought. 'Perhaps it is one of ours.' We touched him with our hands. A hard cold hostility met my fingers. I started up.

'Halka, it is a corpse!'

An icy fear seized me. I should have liked to run away. But something held my feet.

Halka spoke in her melodious penetrating voice: 'Zosia, calm yourself. Darling, be sensible; we cannot do anything for this poor fellow, but we must see who he is.'

A sickly feeling came over me. I struggled hard against it. Halka was trying to turn the man's face upwards. With an utmost effort I seized him by the shoulders. We turned him slowly on his back.

The open eyes of our Head Doctor stared at us — from the trampled snow at our feet.

We stood helplessly beside the corpse, looking out into the strangely empty world. Suddenly I caught Halka by the arm. A few steps farther another body was lying . . . a third. I looked round wildly behind me . . . a fourth . . . a fifth, just visible in the dark which throws a veil over everything that is farther off.

'How many corpses are here?' I asked in a hoarse voice that sounded strange to me — and then a horror came over me, because it seemed to me that somebody else had spoken. I began to tremble all over.

Halka soothed me and stroked my face.

'Perhaps they are not all dead.'

At this thought all fear departed. Hand in hand we ran up to every corpse in turn. Trembling with emotion and anguish, we turned over the bodies. I was no longer afraid — no, only in a great hurry. We listened to their hearts — in vain, all in vain.

Some of them we did not even try to listen to — they lay, a horrible mass, in a pool of blood — covered with snow.

Mr. Stiller lay near Dr. Mroczek. His face was frozen in a contortion of anger, his teeth showing, his fists clenched. Who knows — perhaps he had thrown himself in the critical moment to the Head's rescue.

Nowakowski, poor fellow, had a broad, deep wound on his neck. Cutting off his officer's shoulder straps did not help him. Near by were the two wounded officers — our patients.

A few steps farther, we found a body which we could not recognize at first. It was that of a very young man, with dark thick hair, his eyes closed, his face

sweet and serene, almost smiling. He seemed to us to be only asleep, because we could not find at first sight the wound which had caused his death.

'Nehrebecki!' exclaimed Halka suddenly. 'He always wore his wedding ring on his second finger. They have been trying to take it off. Look at the skin torn off!'

Nehrebecki! How strangely death changes people! It ennobles their faces or makes them animal-like. Nehrebecki had fought to the last moment. Halka had seen him shoot in the garden when all the others had thrown down their guns. Gun in hand, he had come to this place, to fight. The gun lay beside him, and his stiffened fingers were on it. That face, which looked as if a beautiful serene light shone through it, we could not recognize for that of our chemist Nehrebecki.

Beside the dead bodies little groups of village children were bustling round, pulling off what they could, poking with sticks, and throwing snow and frozen mud at the faces, amid laughter. Little gray animals, melting noiselessly into the gray darkness at our approach.

One thing became clear — we could not leave the bodies of our dead a prey to those children and perhaps to beasts. So we returned home to fetch litters, and, calling Peo away, left Olesia with the patients and then once more departed.

We met several Bolsheviks loafing about and asked them to help us, but a curse was all that we could get from them.

It was with a great effort that I began the office of gravedigger. I knelt in the snow beside the first corpse, unable to decide to put my hands under it. Again Halka's and Peo's example spurred me on. We put Dr. Mroczek and Stiller on the stretchers. Halka remained with Stiller and the other dead, while Peo and I carried Dr. Mroczek.

Oh dear, what a weight it was, to carry thus a human body over snowdrifts! Our hands and arms seemed to come out

of their sockets, and every so often we stuck and were forced to put down the litters on the snow. Our feet staggered, our legs bent, as if they were made of dough. We sank in the snow and rose. We had only one desire and one sinking fear at heart, not to let the corpse fall out.

Things went better afterwards. One of us, always changing, remained on guard; the others dragged the body — one could hardly say they carried it. But our nervous effort doubled our strength, and the last round went easier and much quicker.

Ten of those bodies we carried in this fashion, although some lay farther away than the others and the last was far out, on the main road leading to the village, about half a mile away from the house. We set the ten stretchers under our windows, so as to be able to look out, and, if necessary, defend the bodies. It had become completely dark. My nerves gave way, for, after having brought the last man, my hands suddenly felt limp and I slipped fainting beside the litter on the snow. Its fresh cold touch brought consciousness back and I rose to my feet before Peo ran up to help me.

Oh, for a rest! In a moment we should have it, if only Halka would bring the sheets to cover the dead.

Suddenly a small figure wrapped in a large shawl slipped out of the darkness. A childish hand pulled at my apron and a child's voice whispered, 'Sister.' I recognized one of the Swallow's pupils, who told us in a broken voice that beyond the garden, near the smithy, a Polish soldier was lying, that the Bolsheviks broke his head in the morning, and that he lived and screamed for a long time. The little girl was afraid, so she hid in a potato dump and came out to tell the Sisters only when it was dark.

There was nothing to do. Halka, who is the weakest of us, remained, while Peo and I took a litter and went with the

little girl. The sight was more terrible than all. The others were shot; this man had been murdered with a piece of iron. His head was battered beyond recognition and brains were coming out of the skull. The trampled snow denoted that there had been many assailants, and that the athletic man had fought long and desperately.

The girl shrieked and fled on seeing the bloody mess, and we were left alone with him, in the field.

How we dragged the body to the house I do not know. As through a mist, I remember that when we had crawled up to the house I was kneeling beside the stretcher, unable to let go of the handles. I could not unbend my fingers and knelt waiting for Peo to help me.

Meanwhile the Bolsheviks had put sentinels in front of our door and would not let us in. The frost was very keen and we were only in our hospital aprons.

Oh, never mind! We sat down on the steps of the porch, ready for anything. At last one of the commanders, on a round, gave orders that we should be let in.

In our ward the air was stifling. People were crammed like herrings in a barrel. Halka and Olesia were lying on the floor with only their arms under their heads. They made room for us.

Every now and then one of us would get up to give medicine or make a camphor injection or perform some other hospital duty.

I tried to go to sleep, but the faces of the eleven dead stood up before my shut eyes. I must have been a little feverish,

for after a moment I ceased to distinguish where I was, and the difference between dream and reality. After a horrible nightmare, I woke up and looked round. Where was I? And why did my feet ache so? Why, of course, they always do after a ball. It seemed to me I was in Slepianka, where I have been dancing a lot, and was dancing still. It was a whirl of light and music and people. Stas R. was showing some funny step which he had learned in Paris. Mr. Z. invites me to dance with him. I cannot, I'm dancing with that tall Uhlan with a pince-nez. 'You see, I can't possibly, Mr. Z.!'

'Mr. Z., Mr. Z.!' I called. Everything disappeared. I lifted my head and saw Peo sleeping. Oh, it is the goats' room. 'But why are you dressed, Peo darling? Are you on duty?' I ran up to the window.

There was a full moon. In its light I saw a row of bodies and dead faces. Unclosed eyes with frozen pupils were gazing at me. I awoke.

But when I regained my place and stretched myself on the floor, the phantoms returned. After a fearful nightmare, I caught Halka by the arm.

'Oh, Halka darling, do you know that I can't laugh? It is horrible, but I feel that I shall never be able to laugh, not even smile. Halka — do you also feel like that?'

Halka put a cold hand on my forehead, then got up and came back to me after a moment with a glass of something she gave me to drink. It was dawn before I could go to sleep.

(To be concluded)

THE DIES COMMITTEE: AN APPRAISAL

BY RAYMOND P. BRANDT

I

TAX reduction excepted, there is no more sure-fire political subject than patriotism, especially when our country is at war or in danger of war. This has been amply demonstrated by the popularity of the House Committee on Un-American Activities and Propaganda under the chairmanship of Martin Dies, conservative Democrat, of Texas, which, if newspaper polls can be taken at face value, has achieved the extraordinary distinction of being supported by three fourths of the American people. No other committee in recent years has scored such widespread approval.

Whether this support is justified is debatable, although Congress probably will bow to such samples of public opinion and extend the life of the committee for at least another year. Resentment is increasing, however, over the committee's disregard of due process and the rules of evidence, and there is a strong demand that the committee members and subordinates shall follow Chairman Dies's original pledge that the committee would not permit 'character assassination' or the 'smearing' of innocent people.

President Roosevelt has publicly rebuked the committee several times for its 'sordid procedure,' a view also held by many newspaper men who have followed the proceedings, but Chairman Dies has merely retorted that the investigation has been opposed from the beginning by the New Deal. Each attack on the committee's methods has

brought further buffoonery, turbulence, and undisguised prejudice.

This is not to say that the committee has not accomplished some good with the \$125,000 put at its disposal. It has forced the Department of Justice to expedite prosecutions against users of fraudulent passports and against unregistered foreign propagandists; it has exposed many embarrassing alliances between prominent individuals and Soviet or Nazi organizations; it has caused organized labor groups and even governmental departments to search their rolls for outright Communists and Communist sympathizers, and it has made many liberals think twice before joining numerous organizations with humanitarian titles masking subversive purposes.

From a long view the committee's methods have had two disturbing effects. The one-sided and at times undignified procedure has gone far to discredit Congressional investigations, and the combination of the investigation with the European war has been a serious setback to the liberal cause in this country.

Two widely separated instances of the last-named effect are typical. The editor of an Eastern financial paper who boasts of his conservatism in politics and economics recently said that for the first time in his life he was tempted to turn 'liberal.' He explained that the Dies Committee and the Nazi-Soviet agreement had so discredited liberals and

liberalism that now, if ever, the progressive cause must be kept alive to act as a check on the increasing reactionary sentiment throughout the country. The experience of an editor in a small Missouri town corroborated this view. This prosperous editor-politician has called himself a liberal for half a century. He is well informed on national and international affairs, he belongs and contributes to several liberal organizations, and is a highly respected citizen of his state. But today he declares he is almost afraid to advocate the progressive programs with which he has been identified 'because the Dies Committee has made people believe that every liberal is working, wittingly or unwittingly, for the Moscow Communists.'

The integrity of Congressional investigations is another phase of the same question. Despite their great contributions to democratic government, they have rarely been popular with business men or voters generally. Woodrow Wilson declared that the most important function of Congress was its power of investigation. With some exaggeration, the late Senator Couzens of Michigan observed that the country would be better off if Congress would devote one tenth of its efforts to legislating and nine tenths to investigating.

Yet the investigating committees which uncovered the greatest scandals and accomplished the most permanent reforms were models of decorum and impartiality in developing their findings. There were minor lapses, but on the whole Senator Walsh of Montana in the Teapot Dome inquiry, Senator Wheeler in his investigations of the Department of Justice under Harry Daugherty and, more recently, of railroad reorganizations, Senator Fletcher and his counsel Ferdinand Pecora in the Wall Street study, and Senator La Follette in the current Civil Liberties examination, all gave both sides fair and complete hearings with counsel present if desired.

Chairman Dies himself promised rig-

orous adherence to this procedure. In his opening statement, in May 1938, he declared:—

The Chair wishes to reiterate what he has stated many times — namely, that this committee is determined to conduct its investigation upon a dignified plane and to adopt and maintain throughout the course of the hearings a judicial attitude.

We shall be fair and impartial at all times, and treat every witness with fairness and courtesy. The committee will not permit any 'character assassination' or any 'smearing' of innocent people. We wish to caution witnesses that reckless charges must not be made against any individual or organization. The Chair wishes to make it plain that this committee is not 'after anyone.'

The committee's subsequent record soon violated this laudable announcement and partly fulfilled Capitol gossip of a 'Southern plot' to discredit the left wing of the New Deal, to prevent a third term for President Roosevelt, to besmirch the Congress for Industrial Organizations, and to build up the political reputations of the individual committee members.

II

House inquiries along the lines of the Dies investigation were not new — or notably fruitful. In 1930 and 1931, Representative Hamilton Fish, Republican, of New York was chairman of a special committee to bring to light Communistic activities in this country. This committee held hearings in fourteen cities, listened to 275 witnesses, and returned a voluminous, vehement, and now forgotten report. Three years later, when the Democrats came into power, Representative John W. McCormack, Democrat, of Massachusetts was named chairman of a committee to investigate Nazi and other propaganda. It took 4320 pages of testimony and presented a dignified and exhaustive report on February 15, 1935.

On the McCormack committee, however, was Representative Samuel Dickstein, Democrat, of New York, who

itched for continuance of the investigation. Denied this, he relieved his emotions by anti-German diatribes on the House floor, including in his remarks long lists of citizens whom he accused of being Nazis. These speeches displeased many prominent Jews, who felt the New Yorker was doing more harm than good, and irritated many Congressmen. To the latter came a flood of affidavits from constituents swearing they were not Hitler agents.

Had the McCormack committee been revived, Dickstein, a vice chairman, would have been a member. To prevent this, it was decided to create a new committee. A resolution of May 26, 1938, was copied verbatim from that authorizing the McCormack committee, but with one significant change. The first text authorized an investigation of 'subversive propaganda instigated from foreign countries.' To this was added 'or of a domestic origin.'

Dies was selected to offer the resolution, which meant that he would be named chairman. Up to that time he had been known principally as the 'President' of the 'Demagogues' Club,' a jocose and unofficial organization of House members addicted to flamboyant speeches saturated with hokum. Like many Southerners, he had been opposed to enactment of the Wages and Hours law and was especially bitter against sit-down strikes. Though more genial than Fish, he had Fish's love of the spotlight; not so intense as Dickstein, he had Dickstein's reluctance to verify charges.

As expected, Speaker Bankhead appointed him chairman of the committee. The other members were a surprise, for the committee turned out to be five to two and often six to one against the Roosevelt Administration. The conservative Democratic members were Chairman Dies, Representatives Joe Starnes of Alabama and Harold G. Mosier of Ohio, the latter a bitter anti-New Dealer. With them were aligned the Republicans, Representatives Noah

M. Mason of Illinois and J. Parnell Thomas of New Jersey. Representative Arthur D. Healey, Democrat, of Massachusetts, voted first with one faction, then with the other. The one out-and-out New Dealer was Representative John J. Dempsey of New Mexico.

The committee was given an appropriation of \$25,000, and it immediately began its search for subversive activity and propaganda 'of a domestic origin.' Targets included the Department of Labor, the Works Progress Administration, the Federal Theatre and Writers' Projects, the National Labor Relations Board, the Wages and Hours Division, the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee, Governor Frank Murphy of Michigan, the Congress for Industrial Organizations, the Civil Liberties Union, the American League for Peace and Freedom, the Workers' Alliance of America, the International Labor Defense, and the National Negro Congress.

From the start, photographers were given the run of the committee room, and, as unsupported charges by witnesses made the most spectacular headlines, rules of evidence and due process were soon forgotten. Spectators and witnesses exchanged taunts and often committee members shouted insults at each other. Several times audiences were permitted to rise and cheer pronouncements by the chairman, and not long ago policemen prevented Representative Starnes from assaulting Fritz Kuhn, *Führer* of the German-American Bund, who had given Starnes the lie.

Chairman Dies and his investigators soon disregarded the custom of examining the character of witnesses and seeking to substantiate their testimony before presentation in public. Irresponsible witnesses with personal or political motives were permitted without check to incriminate scores of respectable citizens, who were given no immediate opportunity to reply. The most outstanding example of this occurred when two disgruntled Republicans were al-

lowed to assert that Governor Frank Murphy, then seeking reelection, had been guilty of treasonable activity in his handling of the sit-down strike in the Flint, Michigan, automobile plants in January 1937.

Realizing the political effect of such biased testimony, President Roosevelt in a long formal statement declared that 'the Dies Committee made no effort to get at the truth, either by calling for facts to support mere personal opinion or by allowing facts or personal opinion on the other side.'

At a later press conference, when asked to comment on the committee's procedure, the President said a real story could be obtained from reporters covering the investigation. Several newspapers made this poll, and the ballots were unfavorable to the committee. Several reporters declared that from their observation an understanding seemed to exist between Dies and his supporters that each should have his try at the day's headlines. By turns committee members attempted to make a 'story,' no matter how irrelevant, and, of course, played havoc with a dignified inquiry. Such an incident occurred when a witness mentioned the Elizabethan poet, Christopher Marlowe.

'Is Marlowe a Communist?' asked Representative Starnes.

III

In its first report to Congress the majority announced as a prime accomplishment the same findings as those of the Fish and McCormack committees — namely, that the American Communist Party and the German-American Bund were branches respectively of the Soviet and German governments. There were further unsupported charges that Communists held key positions in federal agencies and projects, that they had seized strategic positions in various units of the CIO, and that the Labor Department had contributed to un-American

activities by failing to carry out deportation laws.

Unofficially Dies announced that he had refused offers amounting to \$500,000 from private individuals to finance further investigations, and that he had received 75,000 letters in support of his proposal to form a 'League for Peace and Americanism,' a group he claimed would eventually have ten million members. He abandoned the League idea as 'impracticable,' and little more was heard about the half million dollars of voluntary contributions.

The Roosevelt Administration opposed continuation of the committee, but when it became certain that Dies would win on a rollcall vote the New Dealers compromised by cutting down the proposed appropriation from \$150,000 to \$100,000 and extending the life of the committee only one year instead of two. The chairman was also forced to accept a change of membership. In place of Mosier, who had been defeated for reelection partly because of his record on the committee, Representative H. Jerry Voorhis of California, an advanced New Dealer, was selected. Healey resigned to become a member of the House committee to investigate the National Labor Relations Board, and was succeeded by Representative Joseph E. Casey of Massachusetts, a New Deal sympathizer. Thus Dies's majority became four to three, and he promised to reform his methods. He employed several former Federal Bureau of Investigation agents, and engaged as counsel Rhea Whitley, who had ten years' experience with the FBI.

Without much change in the disorderly procedure, the committee shifted the area of its investigations from governmental agencies and organized labor units to the more obvious organizations and individuals usually associated with 'American' or 'un-American' activities. These included Fritz Kuhn; Major-General George Van Horn Moseley, U.S.A., retired; George Deatherage,

commander of the Knights of the White Camelia; Benjamin Gitlow, charter member of the American Communist Party, who was 'broken' by Stalin; Maurice L. Malkin, former Communist organizer; Robert Pitcoff, former official of the Soviet trading organization, Amtorg; Walter G. Krivitsky, former chief of Soviet military intelligence in Western Europe; William Z. Foster, chairman of the American Communist Party; David Dubrowsky, head of the Russian Red Cross up to 1935; Sam Carp, brother-in-law of Soviet Premier Molotov; and Earl Browder, general secretary of the American Communist Party.

As might be expected, the former Stalinists berated the Moscow régime without producing much tangible evidence of subversive activities in this country, while the loyal Stalinists took great credit for their work here. The committee struck pay dirt, however, when Browder admitted that he had traveled on irregular passports. This resulted in his indictment for passport fraud.

The committee has been continuing old methods in recent months. In October, Dies made public the Washington 'membership and mailing list' of the American League for Peace and Democracy, insinuating that these persons were coöperating with the Third International. It was this procedure which President Roosevelt decried as 'rather sordid.' The original chairman of this league was J. P. Matthews, now an investigator for the committee, and, whatever its original purposes, there can be no doubt that many Washington officials enumerated as members or on the mailing list sincerely believed they were connected with a worthy liberal institution in which the Third International had only a minor representation.

Chairman Dies and Matthews on their own authority issued a 'report' in December on 'Communist Work in Consumer Organizations,' attacking by

name such organizations as the Consumers' National Federation, Consumers' Union, the League of Women Shoppers, the Milk Producers' Protective Committee, and the Consumers' Counsel of the Department of Agriculture. Until recently Matthews was vice chairman and managing editor of Consumers' Research, an organization whose chief competitor is the Consumers' Union.

The brief transcript of the 'hearing' covering the 'report' revealed that it was made by a 'subcommittee' composed of no other committee member than Chairman Dies, and that Matthews had merely presented a report prepared by unannounced persons. Voorhis, the ardent New Deal member of the committee, immediately charged that Dies had been guilty of 'undemocratic procedure' in making public a report which said that some of the consumer groups were Communist 'transmission belts,' a phrase used by Browder to claim credit for many organizations with liberal aims.

Declaring that the 'report' was 'purely and simply the opinion' of Matthews, Voorhis asserted that 'it was released to the press by a suddenly appointed one-man subcommittee before other members even knew such a report was in process of preparation.' He added that 'not a single hearing has been held on any of these matters' contained in the report and that none of the persons mentioned had ever been called to the stand.

IV

The question may well be asked: 'Does the committee deserve to be continued with an appropriation of \$100,000, as requested by Chairman Dies?'

President Roosevelt and many other liberals will oppose extending its life even if Chairman Dies promises, as he did last year, that he will revise his methods. A compromise might again result, with the enlarging of the committee to include three or four members

who would insist on fair play to all sides, dignified procedure, and constructive reports. Attorney-General Murphy, who has no personal reason to approve the activities of the committee, has announced that such investigations have an 'educational value.' But this is true only if all sides are given an opportunity to testify and, if necessary, to answer charges previously made. Newspapers have been criticized for exploiting the committee's one-sided presentations, the usual contention being that 'reactionary publishers' have welcomed this 'witch hunt' among the 'liberals.' This criticism errs in the same manner as the Dies Committee. When sensational news comes pouring into a newspaper office with the imprint of a Congressional committee, editors, relying on the good faith of the committee members, are by the nature of their profession forced to give it prominence. If all sides are represented, the newspapers, no matter how 'reactionary,' will give their readers the news.

The fault lies with the committee members. Much was expected of Voorhis when the young Californian joined the committee, but he has had too many other irons in the fire to insist that witnesses substantiate their charges.

Last year Healey and Dempsey were deterred from submitting a minority report when Chairman Dies surrendered to their demand that he insert a paragraph disavowing responsibility for the

credibility of the committee's witnesses and admitting that much of their testimony had been 'exaggerated' and 'biased.'

The Nazi-Soviet pact and the Russian invasion of Finland have been enormously helpful to Dies and his faction. During the first few months of its existence the committee was a subject of jest and scandal. Today it enjoys unprecedented popular support. Nothing seems too fantastic for belief in these war times, and, since it is not possible to depose Dies from the chairmanship, some means appear necessary to keep the inquiry within the bounds of truth and decency. Increase of the committee membership, whether by conservatives or liberals, seems the logical solution, provided the new members are seeking facts, not headlines. Otherwise the committee may demonstrate that as many crimes can be committed in the name of Americanism as in the name of liberty.

The prime function of a Congressional investigation is to obtain information for the legislature and the public — to ascertain facts upon which intelligent action may be taken. Although the procedure of the Dies Committee has been properly criticized, it has exposed definite subversive movements in this country. But since the committee members have not exercised self-restraint, definite limits could well be set on the area of its investigation and on its methods.

ABBY, HER FARM

BY MARGARET BUELL WILDER

IT began insidiously, just a chance remark at the age of seven on a Sunday afternoon in the country. 'When I grow up, I shall have a farm.' Nothing ominous about it, no sinister alternatives threatened, no issues joined. Just a simple statement of fact. Her father and I smiled absently and went right on buying cider and picking out red apples — with the cosy little refrain running through our subconscious: 'What a nice child we've got; she doesn't want to be Shirley Temple.'

Even the next ultimatum delivered about a year later, on the way home from Florida, still seemed to us the perfectly legitimate though somewhat more startling expression of an individual. We had stopped for a hasty sandwich at one of those unsentimental roadside stands in Georgia when I noticed an aloof, almost a dowager expression settling about Abby's nose. Her brief red pigtailed sat out at right angles, her face was as freckled as a turkey egg, and her eyes, like two bad black currants in a bun, surveyed the general squalor.

'Don't you like your chicken?' I asked hastily. For that which Abby is compelled to eat on automobile trips often has a way of returning to haunt us.

'I don't know,' she said distantly; 'I haven't tasted it. But I do know that when I grow up I shall have a *neat* tea-room on the edge of my farm. Made of logs, with gingham curtains. I will get up early and count the silver. The maids will wear starched frills on their caps and I will box their ears if they are late.'

With a gasp and a hasty look at the offended proprietor, who already had that damn-Yankee expression in his eye, I herded Abby toward the car — and for the next hundred miles or so brooded on the problem of heredity. We had thought we had it licked by the simple expedient of moving to a rather valsparred suburb of New York. But evidently those solid ranks of Ohio and New England forbears were not going to be mowed down with one pea-shooting gesture. Abby was Retaliation.

By now vaguely disquieted, and remembering something I'd read about in sophomore year called the Substitute Response, I went forth and bought a thoroughbred mare, redheaded like Abby, and ensconced it in one of those Connecticut stables, all spit and polish, where you don't even smell horse until it's time to mount. Abby had been riding for two years and was already so good she had made a valance for her bedroom curtains out of red, white, and blue ribbons, blue predominating. Certainly a horse of her own was a very astute move on my part, especially since it was more horse than she could manage. It would take up the slack of these morbid rural yearnings.

And so it did — for about a week, during which time I had the pleasure of seeing those red pigtailed run away with three times and thrown a half dozen more. But at least, I comforted myself, the groom is shoveling manure. At least she won't be kicked to death. . . .

Then one day she led the mare up to

me, accusing and triumphant. I thought that the last toss had been one too many. But, 'Just see!' she exclaimed. 'Just look at this horse's feet!'

I peered, and saw nothing except the customary stove blacking.

'Cracked and shelly underneath! The shoes will hardly hold! All covered up with *polish*. Now if we had a *farm* . . .'

I groaned and looked away from those remorseless shoe-button eyes that bored right through my makeshift soul. 'But darling, we can't *have* a farm,' I began for the hundredth time. 'We have a *lease*. Your father works in Wall Street. Have you any idea what *that* means?'

But we compromised next day on a friendlier and less glacéed stable. Abby got into the stall at once. I closed my eyes while she inspected the bedding. 'Peat moss will be better than straw,' she announced. And the ancient Cockney taking her orders shook his head.

'Habby,' he muttered prophetically. 'Habby, the hold 'Orseman!'

'Just so it stops at 'Orseman,' I thought.

But somehow during the next few weeks a large dog, two rabbits, and five cats were added unto us. Though extremely prudish in her attitude toward cocktails, poker, and run-of-the-mine adult conversation, Abby did not quail before the facts of reproduction. Kittens in the process of delivery were to be found anywhere from our best shoes to the kitchen sink. 'That's all right,' she would reassure us. 'The mother will clean it all up. But on the farm I may have to help the lambs get born.'

Something inside me suddenly snapped. I heard it, like a button. 'What farm, Abby, *what* farm? We're not *living* on a farm! How many times . . . ?'

'It would be nice if we had a pig — now,' she said implacably.

Thoroughly frightened, I got away and consulted the real-estate restrictions for that particular section in which we lived. Very definitely pigs were not allowed.

'But how would they know?' Abby argued reasonably. 'The cops never look

in. They don't even catch kidnappers. How would they catch a pig?'

'By smell, if nothing else,' I muttered. 'Now for heaven's sake keep *still* about it! Pigs are *out*.'

But alas, Providence was pitching on her side. Scarcely were the words out of my mouth before the P. T. A. had announced its annual party with a greased pig to be given away to that male parent lucky enough to catch it barehanded.

Now, under normal circumstances, Abby's father would no more think of attending a P. T. A. function than he would of joining a Temperance Union. I can only explain his sudden and perverse decision to attend this P. T. A. function by the fact that he is a gambler and that the odds of two-hundred-to-one against his catching the pig must have challenged his handicapper's spirit. Anyway, when the time came for the creature to be loosed upon the school lawn, he had organized what he announced at the top of his lungs to be a Pig Circle, with all the two hundred fathers holding hands, like ring-around-a-rosey. Someone sprang the box lid, the poor frenzied shoat made a beeline for the strongest link in the chain, and Abby's next-to-fondest dream came true. She had a pig.

Burning with excitement and mother love, she husbanded the poor broken creature back into its box, then had it carried to our car, and shut the doors. 'You and Pop can go back to the party now,' she said firmly. 'You aren't enough like other parents as it is.'

'But that pig is covered with some foul kind of grease! He'll get out of his box all over the upholstery! Besides that, he's hurt — he's groaning. He should be killed at once!' Then, even more crossly, 'What do you mean, I'm not like other mothers?'

'We-ell.' It was the first time I had ever seen her hesitate, but her eyes never left the box full of pig. 'Well, you aren't. You don't knit, you never make cookies, and you haven't any bosom.'

'What on earth has *that* to do with it?' I shouted. 'We'll go back for a minute, but that pig had better *not get out of that box*. Do you understand, Abby?'

Muttering, I allowed myself to be led away by her ribald father, but it was a costly sacrifice on the altar of community spirit. When we got back the pig had been freed. 'It had claustro — claustra — that thing you always say you get in the subway,' Abby explained. 'Anyway — pigs are very nervous.'

Stricken, we stared inside the car. It had indeed been very nervous — all over the upholstery. We considered the blend of mobiloil and nervousness that we were about to get in with and sit down on; we considered the poor panting creature at bay on the back seat; then we considered Abby. 'I think,' said her father heavily, 'it would be cheaper to trade her in and get something civilized.'

Christmas came and went with only one wistful request for a female goat — ungranted. 'But we could drink the milk and save money,' she protested. And it was this terrifying blend of logic and economy that finally began to take its toll of our resistance. Every time the market went down or the price of liquor up, her father would turn his brooding gaze upon her at the dinner table and say, 'Abby, tell me about the farm. Could we live on ensilage?'

But even his wavering support was plucked from me by New Year's. He was sent west on a long business trip and I was left alone with Abby and the Rotation of Crops. Every evening she worked on a patchwork quilt before the fire, or jotted down statistics on wheat out of the *Book of Knowledge*: —

Redffe — a very hard strong spring wheat
Preston — not a very good wheat, but still grown

Marquis — plump grains, good straw

Burgoyne's Fife — a very strong, well-yielding wheat

And so on through preposterous names like Prelund, Ruby, and Redbob, up to

and including Rivet, 'an extraordinarily *week wheat*,' but lovingly included all the same.

'What is that book you seem to be making?' I asked one night.

'My farm book.' Hesitantly, but with controlled excitement, she got up and brought it to me. It was an unassuming book, thin, made out of cardboard and tied with green yarn. Inside, it was illustrated with beautiful pink and black water colors of the Poland China hog in all his suavity.

Fascinated — almost electrified — by the premonition that this slim volume was going to mean plenty in the lives of her parents, I stared at the front page until the words finally took on meaning. 'In the beginning of the twentieth century,' it read, 'Mr. Aaron Aaronsohn discovered a wild wheat growing on the dry and rocky slopes of Mt. Herman.'

Twentieth century? Mr. Aaron Aaronsohn? I said the name over doubtfully; it didn't sound like wheat. . . . Then all at once I saw him: in a derby, standing like stout Cortez with a hand shielding his eyes and a foot advanced to the very edge of a gigantic mountain from which one lone stalk of wheat did wave and beckon in the name of posterity.

'Abby,' I said, shaking off this disturbing vision, 'who was Mr. Aaron Aaronsohn?'

'Why, the man who discovered wheat.'

'I know. But what else was he?'

Abby shrugged. 'Oh, one of those people Hitler wouldn't like, I guess.'

'But the twentieth century? Wheat was discovered *ages* before then!'

'Wheat was discovered by Mr. Aaron Aaronsohn on the slopes of Mt. Herman,' Abby repeated unperturbed. 'If it says the twentieth century, then that's when it was.'

She resumed her quilting, and I helplessly turned to page two. It was a solid column of statistics about the number of grains per pound and per bushel one may reasonably expect from an acre of corn.

The next page, in a fine spirit of *non sequitur*, bore only this avowal: 'Nothing Will Be Bought From A Store. I Shall Weave My Clothes And Wear Long Hair.'

I pounced. Here at last was something antisocial, something definitely beyond the pale of normalcy. 'Abby!' I cried. 'Is *this* why you won't have your hair cut? Is *this* why I have to go through hell and high water every day with those pigtails wrapping themselves around the brush like a horsetail? Is it?' Breaking off, I peered sharply at the offending braids. Yes, they really did look as if they were under cultivation. I remembered how she measured their weekly progress every Sunday with a piece of string. Perhaps the poor child hoped that those red cornsilk tassels on the end would make for finer coverlets, woven in with the wool. 'Will you have spring shearings with the sheep?' I asked.

But she had suffered too long to be touched by clumsy sarcasm. 'If you'll turn to the end of the book,' she said, unmoved, 'you'll see what the farm's going to be like. Then you won't worry so.'

Rebuked by her dignity and spurred by my own curiosity, I flipped over to the last page. Probably her conception of a farm would be a cross between a sampler and a State Fair, with hundreds of blue-ribboned beasts cooling their fetlocks under one weeping willow. But I might as well make sure before looking up the child psychologists. . . . I turned to a sort of prose-poem, entitled simply 'My Farm.'

I want the kind of farm where chickens run loose in the front yard, and about a dozen Ayreshire cows walk lazely along in a long pasture. A timid long-laged colt pokes his inquisartive nose out from his mother's safe and protecting back to stare at you in surprise, then kick up his heels and go flying across the field.

I will hear the tinkling of bells made by the big bronny Merion sheep as they drift slowly along, following their leader.

I will see the big fat mother sow and her

recent family grunting for food and enjoying themselves in the cool inviting mud.

Then I will turn and go slowly through my filds of waving corn to a low rambling farmhouse nestled among the lilac trees.

I will enter. There will be a smell of good things in the air.

I will see sausage broiling on the stove, and the plad gingham curtains fluttering in the windows.

The sunbeams will find their way across the thick planked oaken floors to the pewter plates on the mantell. The flowers on the old wooden table will match the crazy patchwork quilt on my high wooden bed. The sheets will be old and fine; there will be a rag rug on the floor.

Yea, though I walk through the valley . . . my mind subconsciously went on in the rhythm of those paragraphs. Then I closed the Farm Book and laid it down gently.

'I see I was wrong about those pig-tails,' I said. 'They'll be *very* proper — if we can keep them out of the churn!'

With a wild whoop she was upon me, her eyes snapping, her freckles glowing, and the guerrilla warfare of two long years was wiped out with one tremendous hug. 'Will you wire Pop right away — will you tell him to buy a farm?' she shrieked.

But, still clinging to reason with one enfeebled hand, I managed to push her on toward bed without that final incriminating Yes.

An empty victory. Next morning I found, left on my desk to be stamped, this conclusive document: —

Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.
dear sirs,

My father is going to by a farm so I wish to be prepared to whatever might follow. Could you send me instructions for the care of theese certen domesticate animals.

a few cows of Guernsey breed, a few of the harder things about horses, goats (the best breed) sheep and where to by the best stock.

Abby Selby, Northport, Ct.

p.s. right away.

I stamped it and picked up the phone. 'Western Union. And *hurry*,' I said.

THE TURNING GLASS—PASADENA

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

High in a separate room this platform turns,
Bright-wheeling implement of the lonely mind
That outward strains, tool of that lone desire
That drives past void and void to intercept
God on the farther fire. The platform turns,
Bearing the mirror men gave years to cast,
Bearing two watchers; high in the stainless air
They circle with the slowly hollowing glass,
They pour the rouge upon the grinding teeth.

Distant and Near in kindred circles move.
While our small planet flies the ecliptic path
The amazing hand sets on the spinning ball
This tiny scaffold which itself revolves,
Pursues that riven day when the disc will call
The star-swarm of some viewless universe
To cross its infinitesimal field, and crossing,
Yield a shadow-print for thought to ponder.
All moves toward that moment when the glass,
Turning Time backward on long paths of light,
Will pierce the network of celestial law
To origins whose faintly imaged flame
With wonder will expand the searching mind.

On every continent blind hungers drive
The brain against itself, the fingers down
In mad betrayal — the insane defeat.
Yet, in a separate room this platform turns;
Molten in the mighty mirror rides
Denial of that eyeless fury. Here,
Under controls divinely self-imposed
The sovereign mind advances star by star
Across the darkness of the cosmic night.

ON THE FINNISH FRONT

BY H. B. ELLISTON

I

THERE was a cordial invitation to come to Helsinki awaiting me when my transatlantic boat docked at Gothenburg. I determined to go. Three years before, I had spent a couple of days in Helsinki, where I met and came to admire the Governor of Finland's Central Bank, Risto Ryti. Ryti has been called the 'Colbert of Finland.' And it is no extravagant appellation.

I recalled that of all the European leaders I had met three years ago Ryti was the only one who prepared me for the tragic events which are now engulfing Europe. In conversation he even envisaged a Russo-German alliance. Assuredly I ought to renew acquaintance with him.

Arrived in Stockholm, I got another invitation from Helsinki. It said that any interviews I might desire would be arranged on receipt of a wire. Whom did I wish to meet? I thought vaguely of the President, the Premier, and the Foreign Minister — the usual haul of a visiting journalist of any repute in the smaller countries of Europe. But in Stockholm's elegant dining rooms a name I hadn't heard before came to my ears with recurring emphasis. It was that of Kaarlo Paasikivi, leader of the Finnish Conservatives, and Minister without Portfolio in Finland's wartime cabinet. I found that in Sweden's capital he was the Finnish hero. Story after story I heard about him. Accordingly, as I prepared to take the plane for Helsinki, I wired ahead that, in addition to Mr. Ryti,

there was only one leader I wished to meet, and that was Mr. Paasikivi.

You may have heard of Mr. Paasikivi. Former Prime Minister, Finnish Minister to Stockholm when he was invited to take Finland to Moscow, he played David to Stalin's Goliath in the negotiations in Moscow which petered out in war. I won't repeat the Stockholm stories of the duel because Mr. Paasikivi, when I did meet him, laughingly denied them. But you will never persuade the admiring Swedes that the stories are apocryphal. They had been waiting too long for a man to stand up to the Man who was beginning to walk like a Bear, and, having found him, they were bent upon lionizing him.

As a matter of fact, nobody admires a Finn more than a Swede. And nobody admires anybody who can pull the Russian beard more than a Swede. There's a statue of Charles XII in Stockholm, index finger pointing at Russia, which keeps the Swedes forever reminded of their ancient enemy. Swedes have cast an anxious look at that statue ever since Stalin and Hitler became bedfellows. And a Finn who can tweak a Russian's beard — that's a combination for you, to the average Swede.

I met the redoubtable Paasikivi within a couple of hours after coming down in Helsinki out of the Bothnian air. His like I had seen many times before. I was brought up in the north of England, where every little township had at least one German — he was the pork butcher.

And Mr. Paasikivi was the very image of our German butcher clad in his Sunday best. There he was in the flesh — ruddy-faced, an Elihu Root cast of eye, hair clipped *en brosse*, and a fairly distended paunch across which hung an old-fashioned heavy-as-lead watch chain. The difference was that Mr. Paasikivi greeted me in a well-stocked private library.

You hear everywhere that the Finns are silent as the grave. Mr. Paasikivi wasn't. Afterward he explained, in reply to my facetious comment, that Eastern Finns are less silent than their Western kinsmen. I discovered subsequently, however, that Mr. Paasikivi is a Westerner! At any rate, he opened up about his talks with Stalin. It appeared that there had been eight sessions with the Muscovites at which Stalin was present at seven.

'Quite clearly the Baltic policy is Stalin's,' said Mr. Paasikivi. 'He did all the talking. Molotov remained quite impassive. And Stalin would have come to all eight sessions but for some last-minute detention. It was Stalin who outlined the Soviet policy toward Finland.'

'And what was that?' I inquired.

'Well, I may not give you all the terms, but they fell into three categories: one, a defensive alliance with Soviet Russia; secondly, rectification of the Finnish-Soviet frontier; and, thirdly, the lease of naval and air bases on our coast line.'

'You couldn't accept them?' I queried.

'Of course not,' replied Mr. Paasikivi, with decision. 'There would have been less left of Finnish sovereignty under this arrangement than we had when we were a Grand Duchy.'

I then ventured to remind Mr. Paasikivi that all Scandinavia was ringing with stories of his tilt with Stalin. He said that probably the stories were a product of the Swedish imagination. But he made up for his wet blanket by giving me a true story. Stalin on October 12

put all the Soviet cards on the table. After he'd read them off — in excellent Russian, by the way — he turned to Paasikivi and inquired his reaction.

'Is that all?' the heavy-set Paasikivi responded.

Paasikivi said he made his response in a pleasant manner because the Finns knew ahead of time all that would be asked of them when they followed their Baltic neighbors into the Bear's lair. I was quick to ask for Stalin's comeback.

'Stalin is a man of humor,' responded Paasikivi, rebutting the suggestion that he's a modern Ivan the Terrible, even in private conversation.

'He took my reply with a smile, and — if this is also a testimony to his sense of humor — spent the remaining session in trying to teach me the wisdom of giving in to Moscow.'

Paasikivi wasn't convinced; neither was Finland. For in sum the demands would have squeezed the life, let alone the sovereignty, out of Finland. They were equivalent to a demand on America for the Panama Canal, Catalina, and Long Island — coupled with the resignation of all independent foreign policy. The Finns would have lost all self-respect if they had given in. They didn't. But Stalin's mind, apparently, was set. And as soon as the delegation got back to Helsinki the Russians began to trump up allegations of Finnish aggression as a pretext for invading the country.

II

The Paasikivi interview is, I think, a necessary introduction to the events that followed. I saw Paasikivi on Tuesday night, November 28. Just before I left, Mr. Paasikivi was called to the telephone. The call came from his co-negotiator in the Moscow parleys, Väinö Tanner, later Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the message informed Mr. Paasikivi that the Soviet had just denounced its non-aggression pact with Finland. It was a grave moment. But not by a

shadow did Mr. Paasikivi's face show that any untoward news had come to him over the telephone. It was my Finnish interpreter who told me what had been said. Mr. Paasikivi simply continued the interview where we had left off, and later bowed me out of his home with simple Finnish courtesy. Outside, when I was told what had happened, I realized that the Finnish-Soviet pot was furiously aboil.

During the Moscow negotiation women and children had been sent away from Helsinki as a precautionary measure. Fully 75 per cent of them had returned when I arrived at the capital. Schools had reopened, and, except for the furious knitting of the womenfolk, life seemed to have returned to normal. It was astonishing that there should be this seeming *détente* after the defiant return of the Finnish delegates. For since then there had been several frontier incidents which caused the radio from Moscow to sizzle with abuse and the harsh Molotov to protest violently. One incident in particular boded ill for peace. It must have forewarned such leaders as Mr. Paasikivi that the Soviets were preparing to take by force what they could not obtain by diplomatic bludgeoning. This was the incident that caused the Soviet denunciation of the non-aggression pact.

The incident in question occurred on Monday, November 27, on the frontier in eastern Karelia. According to the Soviet account, which was embellished with the most lurid billingsgate on the radio from Moscow, Finnish artillery had fired on the Soviet frontier forces, and had caused some casualties. The Finns denied the charge. As a sign of good faith they proposed the establishment of a joint commission of inquiry in accordance with the Soviet-Finnish frontier convention of September 24, 1928. Moreover, the Helsinki government added the proposal for a coöperative withdrawal of troops on both sides for a predetermined distance.

Fair enough! But by this time the

Soviets weren't in any mood to be fair. Already Moscow was whipping up indignation in the Red Army and among the workers against the 'dregs of capitalist henchmen' — namely, the Helsinki government. It all had what Shakespeare calls 'a very ancient and fish-like smell.' Hitler had already taken out the patent at the expense of Czech and Pole. Accordingly not a word of the Finnish reply appeared in the Soviet press. It was just mentioned by way of peg for the prompt and curt response from Molotov of Tuesday, November 28, denouncing the treaty of non-aggression.

In Helsinki that Tuesday I listened in, through an interpreter, to the radio heralds of the Molotov note. It gave me some idea of the depths to which international dealings have descended. Hoarse cries came out of the instrument from Moscow for the heads of Finland's 'bandits of capitalism.' The Finns were said to be endangering 'the city of Lenin' by their mobilization. Finland's frontier, as I subsequently found, is only twenty miles from Leningrad at its southernmost tip on the Gulf of Finland. The Muscovite spokesmen shouted through the microphone that the Finns should withdraw fourteen miles farther back, or 'out of gun range of Leningrad.'

This was the theme, so far as I can make out from available summaries,¹ of the Molotov note of November 28. The peril to Soviet Russia was underlined by references to little Finland's mobilization at the frontiers. This mare's-nest of Finnish mobilization was courageously exposed by the London *Times* correspondent in Moscow. In that newspaper, for November 29, occurs this passage from him: 'In justice to Finland it must be pointed out that the first hostile act of that nature was committed by the Soviet Union, which began mobilization in the Leningrad district in the month of September, and remained mobilized

¹ A White Paper is to be published by the Finnish Government, but it isn't available in time for consultation by this writer.

while negotiating upon the demand for Finnish territory.' A pointed comment to come out of Moscow!

Granted that a frontier which marches so close to Leningrad — Russia's second city — is probably a subject for negotiation. It's quite an omnibus to grant in all the circumstances. Finland, surely, isn't much of a threat — with a population of 4,000,000 compared with Russia's 185,000,000 — to the Soviet colossus. Still the Finns had been quite prepared to grant the argument. And, as Mr. Paasikivi told me, he had expressed his willingness to discuss the rectification of this frontier. What the Finns couldn't stomach was the coupling of this demand with others for a defensive alliance and the cession of naval bases around Finland's coast line.

III

The sand was running out of the hour-glass. Frontier seemed likely to lapse into front in a matter of hours. I determined to get to it by hook or by crook. On leaving Mr. Paasikivi I went to the Foreign Office, and found that the Ministry was sending a mission to Karelia to make an on-the-spot investigation into the incident I have mentioned — namely, the allegation that on the previous day the Finnish troops had fired on the Russian frontier guard. By good fortune I managed to persuade them to take me along. We boarded the Leningrad express that same Tuesday night, and I found on the train the Helsinki correspondent of the United Press and a distinguished writer for the *Svenska Dagbladet*, Stockholm's conservative newspaper.

It is the oddest sensation to go to a front line and peer at the 'enemy' after leaving a train which is going straight through into 'enemy' territory. I thought of what Mr. Borah would call the 'phoniness' of everything I was seeing in Europe. But, after the excitement of the day, it was time to go to bed. I

didn't wake up till the morning crept through my windows and showed me the dim outline of Vipuri, capital of Finnish Karelia, and the gulf port through which much of Finland's export lumber — source of Finnish wealth — is sent to world markets. Sending lumber to market, alas, wasn't its present job. Now it was the headquarters of the Vipuri division, one of Finland's nine, as compared with the Soviet's 130.

So we were in the famous isthmus. This is where the major fighting is now taking place. If you will look at the map, you will see that the Karelian isthmus is the bottleneck of land stretching from the Neva and Leningrad which is enclosed between Lake Ladoga and the Gulf of Finland. At its opening stretch it is only forty miles across. But it widens out as it gets into Finnish territory to about double that distance. Vipuri marks the beginning of the isthmus on the Finnish side, and we still had about fifty miles to go to the frontier. We were therefore entering interesting territory. I scrambled out of bed to join the party as it crowded at the windows to survey the passing scene.

The country had quite a Christmas-card look. Snow had been falling in the night — falling so lightly that it clung to the serried trees. The landscape was little different from Canada and parts of rural New England in winter. Finland is 75 per cent forest and water, and we were passing through forests of pine and spruce and lakeland.

I was about to comment upon the familiarity of the scene to my companion when I observed him smiling. He had a long Finnish name which meant Stonelake — a lieutenant attached to the Ministry of Defense, but in private life a business man whose youth belied his importance in Finnish business. Stonelake was rubbing his hands with seeming satisfaction. 'Snow,' he said, 'just what we want. This will hold up the Russians if they start anything.'

Just what the Poles said about General

Mud, I thought. But there was no doubt that General Snow would be a good ally for ally-less Finland. It wasn't freezing point, and the snow was soft and deep, banked up in drifts close to the railroad. Indubitably General Snow would reinforce General Terrain, or the dense forests of birch, spruce, and pine.

Just before we came to the frontier I caught a glimpse of Finland old and new in juxtaposition. It was at a place called Mustamäki. A disused Russian church came into view, bulbous with Byzantine architecture, a reminder of the days when Finland was a Russian Grand Duchy. Next to it was a co-operative store. Finland in its twenty-one years of independent existence has become much more than Sweden the model of consumer and farmer co-operatives. And there, way out in the country, was a unit of the consumer system. I noted the contrast. But there was another contrast I thought of — the contrast between this little evidence of a coöperative commonwealth and the land twenty-five miles farther on which had had engrafted upon it, also in the name of the people, a régime of tyrannical statism. Moscow's radio onslaughts against the 'bandits of capitalism' slid off Finnish backs the more easily because of that contrast.

But we were now at the frontier town of Raivola, and not more than twenty miles separated us from Leningrad. Within a stone's throw of us was the village of Tereyoki, which within a week was to come into some renown as the situs of Stalin's 'true democratic republic of Finland'! I saw the place just over the hill, but our route lay from this southernmost point on the Gulf due north along the frontier.

First, however, we had to be introduced to waiting officials. First there was the government official whose sworn duty it was to see that frontier peace wasn't broken by the Finnish guardsmen. Preliminary sign that the Finns had no desire to start anything!

Then there came up one by one the chief officers in command of the frontier force. This was the final sign that the Finns were not turning the frontier into a front. For the frontier force was composed of men and officers who had been ordered from their regiments for this special duty. I subsequently found this preliminary observation borne out — that the Finns hadn't introduced an army disposition anywhere along the Karelian frontier. The defense of the Mannerheim (called after Finland's liberator and hero, Field Marshal Mannerheim) line was strung along the isthmus fully ten miles behind the frontier.

Snow was still falling — to the Finns' great delight. The road along which we traveled by car had been cut through the forest, and, except for several unfamiliar sights, we still might have been going through rural New England. Some of these unfamiliar sights were very ominous. Every once in a while we would see tall blocks of granite standing on either side of the road as high as a drawbridge. They were obviously in position to be thrown across the road at the first sign of a Russian advance. And the forest clearings looked like miniature cemeteries. Stones the size of little monoliths stood up in closely packed rows like huge gravestones. I was told that they had been put there when the Finns read of Germany's easy march into Poland. To my inexperienced eye they looked as if they could trip up both artillery and tanks. And they did perform precisely that service when the Russians finally appeared.

Finland is sometimes called 'the land of rocks,' sometimes 'the land of lakes and forests.' Both make Finland a tough nut for an invading army to crack, though there are cross-country routes in northern and middle Finland which, taken in conjunction with the Russian spurs off the Murmansk railroad, facilitate military operations from the Russian direction. Here, however, no defending general could wish for a better

terrain, especially when it is borne in mind that the invaders have to shove themselves through the forty-mile bottleneck of land sandwiched between Lake Ladoga and the Gulf of Finland.

Soldiers in twos and threes appeared at irregular intervals along our route. Some of them were already appareled in white winter overalls over their field-gray uniforms. Sleighs drawn by horses with high Russian collars were bringing up skis with which the Finnish troops are all equipped in wintertime. The Finns delight in sports — how sad they are that they won't have the honor of entertaining the Olympic sportsmen in 1940! And they are adept at sports, too. Having seen them on skis, I have a very definite impression of their mobility when I read the military experts' account of their 'highly mobile units.'

Trevelyan said of the British that they are warlike but not militaristic. You could say the same thing about the Finns. Their rifles and belt knives testified to a disposition which isn't exactly Quaker-like. In Stockholm I'd been facetiously warned against going to Helsinki by references to the handiwork of the Finn with his dirk-like knife. 'If he likes you,' I was assured, 'he might suggest a round of knife-playing, a game which consists of sticking an inch or two into your soft parts by way of showing personal regard.' Naturally, therefore, I noted those dirks with reminiscent interest. The rifles, too, looked curious. The sight guards were wide-outstretching metal flaps, and the Finns, in whom skill in musketry is as well developed as is that of the Swiss, explained that this was the feature that gave the Finnish rifle its name. It's called the Finnish for lap dog, whatever that is.

IV

By this time we'd arrived at our destination. Our task, as you may remember, was to check up on the allega-

tions of Finnish firing on the Russians two days before. Foreign Office officials took out forms for the filling-in of affidavits. We looked on interestedly with our notebooks in hand. We talked to the sentries who were on duty on Monday, and from them we gathered that all that had happened was some mysterious practice shooting from the high trajectory Stokes mortars. The firing, it was explained, with the aid of logs, compasses, and all the paraphernalia of frontier post records, was done cross-wise, and the shots had dropped into a field in no man's land.

What on earth the Russians were up to was a question which seemed honestly to puzzle the Finns, as it puzzled us. There seemed only one explanation in the light of subsequent events. It is difficult to be absolutely barefaced in telling falsehoods, and the Russians had to have a pretext of some kind for going to war. Other than for this exercise, we were told, everything had been quiet, though it was perfectly obvious to the Finnish sentries that the Russians were bringing up guns on their side of the frontier. Sometimes they tried to cover up those movements with smoke screens.

A deathly quiet hung over the frontier as we made our survey in the intervals of taking down depositions. We strolled around. The frontier wore all the appearance of the front to which I had been accustomed in wartime France. Our road was torn up immediately in front of us. It was covered with a high bank of trees. Sentries on the Finnish side were posted in the trees with telephone apparatus at hand. The road wound up a slight incline. On the crest was a tall watchtower, and through the window of the nest on top we could discern the figure of a man, the Russian sentry. At another place on the frontier we looked down upon a trickle of a river covered only with breakable ice. This was Systerbäck, or frontier river. On the other bank was the Russian village of Mainola. I borrowed a Finnish sen-

try's glasses, and saw Russians in twos and threes walking to and fro between the farmhouses. It was just in front of those houses that the Russian shells had dropped. But now everything was as peaceful as a Christmas card — though the sentries restrained my anxiety to see everything.

After taking our depositions we drove back to the headquarters of the frontier guards, located in a farmhouse; and here I saw more Finnish soldiers than I'd seen along the frontier. They were off duty, sleeping side by side in the hay-loft. Our dining room was the harness room, and as we entered the radio was blaring out the news from Moscow. And what do you think we heard? An account of the sniping and trouble-making that were going on over the precise spot of land we had just left. The colonel smilingly excused the interruption, and said, 'We hear that every day, but I must say it's so quiet here that it's a tiresome duty.'

At the meal there were half-a-dozen officers present in addition to our party. It was an all-Finnish meal, 'except for the salt': a simple *smörgåsbord* of herring and cheese, a meat and potato soup, and meat and potatoes again, all washed down with good Finnish milk. I enjoyed it. 'What do the soldiers get?' I inquired. 'Just the same,' I was told. No difference in the meals served to officers and men! I entertained a few not-so-pleasant thoughts of dietary distinctions prevailing in armies of other democratic countries. It was a subject that interested me out of my own experience.

On further inquiry I found that Finnish tradition dictates that land-owner and field laborer must eat at the same table. 'Our army custom, therefore, is merely part of the same tradition. Of course we don't eat together, since that wouldn't be good for discipline.' And the discipline was as excellent, I observed, as the democracy. On the way back in the Leningrad express

(again I had a queer feeling!) officers and men were eating cheek by jowl, but the enlisted man always bowed to the officer as he entered the car, and bowed as he left. There was some Prussian heel-clicking, too.

Dusk was now falling, and we had to catch the train back. One sight rewarded us for a detour. This was a little pyramid erected in front of a farmhouse commemorating 200 Finnish peasants who had repulsed 1500 Russian soldiers. The date was 1555.

Russian and Finn! For all those years, and many before, the Finn has been fighting for his independence against the invading Tartar. Over long stretches he has lost that independence as a people. But it has always burned in him individually as fiercely as does the independence of the Vermont farmer or the Scottish crofter. Those who think of national characteristics as coming from climatic and environmental factors may well ponder the influences which make all three so much alike. All of them live among stones. And they might take their dourness from them, for all I know. Even when the Finn as a nation became subject to the Tartar, the Russian could never subjugate him. The Finn remained Lutheran. He still obtained all manner of privileges, even a customs barrier against Russian products, which left him more independent than, say, Wales.

But the Finn knows today that there would be no such tolerance if the Bolshevik colossus crushed his beloved Suomi. So he is fighting with the same tenacity as his forefathers did — and against the same fearful odds.

The war broke out within a few hours of our return to the Finnish capital, in a rain of bombs upon the city and an attack upon the front which we had just visited. The Russians let the guns go off without even bothering to receive the Finnish reply to Molotov's denunciation of the non-aggression pact which they knew had already arrived in Moscow.

HOUSING COMES HOME TO CONGRESS

BY ARTHUR C. HOLDEN

I

HOUSING as a national issue stems from the crusading spirit of the persistent New Yorkers who have been the leaders in housing legislation. Impatient with the limited results achieved by successive housing laws enacted in their own state, and with an eye on the financial aid that only Washington can give, these New Yorkers have fought for a national housing program. The challenge has been taken up by Washington; but although the politicians have been quick to see that housing has opened new opportunities for them, the public has as yet very little understanding of what the Government is attempting and how much may be accomplished.

When, in 1939, the Congress refused to vote an additional appropriation for housing, there was some question raised as to whether this should be interpreted as evidence of opposition to the President's policies in general or as a specific setback to housing. The answer should be found in the attitude which Congress takes at the 1940 session.

The movement of the 'housers' on Washington began in 1931, with President Hoover's National Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership. It was advanced the next year when George Gove almost single-handedly persuaded Senator Couzens to sponsor a short phrase in the Reconstruction Finance legislation authorizing loans for Slum Clearance and Housing purposes. With the advent of the New Deal, the New Yorkers returned in force to insist

that a whole separate title in the National Industrial Recovery Act should be devoted to Housing. In 1934 an alliance between certain lending societies and the more economic-minded 'housers' secured the passage of the Federal Housing Act, setting up an insurance system for mortgages and an administration (FHA) designed to improve conditions in the field of long-term finance.

The triumph of the 'public housers' came in 1937, when the United States Housing Authority was set up with a capital of a million dollars and power to borrow and relend 800 millions, plus the authority from Congress to pledge subsidies in the form of 'annual contributions' to local public-housing agencies — such contributions not to exceed 28 millions in any one year, but to be continued for a period not to exceed sixty years.

In 1938, Administrator Nathan Straus went before Congressional committees for both the House and the Senate and reported that he had earmarked or entered into loan contracts for 650 million dollars. He explained his inability to utilize 150 million dollars of the authorized loan fund because of the unwillingness of local public-housing agencies to accept loans unless entirely covered by Federal subsidies. He pointed out that this could be done only when the maximum annual subsidies allowed by law were made, and that the authorization for subsidies was insufficient to cover *all* cases. Accordingly Mr. Straus requested

Congress, in 1939, to increase 'annual contributions' from the United States Government to local housing authorities from 28 millions per annum to 73 millions per annum. He also requested that the limit of capital loans be raised from 800 millions to twice that sum.

To understand the situation, which will again be presented to Congress this year, it is essential to inquire into the background of last year's refusal to meet Mr. Straus's request for increased appropriations.

II

Criticism of the methods of those who advocate better housing is hazardous. Housing critics risk the appearance of lack of sympathy with fellow citizens who, through no fault of their own, are unable to afford the minimum standard of decent American living. It is astonishing that members of Congress should have risked such criticism at a time when housing, as an issue, had become such a 'walkover' that politicians all over the country have been able to whip up the band wagon and drive off without the experts. Why did both Houses of Congress pause to inquire into the consequences of the headlong flight of the newest political band wagon with the magic words 'Low-Rent Housing' attractively painted upon it?

The Congressional hearings on the housing legislation of 1939 (S.591) comprise 112 pages of testimony before the Subcommittee on Education and Labor of the United States Senate and 442 pages of testimony before the Committee on Banking and Currency of the House of Representatives. Previous to the hearings Mr. Straus had written to the Senate Committee: —

Based on our experience under the Act, the United States Housing Authority believes that it is workable and that changes in substance of the Act are not necessary. S.591 would merely make additional funds available to continue the program under the present Act.

In his testimony, Mr. Straus expressed the hope that the additional appropriation would permit him to construct enough new houses to benefit a total of 423,000 families, whereas without the increased authorization he believed that the United States Housing Authority could not aid more than 163,200 families. Senator Taft showed particular interest in the ultimate goal of the housing program and elicited from the Administrator the opinion, based upon his knowledge of the experience of England, that the 'United States ought to be able to wipe out its slums over the next generation' and rehouse 15 per cent of the whole population through government aid, 'provided that public housing were supplemented during the same period by the increasing effectiveness of private industry.' Great pains were taken by the Senators to shed light upon the possible ultimate cost to taxpayers and upon the methods advocated for financing this cost.

It seems clear from the testimony that Mr. Straus lost the support of the Senators for his program largely because his statements appeared calculated to confuse the relationship between the Government's obligation to pay subsidies referred to in the United States Housing Act as 'annual contributions' and the authorization of Federal loans to help pay for original costs.

Mr. Straus, through confusing statements, upheld the theory that the Federal loans were to be self-liquidating. It is obvious that they are anything but self-liquidating. The reason for the appearance of the Administrator before Congressional hearings was to clarify the issues by the testimony of the Government's expert. Quibbling arguments, such as the following, tend instead to confuse the problem. From page 79 of the published record of the Senate Hearings (S.591, 75th Congress, 1st Session) we quote a specimen of verbal fencing: —

MR. STRAUS: Senator, may I state that I disagree completely with your statement that

the loan funds under the program constitute a cost? This is an investment which will be largely made by private investors and will be partly made by the Government in loans for the sake of buildings which will be repaid in full, and I don't think that can properly be defined as cost.

SENATOR TAFT: You defined it as cost yesterday on your diagram. That was the word you used, and you pointed out how much it was going to cost for every family. I don't understand the quibbling on the question of cost — of course it is cost.

MR. STRAUS: When you say 'cost' to the taxpayer . . .

SENATOR TAFT (*interposing*): I didn't say that.

MR. STRAUS: If you mean cost of the project, of course you are right.

SENATOR TAFT: Well, the money is coming from the Government. Whether they are going to get it back or not, that doesn't make any difference about the cost. The cost is about \$4400 per family.

MR. STRAUS: You say it doesn't make any difference whether the Government gets it back?

SENATOR TAFT: I say it doesn't affect the question of whether it is cost, whether the Government gets it back.

MR. STRAUS: I thought that was the fundamental thing, sir; whether the Government got it back; the distinction between loan funds which are to be repaid, and the annual contributions which are not to be, seems to me fundamental.

The above discussion took place as part of the presentation of the United States Housing Authority's Exhibit 12. Mr. Straus had asked to be permitted to sponsor the borrowing of capital funds up to almost two billions of dollars to assure the construction of 423,000 family units. He was insistent in pointing out that since this was a loan it should not be considered as 'cost' to the Government.

But Mr. Straus had also asked for authority to commit the Federal Government to pay out over a period of 59 years subsidies aggregating 73 million dollars per annum. This 'contributed' money was to be used to pay back the principal *and* interest on the loans.

Now, gentlemen [continues Mr. Straus on page 82 of the testimony], I would like to emphasize that the Federal loans involve no cost to the Government, as they are fully repayable with interest. Actually they involve an interest profit.

This statement will bear further analysis. Had he deliberately wished to deceive or mislead the Senators before whom he was testifying, Mr. Straus could have chosen no words more apt. Subsidies of 73 millions a year, 'contributed' annually for 59 years by the Federal Government, amount by the end of that period to a total outlay of the stupendous sum of nearly $4\frac{1}{3}$ billions. This sum of $4\frac{1}{3}$ billions Mr. Straus sought to charge directly to the taxpayers in order to repay with interest an original loan of $1\frac{1}{3}$ billions of dollars. In other words, by making the loan run for a period of 59 years, it takes \$2.20 to pay back each dollar of original cost. Yet Mr. Straus says that the loans 'involve no cost to the Government, as they are fully repayable with interest.'

Both Representative Frederick C. Smith of Ohio and Girard Lambert, the underwriter of a small public-housing project in Princeton, New Jersey, who testified before the House Committee, were fully aware of the high ultimate cost of amortization strung out over a long period, and the latter went so far as to point out the greater economy of loans maturing in twenty years. Not only did Mr. Lambert give good advice from a business man's point of view, but he shrewdly put his finger on the greater political attractiveness of smaller annual payments.

He frankly said that he did not blame the men who were running the housing program for yielding to their 'perfectly understandable enthusiasm,' but that the Committee of the House of Representatives was looking after the taxpayer's interest, and, if the public could be made to understand, the public would support the method of finance which cost less in the long run.

III

There is, however, a more cogent reason for the preference for the sixty-year loan by the United States Housing Authority. Putting it simply, the subsidy has been so fixed by law that *both* interest and amortization *can* be covered by the fixed annual contribution *if* the life of the loan is set at sixty years. Hence no administrator, either Federal or local, wants to work up a project on any other basis. Thus the buildings to be built with sixty-year-loan funds must be of a character which will reasonably last for at least sixty years. The buildings must certainly be fireproof and of high standard in every way. Housing calculated for a shorter life, even if it could be built far more economically, is naturally not wanted. There is no incentive to save on capital costs if there is any question of a shorter useful life of the buildings, because the loan then has to be amortized over a shorter period. No local authority wants to pay more annually for amortization, even if money is saved thereby in the long run, unless they can still retain the advantage of having *all financing charges* paid for them by the annual contribution from the Government. If they are more economical and try to amortize their loans in a shorter period, they suffer, because in that case the Government's contribution does not cover their financing costs. As it stands, the system of subsidy puts a premium on high cost and on buildings designed, not to remedy a temporary shortage in low-rental housing, but for long service.

To date, the maximum subsidy has always been given, and given in such a way as to charge to the taxpayers not only all of the principal and interest on the Federal loans, but also all, or almost all, of the 10 per cent capital required by law from the local community.

Mr. Straus failed to bring out many of these unfortunate faults in the subsidy provisions of the law, although they seemed self-evident to the members of

Congress before whom he appeared. Having said that the existing law did not need revision, both Mr. Straus and his deputy, Mr. Keyserling, devoted themselves to explaining away the 'costs' indicated by the figures presented. Their tabulations placed great dependence upon what they were pleased to call 'interest profit.' Over and over again at the hearings and in the speeches by Mr. Keyserling since then, the assertion has been made that the proposed authorization of annual contributions of 73 million dollars would cost only 53 million dollars *net* annually. This figure is based upon the current ability of the United States Housing Authority to borrow on a short-term basis at $1\frac{3}{8}$ per cent interest and the legal requirement that the funds shall be reloaned at not less than the going rate of long-term bonds, plus $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. According to Mr. Straus's memorandum of July 11, 1939, this means that, when 3 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent is charged for interest to the local public-housing agencies, a bookkeeping profit is shown to the credit of the USHA which is the result of a differential of about $1\frac{5}{8}$ per cent between the rate at which the Authority can borrow and the rate at which it is required to lend. The bookkeeping 'profit,' however, is nonexistent unless the maximum subsidies are charged annually to the taxpayers. It should be clear that what may appear as a departmental 'profit' may in reality result in a taxpayers' loss.

The testimony clearly indicates that neither Senators nor Representatives were satisfied with the soundness of the financial program of the USHA as interpreted by the Administrator.

In justice to Mr. Straus, let it be said that the office which he occupies is administrative, and that not he but Congress created the law setting the procedure under which the USHA was intended to operate. An Administrator of Housing is not expected to concern himself with why it has not been possible for industry to produce decent, safe, and

sanitary housing for persons of low income. An Administrator is expected to be an opportunist and, having received the mandate to go ahead, to produce the housing asked for without stopping to ask why others have failed.

Neither an Administrator of Housing nor a framer of housing legislation is expected to be a housing expert; nor is a political leader expected to delay action to take part in interminable theoretical disputes by experts. As a former state senator in New York, Mr. Straus has had sufficient political experience to know how legislation is framed. He assumed his administrative job in Washington with no illusions about the law under which he was asked to operate, even though he expressed enthusiasm for its purpose.

When enthusiasts are transformed into public officials, they become exceedingly cautious about protecting themselves against possible criticism. Some of the safeguards which an Administrator may want to make may be in conflict with the plans of those who have expected to benefit from Federal assistance. So disputes may be looked for between local and Federal authorities. Those who make plans for housing in the great city of New York may have counted on very different methods for overcoming their specific problems of overcrowded land and high building costs than the methods advocated by officials of smaller cities, whose chief problems are to get rid of flimsy shanties, clean out back alleys, and put in modern sanitation. There has been so much loose talk about what price ought to be paid for land for housing purposes that it is worth while to give the matter special emphasis here.

IV

It is unnecessary to tell an alert politician more than once that he is likely to be criticized if he allows government funds to be used to purchase high-priced land and thus enrich the very landlords from

whose grasp the housing campaign is supposed to liberate the poor rent payer. From such criticism an astute Administrator can easily protect himself. He may, for example, rule that no more than \$1.50 a square foot may be paid for land for a housing project to which Federal assistance is given. Certainly plenty of land can be bought at this price, even in the environs of Metropolitan New York.

The crux of the matter is the difference between raw land quoted at acreage rates and city lands, where the price reflects the cost of street improvements and needed community facilities. Since there are 43,560 square feet in an acre, it can readily be seen that 43,560 times \$1.50 is a very liberal price for land acquired in large tracts as acreage. Few owners feel they can refuse \$60,000 per acre to let farm or fallow land be turned into housing projects. In many of the smaller communities it has been found that outlying lands can readily be purchased far below the limits set. Farmers who have considered \$200 an acre a high price are eager to sell when they are offered a mere twenty cents a square foot. Land which has not been subdivided is usually quoted on an acreage basis, and farmers who are good at multiplication consider twenty cents a square foot, or \$8700 an acre, a very handsome price.

On the other hand, it can readily be seen that a price limitation of \$1.50 per square foot effectively prevents the owner of a shack or a tenement on a 25-by-100-foot city lot from realizing more than \$3750 for it, and thus protects the Administrator from the criticism that he has permitted exploiting landlords to enrich themselves. The public has learned that speculation in congested city real estate has something to do with high rents. The public is not yet on its guard against the speculative trickery which is practised upon it by confusing the price of raw land purchasable as acreage with the price of subdivided town lots which

have been fully serviced with streets, sewers, and water supply.

Congress has specifically permitted land cost to be counted as part of project cost. This may or may not have been wise. But Congress has left open to the Administrator the choice of means to be used for circumventing excessively high land costs, without exposing himself to the criticism of allowing existing owners to profiteer at the expense of the Government. Reference to Section 9 of the Housing Act of 1937 (Public No. 412) shows how broad this discretion was intended to be. It reads: 'Such loans [i.e. loans not in excess of 90 per cent of development cost] shall be *secured in such manner*, and shall be repaid within such period not exceeding sixty years, *as may be deemed advisable by the Authority*.'

Under this provision, had the Administrator deemed it advisable, he might have used his great power to finance improvements, to advance the technique of land assembly and large-scale planning. He need not have limited his procedure to existing methods of land acquisition. Nor need he have depended upon the limitations of the existing mortgage system as the sole means of security for the repayment of loans. The bonds of the local authority might have been secured upon the pledge of the revenue derived from each specific project, this revenue consisting of tenant rent supplemented by subsidy payments from the USHA. Local authorities might have been left free to assemble property by the means most advantageous in the specific case, whether through lease, purchase, or eminent domain.

It would be unfair to blame the eager draftmen of housing legislation for unfamiliarity with all the subtle points of land economics; but when legislative draftmen are wise enough to leave wide discretion to administrative officials, certainly criticism of an Administrator is justified when he imposes inflexible restrictions upon methods of land as-

sembly and stupid restrictions upon land price.

V

In contrast, there are undoubtedly other points where Congress has been arbitrary in the restrictions which have been imposed on housing policy. Although the Housing Act of 1937 has differentiated between the purpose of clearing slums and the purpose of furnishing housing for persons of low income, so anxious has Congress been to offer improved housing conditions to those who cannot pay economic rent that the restrictions imposed have increased the difficulties in the way of clearing slums. It is not fair to blame an Administrator for failure to devise a method of procedure capable of circumventing conflicting legislative limitations.

An Administrator might even expose himself to serious criticism for spending his time trying to do things in ways of his own devising. But again a way has been left open. A broad-minded Administrator should be on the alert for suggestions coming to him from local authorities, based upon definite experience with the conditions of cities of varying size, location, and character. A farsighted Federal Administrator should know how to make the most of constructive criticism by incorporating into his annual report to Congress a summary of suggestions in different parts of the United States. So it might have been possible to have others say for the Administrator what he could not with propriety suggest himself. It is altogether likely that the wider the range of suggestions, and the greater the tolerance with which these were reported to the Congress by the Administrator, in just such proportion would the impression have been created upon the Congress that the great difficulties of the problem were fully appreciated and were well on the way to being mastered by the Authority.

It has been characteristic of the American political system that the will of the

people is readily conveyed to both the executive and the legislative branch and that every opportunity is given to develop a type of political genius that is adaptable to changing conditions. Development of policy through legislation and improvements in administrative methods depend largely upon the alertness and the wisdom of local political leaders. Only a leader who lacked wisdom or one whose alertness had been dulled by vanity could miss the opportunity to utilize the timely criticisms and suggestions coming to him from local housing authorities. An alert intelligence is as essential in an Administrator as personal honesty. It is possible that a mistake was made when a deaf ear was turned to criticism, and when Congress was told that no changes in the law were needed and only an increase in the permitted limits of loans and subsidies was desired. At any rate, Mr. Straus's quarrel with Congress has been followed by the record of strained relationships between the USHA and local public-housing agencies, and the particularly flagrant series of disputes with the New York City Housing Authority, resulting in the resignation of the latter's Chairman, Mr. Rheinstein.

In justice to Mr. Straus, it should be pointed out that much of the cause for friction with local housing agencies may have seemed beyond his control. To appreciate the situation, it must be recalled that a prime reason for the initiation of the Federal Works Program and Federal aid for housing was the financial inability of cities to finance their own public works and housing projects. Most of the cities of the nation have lacked the resources to give stability to their housing authorities and to employ competent technicians. Although most state laws permit municipalities to grant the necessary revolving funds to incorporated housing authorities, local authorities have not received the much-needed initial financial assistance from the municipalities. Consequently, all over the

United States the local officials of housing authorities must look to Washington for the funds needed to make their work effective. The quickest way to get funds is to do whatever is asked by Washington.

The United States Housing Act of 1937 is entirely silent as to how comprehensive plans for slum clearance and for housing are to be prepared by localities. The Act does state distinctly, however, that at least 10 per cent of original project cost must be contributed by the locality. It would therefore have been in the power of the Administrator to assure the locality that the cost of adequate survey and specific plans would be counted as the first required contribution of the locality, and that no consideration could be given by Washington on loans unless indication had already been given that the locality was able to finance its own administrative staff and technical consultants.

Because no incentive has been given local planning and originality, all sorts of subterfuges have been used. In the City of New York, the Housing Authority has been forced to finance itself out of the sale of old brick secured from demolition projects sponsored by the WPA, and the needed services of an executive for the Housing Authority have been secured by appointing to the Authority at least one member holding a salaried job in the employ of the city. Consequently, although the tenure of office of members of the Authority is secured under the law, the compensation of the responsible officer has been kept subject to the pressure of political expediency as interpreted by the Mayor and the Board of Estimate. This has been directly contrary to the intent of the law, which prohibited city officials from entering into housing contracts and set up an independent corporate entity for the purpose.

The political expediency of getting as much out of Washington as possible has upset the Administration of the New

York Housing Authority, even to the point of forcing the resignation of a Chairman who has won universal approval for the ability with which he has handled the planning and construction of the largest housing projects yet undertaken in the United States.

Of course, again in fairness to Mr. Straus, it must be pointed out that in most of the cities in the United States there has been no long tradition for a better housing movement such as that existing in New York City, and that one of the Administrator's biggest tasks has been the stimulation of a desire for better housing in widely separated localities and widely differing conditions. Mr. Straus's task as a housing educator has been as onerous as his task as Administrator. A Division of Research and Information has been established with a staff of one hundred. Missionaries have been sent out to preach the need of better housing. District Supervisors and advisors have been set up to handle the promotional work in sections distant from Washington. This policy has had both advantages and disadvantages. Projects planned for local authorities by local architects have been forced to go through an increasingly tortuous and difficult course in order to secure approvals. While it must be recognized that there are indirect benefits to be derived from overstuffed governmental bureaus as training schools for housing experience, sympathy must be expressed for localities that are impatient because of delays due to overcomplicated administrative machinery.

In the single case of a local authority that has been organized with adequate funds, there has been collision between the administrative methods of the USHA and the policy of the local authority. The case of the Alley Dwelling Authority of the District of Columbia, although unique, is an example of what might take place had other cities in the United States been able to finance their local authorities in the way that Con-

gress specifically financed the Alley Dwelling Authority in the District.

It has been the policy of the Alley Dwelling Authority to acquire land in unsanitary inhabited alleys and to replat, replan, and rebuild. Its executive officer, Mr. Ihler, has taken pride in conducting operations on an economic basis and in making its rents reflect the true cost of operation and finance.

After the passage of the Housing Act of 1937, the desire was expressed to maintain the rents in all projects at the economic rate required to pay costs of operation and financing, but to utilize contributions from the USHA to permit the acceptance in the houses of the Alley Dwelling Authority of low-income families removed from unfit homes or families in need of rehabilitation. Therefore the proposal was made to accept the annual 'contributions' from the USHA, but to apply these as aids to families of lowest income in such a way as to permit them to live in improved housing, but not to upset the fact-revealing book-keeping established by the Alley Dwelling Authority for its projects. This reasonable proposal of the Alley Dwelling Authority seemed to come in conflict with the policy of the USHA. After long, patient negotiation, which was possible because the Alley Dwelling Authority is located on Mr. Straus's doorstep, the local authority was able to reach an understanding with Administrator Straus.

VI

It was obviously the intent of Congress that the public should be kept aware of operating costs and methods employed both by the USHA and by local authorities, because Section 7 of the Act specifically requires an annual report by the Authority to be made to Congress each January, and such report is required to include the operating statements of all projects under the jurisdiction of or receiving the assistance of the Authority, including summaries of

the income of occupants, size of families, rentals, and other related information.

The Alley Dwelling Authority had to fight to be permitted to keep its books so as to reveal its true costs. In view of the intent of Congress, it is difficult to understand why so little is known about the financial and economic status of other projects operated or assisted by the USHA, especially those which were constructed under the former Housing Division of the Public Works Administration. Many of these have been leased to local public-housing agencies.

In the case of the specific projects, Williamsburg Houses in Brooklyn and Harlem River Houses in Manhattan, the contract provides for a base rental which was calculated to be the expected difference between the cost of operation and the rents received from tenants, with the proviso that, if more was earned, it was to be paid over to the USHA by the local authority as 'additional rent.' For the period ending October 31, 1938, the base rent on these two projects, due under the contract, was \$295,153. The New York City Housing Authority, through economies in management, which it had itself effected, paid over to the USHA an additional supplementary rent of \$119,338.28. The local authority has never been able to discover whether this surplus payment has been credited to amortization for its account, or whether the credit has been used to offset deficits that have been rumored in the operation of projects in other cities. To the best of the writer's knowledge, no accurate bookkeeping statement has been sent to Congress, as required by law, giving accurate information as to capital costs and operations for each project 'under the jurisdiction of or receiving assistance from the USHA.' Honest bookkeeping is the cornerstone of a public trust. Candor and intelligence are essential to the maintenance of public confidence.

It is known that experience has made it possible to bring down original construction costs in some of the recent projects. The architects of these have been allowed a freer hand, and many of the unnecessary protective and costly requirements have been reduced. In this particular, Mr. Straus deserves the credit for yielding to the insistence of Chairman Rheinstein that his designing architects and engineers should be freed from the restrictive rulings by bureau and division heads in Washington which hampered those who worked for the former Housing Division. This marks a great gain, as the writer can testify from his personal experience. It is not conducive to economy of design to receive orders to provide bunkers for the storage of a full year's supply of coal and then to install complete oil-burning equipment. It is not economy to be so insistent on Federal standards for incinerator specifications that the space allowances required interfere with typical floor arrangements and produce undesirable partition locations and column spacings.

VII

It is nearly a year since Administrator Straus went before Congress and asked for an increase in his appropriation. When the Congress of 1940 receives the renewal of Mr. Straus's request, it will be interesting to observe the attitude of the Administrator. Because of the significance of the questioning of Mr. Straus before the Congressional committees a year ago, his current requests will undoubtedly be carefully studied, and the economic soundness of the financial methods pursued will again be subjected to close scrutiny.

In view of the confused ideas about 'interest profit' which were revealed in the previous hearings before Congress and the repeated failure to account for operation costs, it will undoubtedly be a matter of curiosity at the present session of Congress to discover the

exact status of operation of existing projects.

Congress has voted several times to make public housing an accepted national policy. Even if housing comes home to Congress as a prodigal, it does not mean that Congress will disown housing. The people, however, have a right to require in an Administrator a capacity to grasp the problem with a sympathetic understanding of the difficulties involved, plus an intelligence equal to the task of varying procedure in such a way as to cope with differing local conditions.

There can be no popular objection to the granting of governmental subsidies for such a worthy cause as the clearance of the blighted areas in our cities and assistance for the building of homes where the unfortunates now badly housed can be given a taste of really American standards of life. But the Senators and Representatives who will report upon a new appropriation will in-

sist upon assurances that the bookkeeping of the United States Housing Authority is conducted in such a way that the people know what their housing program is costing them. The people have a right to require scrupulous accuracy that will show not only the original capital cost of housing enterprise but the annual cost of carrying and operating housing projects. The people will want to see the difference, which must be made up in annual subsidies, between the actual cost of operation and the reduced rents which the low-income group who are admitted to housing projects are able to pay. If the Administrator and his assistants are not able to show a sounder grasp of financial principles than was exhibited in the hearings last year, it will be extremely unlikely that a Congress which is growing increasingly awake to the public demand for sound business methods in government can be cajoled into signing a blank check.

'REALLY YOU AMERICANS'

BY L. F. GRANT

To the December *Atlantic* Walter Brooks contributed an amusing short story about English and American sparrows entitled 'Really You Americans.' Now from Canada comes this pertinent corollary. At a time when propaganda has filled the air with suspicion, the *Atlantic* believes that such give-and-take can only lead to a firmer understanding. — THE EDITOR

HUBERT felt quite satisfied with himself after Soames left. 'I told that limey where he got off at,' he said to another sparrow who was evidently looking for a place to spend the night. 'Indeed you did,' replied the stranger; 'you kept your temper and you made him lose his, and he couldn't think of anything to say.' The stranger was an elderly bird, and had only one wing.

'Visitor in the city?' asked Hubert. 'Yes, on my way through to Florida,' said the other. 'My name is Hubert, and this is my wife,' said Hubert, introducing Enid; 'where are you from?' 'Name is Johnny, and I live on the north shore of Lake Ontario,' said the stranger; 'how do you do, Mrs. Hubert.' 'A Canadian sparrow!' exclaimed Enid; 'how nice to meet you. We had a lovely trip in Canada last summer; we saw several of those wonderful mounted police birds, and those five dear little sparrows that were all hatched at once.'

Johnny's face gleamed with pleasure at Enid's friendliness. 'What else did you see in Canada?' he asked. 'Why, I didn't know there *was* anything else in Canada,' said Enid; 'is there?'

'Well, we had a grand time,' said Hubert, who felt that Enid had not said just the right thing. 'We liked the

people so much. Of course Canadian sparrows are exactly like American, aren't they?' 'It had to come sooner or later, didn't it?' said Johnny. 'What do you mean?' asked Enid. 'Well, Mrs. Hubert,' Johnny replied, 'I know about two hundred sparrows from the United States, top-notch chaps every one of 'em, but every one of 'em has told me sometime or other that Canadian sparrows are just the same as American.' 'But don't you *like* to be told you're the same as Americans?' asked Enid in astonishment. 'I like it just the way you liked Soames's saying that you and Hubert are just the same as English sparrows,' answered Johnny.

'How did you lose your wing?' asked Hubert, feeling that it was wise to change the subject. 'I lost it in the last mix-up with the starlings,' said the Canadian sparrow. 'My father was in that, too,' Hubert said; 'there were a lot of American sparrows in it; in fact, they won it.' 'So a lot of them have told me,' said Johnny.

'But of course,' Hubert went on, 'there won't be any more of us in any more of those rows. You see, we're idealists, and we went into that fight for idealism, and we got disillusioned, because there aren't any other idealists in the world.' 'Sure, I know you're idealists,' Johnny said; 'didn't I just

hear one of the bobolinks ask Soames what there was in it for you when Soames asked him to help in this scrap?' 'Oh, of course if you want to be sarcastic —' began Hubert. 'Let it go,' said Johnny.

'Well, anyhow,' Hubert said, 'this time not one sparrow will go to any starling war from America. We're going to mind our own business.' 'Fine,' said Johnny, 'when do you begin?' 'What do you mean?' asked Hubert huffily. 'Ask Colonel Lindbergh,' replied Johnny. 'But you're wrong on this America stuff, Hubert; a lot of sparrows have gone from America already; in fact,' — and Johnny's face grew a little grim, — 'my kid went last week.' 'Oh, you mean from Canada; I said from America,' said Hubert. 'Well, Canada was in America when I left it two days ago,' said Johnny mildly. 'Geographically you may be right,' replied Hubert, 'but actually there are no Americans except us, and no America outside of the good old U. S.; or at least we don't recognize any. But at all events, Johnny, there's one thing you may be sure of; we will protect you if any starlings actually attack this continent.' 'So we've heard a good many times,' said Johnny, 'and (to use an expression of your own) frankly, Hubert, it's beginning to bore us. At present, so far as North Ameri-

cans are concerned, we're doing the protecting, and you're doing the promising.'

'Stop,' broke in Enid. 'Hubert, I've listened to you talking to Soames; and Johnny, I've listened to you talking to Hubert, and neither of you has proved anything except that a man can always win a sparrow argument when he writes both sides of it himself.'

'Shucks, Mrs. Hubert,' said Johnny, 'Hubert and I don't mean a thing; we're just chaffing each other.' 'Why, we're just beginning to enjoy ourselves,' said Hubert.

'You can enjoy yourselves after dinner,' said Enid firmly; 'now come along, both of you.'

Two hours later Johnny rose to take his leave. 'Well, Enid,' he said, 'it's all settled, then. You and Hubert will come up and spend a couple of weeks with us next June, and you and my wife can go and see whether the five little sparrows are growing, and Hubert and I will go fishing.' 'Yes,' said Enid, 'that will be lovely. And oh, Johnny, your boy — I hope — I mean, the starlings —'

Johnny turned away. Like Soames, he couldn't think of anything to say. But for another reason. Because these days a Canadian sparrow is pretty thankful that he lives beside decent kindly American sparrows, and not starlings.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Essayists, old and young, are invited to compete for membership in the Club. A prize of \$250 will be awarded each month for the most distinguished essay of a thousand words. The award for February goes to Henri Roser, a French Protestant pastor who has just been imprisoned for refusal to serve in the French Army. A conscientious objector, he is the General Secretary of La Reconciliation, the French branch of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation.

COMMUNION

THE night was nearly over, one of those long nights passed in a railway train, when the hardness of the seats and the passing to and fro of fellow travelers make it impossible to sleep; we had left Cracow during the evening, and about one o'clock in the morning we had had to go through customs formalities and have our passports inspected. These unpleasant memories were now fading, but they left behind them a feeling of loneliness such as one often experiences abroad at the end of long and tedious hours of wakefulness in the midst of strangers.

In the sky the last clouds of night were stealing away before the rising sun. The hills were being crested with light. The valley through which our train was passing showed signs of awakening. It was the hour of the Angelus. I opened my New Testament.

But I had counted too much on my powers of resistance. Scarcely had I begun to read — I am ashamed to admit it! — when I dozed off. And the New Testament fell to the floor.

Immediately I started up. But, quicker than I, a woman dressed in the great coat and silk scarf of a Russian peasant, who was sitting opposite me, stooped down and picked up the little book. To my surprise, she did not hand it back to me, but started to examine it closely, then to turn its leaves. Obviously she was trying to discover what it might be.

Suddenly she stood up. Out of her hamper, carefully wedged on the rack above her seat, she took from between a loaf and some cheese a thick book, bound in red leather, and old with use: a Bible.

The other four travelers were watching her, their curiosity aroused. She opened her Bible and searched for a passage. Then I saw her take my New Testament in her hands.

Comparing the proper names and the numbers, she found the French text corresponding to her Russian text. Then, without letting go of the little book, she held it out to me, pointing out a word with her finger and questioning me with her eyes. I read 'disciples,' at the beginning of the conversation of Jesus with the Samaritan woman (St. John iv. 8). I nodded. And her face became bright.

She took the New Testament again, and as before, first in the Russian Bible, then in the French text, she sought another word. And she showed me in verse 42 of the same chapter, 'Saviour.' Anxiously she asked me — her expression was easy to read — whether Jesus was my Saviour. Again I nodded. And her whole face became illumined.

Then I took the two books in my hands, and in the same way looked out in the Bible the salutation of an epistle: 'Grace to you and peace from God our Father and from our Lord Jesus Christ.' When at length she comprehended these words, her features became more radiant than the morning which was breaking in all its glory.

She drew from her great coat a large woolen pocketbook, opened it, and took from it a paper which she held out to me: it was clearly a certificate of baptism, duly initialed, and bearing the seal of some Ukrainian Church. Another paper: it was a work contract issued by the French Ministry, authorizing her to come to the North of France as a servant — in the house of a pastor friend of mine!

At this moment a man who had been standing in the corridor came back and sat down. He was a Ukrainian miner who had already worked in France and could thus serve as interpreter to some extent. But it was scarcely necessary now. We had said all that really mattered.

And the others who were traveling with us had felt it — the German lady, the Czech

noncommissioned officer, the young Polish married couple. They had followed all this pantomime, and had gradually understood what was happening. The compartment was full of the invisible Presence.

Thanks to a common faith, — which, I think you will agree, is not so much consent to one and the same doctrine as communion of each soul with Jesus Christ and of all in Jesus Christ, — I experienced that morning, as never before, the absolute and magnificent reality of the 'communion of saints,' which it is quite impossible to think of breaking by responding to any call whatever to war. Beyond the earthly barriers of nationality, of race, of language, of culture, in spite of the shortness of time and the tumult of a journey, He who is our life and the head of the Church had united us in the higher life and as members of His body.

HENRI ROSER

VERMONT SPEAKING

IN a season that brings forth a plague of cutworms we ask a neighborhood farmer how these underground pests are treating his kitchen garden. He snaps: 'They've overreached themselves. They've got every last row so thinned out that, by Christopher, they starve to death getting from one plant to the next.'

At an auction on the River Road a woman in the crowd asks whether the crock being displayed for bids is clean inside. The auctioneer — another neighbor — freezes in a dramatic pose and tells her with hauteur: 'Madam, that crock is as sweet and clean as a schoolmarm's ear.'

One of the summer residents whose roadside was stripped by the Big Blow of 1938 asks a permanent resident how long it takes to season that incombustible wood, elm. The answer, in a quiet drawl: 'Oh, about two-three years — if you keep it in the fireplace.' And a householder working up a two-hundred-year-old rock maple in the wake of the same disaster, with many a moan about how hard the ancient trunk splits, is instantly told in the proverbial wisdom of the region: 'All the better wood; it warms you twice.'

Our village plumber, being asked whether a notoriously miserly landlord has complained about the size of the bill for thawing

a tenant's frozen drain, replies: 'Yes, the old fellow came around, rusting and creaking.' And the old stock joke about the dilatoriness of plumbers and other artisans long ago got itself translated into another regional semi-proverb: 'It's a mean man that wouldn't even promise.'

A young mother, after driving her three-year-old at a cautious crawl down an icy hill road, speeds up on the main turnpike and, when the child wants to know why the difference, explains: —

'This road is used by people going to Barre, and, as you can see, it has been carefully sanded. The hill road is only used by people going home, and I dare say nothing will be done to it for days. You must understand, my child, that it is considered pretty important that people shall get to Barre, but not at all important that people shall get home.'

One of our farmers, hag-ridden by back taxes, goes in for raising hogs on a scale, only to find at butchering time that the prices obtainable for dressed pork will not begin to square the cost of producing it. He raves and splutters bitterly, but humor comes out on top, as ever, and he ends: 'Why, it'd be cheaper to sit up nights and eat the stuff.'

Even the small rascalities of the region are entertaining to the bystander, sometimes even to the victim, for they are generally conducted with picturesque and ingenious verbal genuflections toward the ways of probity. The seller of a cow so cantankerous that five men could not milk her — not if they used block-and-tackle and an anæsthetic — will brag to the customer: 'Man, you'll never be able to get all of her milk into one pail.' The town drunk, devoid of both cash and credit, negotiates the daily exchange of a chicken for his gallon of hard cider. After a week or so it comes over the seller that his flock shows no increase, and he correctly deduces that old Naaman has been borrowing the chicken from it nightly in order to return her with a flourish by daylight. Taxed with his bare-faced mendacities, the son of Belial protests with hurt dignity: 'No, sir, I never told you a single lie. Every time I was good and careful to say, "Well, sir, there's your chicken." And' — the crow of triumphant virtue and superior verbal resources — 'she *was* your chicken, wasn't she?'

The fact is, the preëminent indoor and out-

door sport hereabout is talk. It is the universal amusement — and not entirely, be sure, because a majority of us are too poor to go in for diversions that require a little cash outlay. Some of us had rather, as the saying goes, talk than eat; and most of us, including all the good talkers, had rather listen. Our ears are sharpened for the unexpected twist of speech, the disarming fillip, and almost every casual exchange produces it. We wait for it, seize upon and repeat it far and wide.

Half the profit and all the pleasure of the dickering, hoss-swapping technique for which we are famous — or notorious — derive from the whetting of wits in dialogue; and, unlike those whose minutes are money, we never begrudge the highly educational hours expended on a deal that falls through. One of the most mournful valedictories I have ever heard was pronounced upon a widely respected personage with whom no one had ever succeeded in chaffering, though all had tried. (For that very reason he seemed like an outlander throughout his lifetime in our midst.) He was a man who silently made up his mind just what he would give for a thing he wanted, offered that outright once for all, and, if it were refused, forthwith shoved the whole matter out of his thoughts. 'He was,' said my informant, 'a fine man, and everybody thought the world of him. But it never took any time at all to trade with him.'

A highway such as ours, twisting up one narrow river valley and over a bleak height-of-land to twist down another, is 'uphill all the way both ways.' If we have our hands full for the moment, we are 'busier than a cat with two mice.' Something so near as to make no difference is 'within a frog's eyelash.' The cosmopolitan visitor who patronizes us for our rustic crudity and narrow outlook is 'spitting on us to see if we can swim.'

Subtleties of intonation also retain among us an importance that they have largely lost where language is more an affair of print, or oral exchange among persons who have not known each other intimately for years. There is, for instance, the simple word 'housekeeper.' It signifies the woman of either of two radically different kinds of establishment: that in which the work is merely done for hire, and that in which the man has a deputy (or auxiliary) wife outside

technical wedlock. No one ever pays any overt attention to the difference, but the word has faintly contrasted inflections for the two meanings. Hearing either, we know instantly what the speaker means, though no outsider would ever guess.

WILSON FOLLETT

SONG, FROM THE GULF

LOVE from a source admired
Gives a fine pleasure,
Music and measure
Sweetly combining,
Sweet to the sense:
Who, in her senses,
Who, in his mind,
Wants other token
Once having taken
Seizure of this?

Some, who lack choosing,
Drink a dark water,
Brackish and bitter
Drawn from a shrinking pool,
Salt as the sea:
Love, out of season,
Is a poor food,
But, duly taken,
By the same token,
Sustenance is.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

DEATH BY WATER

I HAVE not seen the wind.
But I have seen the dun,
The printed, skeleton
Of wind upon the sand.

The ribbed and shelly shore
Where wind has lain, alone
Retains the shape, like stone,
Of her and of her hair.

The ripples that have reached
Wherever she has stepped,
And found her as she slept,
Are not to be escaped.

What never has been stilled,
What never has been seen,
With fingers that are green,
White foam has caught and held.

MARTHA KELLER

THE STATE OF THE LANGUAGE

'For the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat'

MAIL-ORDER ENGLISH IS PLENTY SWISHY

THE great and ramified house of Sears, Roebuck and Co. (Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Atlanta, Memphis, Dallas, Los Angeles, Seattle) last fall broadcast one of its periodic seasonal catalogues for what it called a 'Back-to-School and Harvest Event.' (You will doubtless have observed that what used to be a crass and lowly mark-down sale is now an *event*; also that its individual items have become *values* or *numbers*, as in 'this snappy little *number*.') One of the snappiest little numbers listed therein is a piece of footgear called the *Swingaroo* — a name possibly compounded of *swing* plus *kangaroo* — and further explained by the subcaption *Jitterbug Sensation*. It is worthily hymned in the following prose poem:

Your feet come in for the biggest share of attention when you're swingin' in the groove to a hep-cat tune. They've got to be fast and free. They've got to be fresh and comfortable, no matter how fast the action. You can keep 'em in step with 'Swingeroos' [the mail-order trade name is often differently spelled in caption and copy] — they're made for comfort and for hard wear. And they'll take all the punishment you can give 'em. Plenty swishy, too, with lots of funny sayings printed on the natural color bark-tanned leather uppers. You'll bounce with every drum-beat in the firm-gripping crepe rubber soles and heels.

Among the funny sayings shown as printed on the natural color bark-tanned leather uppers are *Hotsy Totsy*, *Take a Powder*, *Baloni*, *Lam*, *Your [You're?] Out*, *I'll Mow Ya Down*, *In the Doghouse*, and *Aw Nerts*. One of the metal-rimmed eyelets is labeled *Porthole*, and to another an arrow refers the mot *A Great Tie-Up*. On this union of mere footwear with pithy reading matter the last word is: 'At this low price, you'll not want to be without them another day.'

Meanwhile, by school and tutor, by textbook and library, by precept and examination and example, we encourage our young to enjoy good reading, to respect sound speech, to know decent writing when they see it and become able to do it themselves.

THE DRAGNET

BY, WITH. A member of the banking profession who believes (as I do) that 'old-fashioned English grammar, with all its faults, had value' writes to call attention to 'the habitual misuse' of these two prepositions. He says: —

I was taught that *by* denotes the actor, and *with* the instrument. 'The dog was killed *by* a man *with* a club.' The misuse usually occurs after passive verbs, but in many of these illustrations the verb is active.

He then cites a number of contexts from Sloane's *Life of Napoleon*, Trevelyan's *George III and Charles James Fox*, Van Tyne's *War of Independence*, and *Our New Ways of Thinking*, by George Boas; e.g., 'when a nail is struck *by* a hammer,' 'Fox began *by* a powerful justification,' 'hit on the head *by* a brick,' 'Mrs. Greene celebrated the occasion *by* a dance.'

Possibly [he concludes] I am making a mountain out of a molehill, but it seems to me that attention to these little details is a mark of the discriminating user of English. I read very few books whose pages are not littered with what seems to me to be a misuse of *by*. — CHARLES C. WHITE, *Cleveland, Ohio*

My own discrimination may be defective here, but I am unable to go quite so far as my correspondent does, though I should be the last to call his point a molehill. The Webster on my table tells me that '*by* emphasizes the idea of agency; *with*, that of instrument.' There is an area in which *with* is nearly or quite obligatory ('hit on the head *with* a brick'), and another in which *by* is as clearly called for ('a telegraph key pressed *by* the Chief Executive'). But between them there is a misty mid-region, possibly more extensive than either, in which we have a legitimate option. Mr. White discountenances Trevelyan's 'good fame bespattered *by* calumnies'; but is it not exactly of a piece with 'hating even the garment spotted *by* the flesh,' in the Epistle of Jude? 'They overcame him *by* the blood of the Lamb, and *by* the word of their testimony' (Revelation XII. 11): is not that logically and rhetorically equal to Van Tyne's 'overwhelmed them *by* the roars which so frightened his Boswell'?

And then we must not forget the illogical potency of idiom. We speak of going *by* train, bus, airplane, and the object of the preposition is clearly instrument, not actor. It is useful to perceive that *with* 'emphasizes the idea of' instrument, but as soon as you assert that it *means* the idea of instrument and nothing else, or that *by* cannot denote instrument at all, you have put your foot into a trap. In language as elsewhere we have to distinguish between a broad tendency and an absolute law.

FLAIR. One small but conclusive proof that the *Atlantic* is widely read with a microscope is the number of times my mail has confronted me with Mr. Alexander Woollcott's remarks in the *Reader's Digest* on this borrowing from the French. I earned the demonstration, quite outside this department, by describing a boy as having 'a *flair* for mathematics.' The first reproach to reach me was contained in a letter to the *Atlantic* itself. After quoting my use of the word it went on: —

Mr. Woollcott says: 'On the lips of anyone who cares enough about his vocabulary to keep it in good working condition, *flair* . . . can only mean a capacity to detect. . . . Yet within the past five years there has spread like the flu the foul habit of using it interchangeably with *knack* or *aptitude* or *gift*.' What does the *Atlantic* say? — GERTRUDE W. PAGE, *Los Angeles, California*

The *Atlantic* was good enough to say that I had been quite within my dictionary rights ('taste combined with aptitude; liking; bent') and that even the French word is listed in one dictionary as meaning *acumen*, *keenness*, as well as *scent*. This is presumably enough to excuse me from joining Mr. Woollcott's proposed 'society of which the members agree to shoot — and shoot to kill — all persons caught misusing the word *flair*.' Is it, however, enough to justify my continuing to use the word in the way he objects to? Not according to my own principles of clean writing, which require (1) that we conscientiously spare the reader avoidable anguish and (2) that, having the option, we hold words to what they naturally and centrally mean, eschewing the uses that are no better than defensible or permissive. I shall not shoot anybody for claiming his technical right to either use of *flair*, but Mr. Woollcott and his vigilantes may stand *me* against the wall if I use it again in the way that rasps them. I had rather give up forever a round hundred better words than *flair*, all of them admissible, than jar without need the sensibilities of anyone who cares enough about words to have pet aversions of which he can set down a cogent account. That is where I part company with some of our fashionable libertarians in language. They think English is most strengthened by all manner of ingenious extensions and proliferations of meaning. I think it is most strengthened, at any rate at the present time, by accuracy, selection, self-criticism, and self-discipline — all of which imply and include judicious renunciation.

WILSON FOLLETT

More Truth Than Poetry

The Atlantic serial
BY *Hans Zinsser*



CHAPTERS VII—XIII



MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

THE BIOGRAPHY OF R. S.

BY
Hans Zinsser

'More Truth Than Poetry' is the story of an American who all his life followed two careers — the scientific career of a doctor, fighting to avert plagues, and the career of a scholar and poet.

In Serbia in 1914–1915, in the American Army in France, in Russia, Mexico, and China, he has fought as a scientist. At Columbia, Leland Stanford, Harvard, the Sorbonne, and universities in China and Japan, he has passed on his knowledge and skill to students and colleagues. To larger audiences he has, through philosophy and poetry, expressed his knowledge of men and languages, of science and the humanities.

In the first installment of his biography of his *alter ego*, R. S., he describes with tenderness and admiration his German parents, his early religious experiences, his school and college life, his love affairs. At Columbia he fell under the spell of poetry and philosophy, as illuminated by George Edward Woodberry, and of biology as it was defined by Edmund B. Wilson and Bashford Dean. Graduating from the laboratory, he went out to the Western plains, where he had his initial experience of anthropology, and so took the first tentative step in that career which was to lead him to the plague spots of the world.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

BY HANS ZINSSER

VII

THIS biography of R. S. would be far from complete without some account of his student life in Paris. Let him in his own words describe those golden days: —

Flowers blooming in the Luxembourg gardens and little bare-kneed children throwing colored balls to and fro. Under the trees on the terrace, old men playing very scientific croquet to an admiring gallery. Across the *allée*, a guignol, with Lilliputian chairs and benches for audiences that never tired of seeing the venerable but thrilling story of the 'Brigands de Fontainebleau.' The paths full of comfortable strollers, some of them with moth-eaten beards, velvet trousers, and wide black hats; and, on the benches, happy couples that cared not at all whether they were seen kissing each other.

Spring in the Luxembourg gardens; twenty-one, and the head full of Villon, Ronsard and Verlaine, Dumas and Victor Hugo! These were the gardens through which the little Anatole France had skipped to school 'like a sparrow' — hands in his pockets, a pack of books on his back. And here, as a young man, he sat on a bench to marvel at the extremes of genius which the French spirit can produce, as he saw walk by, first, the austere mathematician, Raymond Poincaré, stiff and formal in his black coat; and, a little later, Verlaine and his disreputable companions, after a night in a neighboring wine cellar. Here walked the shades of Henri Quatre,

of Diderot, of Voltaire, of Danton, of Murger, and of countless others.

Now that I have come to know French thought and the French people through many years of close association, and am irritated by their faults as I am charmed by their virtues, Paris is to me only the most civilized city in the world. In those enchanted days, it was for me the city of romantic history, of revolutionary fervor, of political exiles, and of poets and painters. I walked the same pavements on which d'Artagnan and Cyrano had strutted, in a wide feathered hat, and with a rapier at my side; in every pretty shopgirl I saw a Louise or a Mimi, in every dilapidated, bewhiskered art student an Alfred de Musset or a young Rimbaud. Heine and George Sand and Chopin were my neighbors, and Balzac and Alfred de Vigny lived around the corner. On every street I saw the pageant of great events parade before my imagination, without taking sides, in that happy irresponsibility one feels for the past; and the aristocrats who jested in the *conciergerie* cellar were not less heroes to me than Desmoulins and Danton.

I had a room giving on a garden in a house behind the Trocadéro. Roses were in bloom, and a cherry tree; and there was a warm fragrance of box and gooseberry bushes. Every morning I had a French lesson from my landlady, a cultivated spinster of the terrifying age of forty. She had a pointed nose, a little moustache, and a mole with hair on the

end of her chin. We had our lesson, with coffee and *croissants*, in the garden; and we read Fénelon's *Télémaque*, and odds and ends of Pascal's *Pensées*, for she was very pious. But she was an old romantic, too, for I shall never forget the emotion with which she read the opening lines of *Télémaque*, in which Calypso bewails her immortality because Ulysses is gone, never to return. And we read *Cyrano* with fervor and compassion. I suspected a personal sorrow, but it was probably my own state of mind.

After the daily lesson, I would walk, across the bridge, over to the Petit-Luxembourg, where the École Coloniale was giving courses in nineteenth-century French literature, in political history (here I heard the learned Thalamas), and in phonetics — a course in which we repeated for criticism such ingenious phrases as '*Paul et Pierre, appuyant le parapluie contre le parapet du pont, ne parlent presque pas,*' and so on.

In the afternoons I would saunter into the garden, or take a *mouche* up the river, or walk for exercise in the Bois until the mellow afternoon dusk faded into darkness and the cafés became brilliant with light.

The world is always as young and as happy, or as old and as unhappy, as we are. I was in a state of being constantly in love, not only with every pretty girl I saw, but with the city and the people and with the sensation of being in love. Indeed, like Heine, I even fell in love with the beautiful Milo and regretted her lack of arms. Much later, during the years after the war, when I saw hordes of underbred Americans drinking and chattering till all hours of the night in the cafés along Montparnasse, finding in Paris only the opportunities for playing at Bohème and pretending to see genius in any artistic eccentricity that could be exploited without hard work, utterly untouched by the strong heartbeat of this country rising from its knees with wounds still bleeding, I was glad that I had been there as a youth. And I was

glad, as I associated with French students, scientists, and teachers, that the real life of Paris, the life of the people and their intellectual leaders, was going on essentially uninfluenced by the barbarian invasion. Parts of the Left Bank were merely set aside as a sort of ghetto for American Pernodians, where they could disport themselves temporarily until the franc should rise and the visitors be reclaimed by Greenwich Village, Kansas City, and other points west.

A few of these Americans, of course, worked hard, were stimulated to productive labors by their European experiences, and eventually came through. Very few, however, either wished or had the opportunity to enter into the intellectual or artistic life of France, but spent their precious months utterly unconscious of the treasures that the centuries had here accumulated for their taking. Most of my compatriots reminded me of two engineer officers I had known during the war, who for two months after the Armistice lived in the basement of a ruined house in Thiaucourt drinking bad whiskey, without knowing until too late that under their feet, accessible by a trap door, there was a cave filled with bottles of Chablis, Nuits-St.-Georges, and old, old cognac.

That summer I saw the parade at Auteuil to celebrate the return of Marchand from Fashoda. He marched with his company of Senegalese, escorted by the garrison of Paris, and was acclaimed the young Napoleon. There were riots in the crowd about the Dreyfus business; blows and shouts of '*Conspuez les juifs!*' and calm cleaning up by the unhurried and silently effective 'agents.' That night the streets were lighted; cabs — each with a garlanded, coal-black Colonial soldier and two or three white girls — rambled through the streets; and bands played on the corners. I danced on the Place Voltaire with my good friend the fat wife of the *patron* of a

restaurant-bar opposite the Odéon. She was still alive last year, and greeted me with a hug.

Although these were not the days of the artistic Bohème made famous by Murger, Paris was then — as always — full of students of all nationalities, most of them hard-up, who lived in little furnished rooms in the narrow streets near the Sorbonne, the Faculté de Médecine, and the Beaux-Arts. They were not tourists, and they had to be reasonably sober to do the hard work that was required to keep them in good standing. But they were gay and free and different from students anywhere else in the world. There was, and is even today, a residue of the spirit of the mediæval student life in Paris. That things have not essentially changed I learned when, teaching a few years ago at the Faculté de Médecine, I renewed my youth many a merry evening, in the cafés and the *salles de garde* of the hospitals, with the postwar generation of medical students and their friends.

At the time of which I was speaking, there was an architectural student who lived with another American on a little street running into the Rue de l'Université. His rooms were on the third floor, and under him the proprietress of the first-floor shop had on her window sill a goldfish tank in which she kept several fish and a very small turtle. These were the delights of her leisure moments, sharing her affections with her old husband and her cat. My friend, leaning out of his window on mellow evenings, smoking his pipe, could look down directly into the tank, and he often watched her as she broke bread crumbs for her pets, muttering terms of endearment. On such an evening he suddenly conceived a brilliant idea. The next day he went to the fish market and bought a series of six turtles, ranging in size from one like a five-franc silver piece to one about six inches across. At the same time he bought wire, a bit of cheesecloth, and a bamboo fishing pole, which he

smuggled into his rooms after dark and from which he fashioned himself a very small scoop net.

Each day after that, very early in the morning, he would lean out of his window, fish out the old lady's turtle, and put in a bigger one. The first exchange she didn't notice. When the second one went in, this time about three inches across, she looked surprised, but only said: '*Tiens! Tiens!*' When the third one appeared, she began to show signs of excitement. First she called her husband; then the neighbor's wife; gradually the other neighbors. There were animated discussions. The *facteur* offered advice; said she was feeding too heavily. The fourth turtle changed the place into a public sensation. The old lady began to tell people her system. The fifth one, about five inches across the top, started a riot — not without some tragedy, for this turtle began to chew the fish. The old man bought a separate small tank for the sole surviving goldfish. A reporter from the *Paris-Midi* came in and wrote a story. It was a headliner. Madame Perrier became famous. She was interviewed, and it was said that her husband would be decorated.

The architect never put in the sixth turtle — the tank wasn't quite large enough. But he had a still more brilliant idea. He now began to make the turtles small again. He skipped the fourth one — took it out and let it loose in the Seine. He put in the third, which diminished the animal to half-size in a single night. Now the excitement really began. An official from the Jardin des Plantes paid a visit. He pulled at his beard, wagged his head, and, being from Rouen, said: '*C'est vraiment cocasse.*' The shop did an enormous business. All the children of the neighborhood came in for *sucres d'orge* and had a look without extra charge. My friend skipped to the original beast and destroyed the evidence in his washbasin, putting the remaining turtles into his pocket and

carrying them out to the Bois. When he came home that night, he stopped in to see the turtle. Madame Perrier had become a national heroine. She had given her magic turtle to the man from the Jardin des Plantes for observation.

VIII

After graduation from college, R. S. had considerable difficulty in choosing a career. Although his early ambitions had been in the direction of literature, he lost some of his self-confidence in this regard. As a consequence of his own recognition of the very low quality of a booklet of poems which, together with his friend W. A. Bradley, he had privately published, he questioned his talent for a writer's career, not without a permanently wistful desire in this direction, and turned to his second love, biology, in which he discovered — to his surprise — a romantic appeal hardly less potent than that which had at first attracted him to the arts. With Professor Bashford Dean, R. S. had his first introduction into research, and learned the incomparable satisfaction that lies in the exploration of the unknown, even when the problem is a small one — the application of reasoning, controlled imagination, and precision of technique to the study of natural phenomena. On his trip to Texas, he had had a look-in on geology and palæontology, and the broad vision of Edmund B. Wilson, who was at that time engaged in those classical studies of chromosomes and cell division by which he paved the way to scientific genetics, aroused an enthusiasm in R. S. hardly second to that stimulated toward literature by Woodberry.

His teachers advised him to study medicine. He was twenty years old, and they believed that four years of rigid discipline in a medical school would mature him and lead him naturally into fields of medical biology for which they thought he was fitted.

As a matter of fact, R. S. always held that medical training has for certain types of people a ripening influence that no other field of education possesses. Aside from the habits of hard work that it demands, it embraces a broad survey of the biological field, enforces a considered correlation of the fundamental sciences, and, on the human side, brings the thoughtful student face to face with the emotional struggles, the misery, the courage and cowardice, of his fellow creatures — to say nothing of the familiarity it gives him with sociological conditions, vice, crime, and poverty. There is in it a balanced education of the mind and the spirit which, in those strong enough to take it, hardens the intellect and deepens the sympathy for human suffering and misfortune.

His medical-school days were like those of thousands of others. He did well, enjoyed himself, and managed to pass a competitive hospital examination which, in those days, was the climax of the medical student's career. Once in a good hospital, he was a doctor, and in full cry.

It is perhaps one of our most praiseworthy traits as a nation — which I pray may persist — that we have never been reluctant to admire and emulate the intellectual achievements of other nations. At the time that R. S. began his medical studies, there were few eminent American teachers of the fundamental sciences who had not spent a few graduate years in Europe, chiefly in German seats of learning, and could proudly call themselves pupils of Virchow, Koch, Cohnheim, Dohrn, Weismann, Helmholtz, Ludwig, and countless others of the masters, to say nothing of the great clinicians and surgeons whose wards were intimately related to and influenced by adjacent institutes of pathology, physiology, bacteriology, and chemistry. Gradually, Americans returning from these training grounds began to shape the course of American

medicine. Preëminent — the most potent individual force — was William Welch. But there were also Abel and Howell, Christian Herter, Victor Vaughan, Prudden, Huntington, Mall — to name only a few. The leaders were assembling, but the opportunities for leadership of the right sort had yet to be organized.

America had before this time many medical schools. But, with few exceptions, they were 'proprietary' ones — that is, privately founded corporations of groups of physicians and surgeons who organized courses without a well-conceived educational plan, often without hospital facilities. In a few places, this was being corrected by intelligent groups who voluntarily placed themselves under university control, or allied themselves with well-run hospitals. But taken as a whole the situation was a deplorable one, lacking any uniformity in educational standards, care in the choice of faculty, laboratory or clinical facilities.

In a few places, owing largely to financial support, university influence was gaining power, and in Philadelphia, Boston, Ann Arbor, and New York, schools of increasing strength developed. An especially strong pressure for improvement was exerted by President Eliot, at the Harvard school. The situation was distinctly improving before 1880 and probably was on its way to better things, largely under the influence of the young men returning from Europe. But, at best, this would have been slow and might have taken many wrong turnings had it not been for the opening, in 1876, of the Johns Hopkins Medical School. Thomas Huxley came over to make the dedicatory address, and the promises he made for the importance of the new school to American medicine were more than fulfilled. Whether we attribute it to good fortune or to extraordinary wisdom, the group eventually assembled at Hopkins — Osler, Welch, Halsted, Mall, Howell, and Abel — became the model for American

schools, and it was not long before men trained by them became the leaven that raised the general level of all other progressive institutions.

But Johns Hopkins had an endowment and a hospital of its own. It was equipped with laboratories and backed by a university. Few other places could, even with the best will, meet the new requirements. By 1900, great improvement had taken place. But the country was still full of second-rate proprietary schools and university schools that were limping along in penury. Then came Abraham Flexner's report to the Carnegie Foundation.

Oh, Abraham Flexner! We have fought with you on minor points, have alternately admired and disliked you, have applauded you for wisdom and detested you for opinionatedness. But in just retrospect, layman as you are, we hail you as the father — or, better, the uncle — of modern medical education in America. You did, on occasion, hit below the belt, yet in the spirit in which the Christian knights slashed off the infidels' heads while shouting 'Kyrie Eleison!' It was your report — uncompromising, cruelly objective, courageous and incisive — which opened the eyes of the medical profession to the state of their training schools, aroused public opinion to the need of better education of the guardians of health, and set the floodgates of the golden streams of philanthropy in medical directions.

For a decade, Abraham Flexner — backed by the huge resources of the Rockefeller Foundation and, indirectly, by similar funds, and advised by such wise men as Welch, Mall, Edsall, Pierce, and less wise ones who, like R. S., gave unsolicited advice which he did not follow — dominated the educational situation in medicine. Meanwhile, laboratories were founded in the schools; young men of spirit, training, and ambition were enlisted; professorships were bestowed for promise and accomplishments; and research institutes began to

step up the pace of creative production.

One reads the increasing mass of literature on the origins of the great American fortunes of the nineteenth century, and one takes bicarbonate of soda. But however one feels about that, one must acknowledge that the preëminent position of American medicine today would have been impossible without a certain amount of rich malefaction in the eighties and nineties.

Thus, modern American medicine is, in a way, a phoenix arising from the ill-smelling ashes of a big business that is forever gone.

IX

Riding an ambulance is, for a boy in his early twenties, an experience that teaches him little medicine but introduces him to phases of human life which he can see in no other way. It is both shocking and maturing, but if the heart is right it does him no harm and gives him an unforgettable insight into the manner of life of the poor and the miserable.

There is probably not anywhere in America today such abject poverty as there was in the worst tenement quarters of New York in the first decade of the 1900's. We found people frozen on the street; we saw families dispossessed in winter, with their furniture on the sidewalk, and utterly destitute. Private and public charities, as far as they could help, were miserably inadequate. I accumulated a considerable respect for the activities of the Catholic Church at this time. The Paulist Fathers, who had their headquarters beside the hospital on 59th Street, were constantly circulating through these districts and were intimately acquainted with the Irish families in most of the tenement houses. Father Cafferty, a redheaded priest with whom I formed a firm friendship, was often present at the place of need before the police or the ambulance arrived. Often, too, I found

him, when I came to pick up a mother with pneumonia or a laborer with some serious disease, at all hours of the night, standing by, heating milk on the stove, doing all kinds of little services, and — most important — taking the responsibility for the family when one or the other parent was taken to the hospital. Furthermore, when drunkenness or physical brutality threatened completely to ruin one of these small groups, a word to Father Cafferty or one of his colleagues was followed by visits and conferences during which he put the fear of Hell into the guilty, so that the situation was often relieved. I gained, then, a lasting impression of the pragmatic usefulness of Hell. The trouble with the modern world, I am convinced, is not so much the weakening of faith in salvation as the loss of the fear of Hell.

Emergency childbirth was one of the chief problems. I have spoken of some of these cases in another place, but hardly a week went by without some odd obstetrical occurrence.

Some of the suicides were extremely ingenious; others were unbelievably maladroit. There seemed to be a sort of fashion in the technique of suicide. For a time, it was almost all illuminating gas. Then, in succession, it was carbolic acid or lysol, bichloride of mercury, hanging, shooting, and throat-cutting with amazingly inefficient utensils — jackknives, or even slivers of glass. The most sensible ones, I thought, were the illuminating-gas people. Many of them, however, made too little allowance for the fact that the odor of the gas would attract rescue. Only one man I found had taken precautions against this. He had done so by sticking an ordinary tin kitchen funnel into the gas hose and tying it over his face with a string above the ears. These people became unconscious rapidly, and if they were rescued before they died, some of them continued to live for five or six days in coma.

The carbolic-acid cases could often

be rescued if the ambulance got there soon enough. All that was necessary was to get a stomach tube into them and wash them out with dilute alcohol or, if that was not available, with whiskey. Sometimes, however, it was difficult to get the stomach tube into them, since they had spasms of the diaphragm where the oesophagus enters the stomach. Then, occasionally, the stomach tube slipped into the larynx. In a case of this kind in which I had eventually reached the stomach in time to wash it out and save the patient, I had first slipped my tube into the larynx, and had pumped whiskey into the lung. This unfortunate, though he got over the carbolic acid, developed a pneumonia from which I am glad to say he recovered. While demonstrating the case to a class in my presence, Dr. James humiliated me deeply by saying that it was the only true alcoholic pneumonia he had ever encountered.

Another carbolic candidate, ignorant of course of the fact that alcohol is the antidote, walked into a saloon near the hospital one night, asked the barkeeper for a double whiskey, then pulled out a little bottle from his pocket and, saying to the bartender, 'Well, Bill, this is the last drink I will ever take,' swallowed the contents of the bottle and followed it with a large dose of bad whiskey. He then sank to the floor — purely because that seemed to be the proper thing to do. When I got there a few minutes later, it wasn't even necessary to wash him out, and I think he was considerably annoyed because I didn't take the trouble to treat him.

It has always seemed ridiculous to me that the poor people who try to commit suicide should be regarded as criminals before the law and placed under arrest. Since the tenets of Christianity — either Catholic or Protestant — do not seriously influence our politics or our business practices, it is strange that ecclesiastical tradition should so rigidly determine our official attitude toward

suicide and birth control. It is still a punishable offense to make an unsuccessful attempt on one's own life. Yet philosophers through history have justified the lawfulness of 'self-violence' under special circumstances. Robert Burton has half a chapter on it and cites Socrates, Plotinus, Epictetus, and Seneca in its favor. 'I pity thee not,' said Diogenes to the sick Speusippus, who moaned complaints, '*qui cum talis vivere sustines*' — since, being thus, you continue to live. Diogenes himself is said to have acted on this sentiment, though it is hard to credit the report that he committed the act by voluntarily stopping to breathe. I have seen too many sincere and enthusiastic suicides repent after the deed, and try to save themselves, to believe that anyone could voluntarily refrain from breathing at the moment when the medullary centre is beginning to react to lack of oxygen.

Schopenhauer thought suicide the only logical result of an intelligent assessment of human life, and Nietzsche said: 'The thought of suicide is a great comfort and helps one over many a bad night.' He did not, however, try it. Few people are ever sufficiently miserable and hopeless to do more than think of suicide and comfort themselves with the 'back door' from time to time. Usually, they are deterred by the consideration which Stendhal expressed, when he said: '*Souvent je m'aurais tué, si je n'avais pas eu peur de me faire mal.*' I have seen a number of attempted suicides where the execution became pitifully inadequate as soon as the knife or the sliver of glass began to burn into the neck, or the rope began to shut off the windpipe. Yet whenever misery was so great that the attempt was made in all seriousness, and rescue resented, I have felt sorry that it was an automatic medical obligation to defeat the poor devil's purpose by all possible efforts. To rescue him against his wish was bad enough; but, in addition, to place

him under arrest appeared excessively stupid.

Related to this problem is that of the physician's duty of keeping patients alive for short periods of uncontrollable suffering, when all hope of even temporary improvement is gone. This question of 'euthanasia' is one that is arousing a good deal of discussion among intelligent people. To put hopeless sufferers deliberately out of their agonies with lethal drugs may often be desirable, but to admit even a consideration of this implies the exercise of judgment that will inevitably be fallible in a small percentage of cases. It might be worked out under reliable boards in a limited number of conditions. But it would open the doors for dreadful possibilities. One can easily imagine these, if one considers the manner in which psychiatric experts — even in groups — can be induced to testify on both sides of cases where insanity is an issue, or the ease with which lawyers can find doctors to testify in accident insurance cases and in matters of veterans' compensation. The average integrity of the medical profession is perhaps a little higher than that of the population as a whole, but not high enough for euthanasia.

It is quite another question, however, whether a doctor should continue to keep a hopeless case alive for a few weeks or months, when judicious inactivity would bring rest to the patient and peaceful resignation to his family and friends. This is a problem which has troubled me on a number of occasions. And always I have come to the conclusion that the safest principle — except in a few special instances, such as the last stages of cancer or of leukæmia or of Hodgkin's disease — is to continue to work with all means at one's disposal as long as the pulse keeps going and the breathing continues. I remember the experiences of two of my young colleagues who purposely gave up — one, the case of his own father — with the compassionate thought of not prolong-

ing a tragic situation. In both instances, I am sure their judgments were right. In both cases, however, they never entirely got over reproaching themselves.

On the other hand, I have graven in my memory a typhus patient in a Serbian hospital, whom we had given up for dead. It was my job to do autopsies on such cases as soon after death as possible, in order to take material for culture before secondary post-mortem infections of the tissues could take place and before the responsible — then uncertain — virus could begin to die out. For in some infections — such, for instance, as syphilis — the infecting organisms die quite promptly when the body dies and the cells cease to respire. This patient was hardly breathing, and his pulse could be detected only with a stethoscope. He was in that state of final exhaustion which I have seen to a similar degree only in this disease and in typhoid fever. I postponed a short walk into the hills because I thought that this boy would be carried into my autopsy barrack at any minute. But my friend George Shattuck, who was the physician on the ward, kept working at him. His persistence fascinated me. He gave saline infusions; he stimulated him with camphor and strychnin; he covered him with hot blankets. Shattuck omitted nothing that might feed the little flame that still flickered. He was hopeless, as I was, but he kept on. We expected death by noon. At two o'clock the patient was unchanged, but still going. By four, we could begin to feel the pulse. By six, there was distinct hope. Six weeks later, the young warrior was lying in the sun near my autopsy barracks, drinking a glass of thin milk, and beginning to feel blood-thirsty again — hoping soon to kill an Austrian.

A girl with typhoid fever at the Roosevelt Hospital came back from the inner gates in just the same way. I was young enough then to ask her later whether she had had any sense of death,

or any visions. She said she had no memories whatever. A year later, I went to her wedding, when she married a policeman. Were we wise in saving her, after all? At any rate, he was not a traffic officer.

One of the questions that troubled me a great deal in those early hospital days — as, indeed, it still does today — is that concerning the extent to which the physician should tell his patients the truth in regard to their own illnesses. Usually, in acute conditions in which the patient is too sick to care, and in the less dangerous ailments, the problem does not arise. But there are so many prolonged, inevitably fatal diseases in which the patient's state of mind is an important factor in his own comfort and that of his family, that the doctor's judgment in this matter may determine whether the last months or years are to be reasonably tranquil or a *supplice*. And a physician's duty extends beyond the more direct care of the body, as we are increasingly learning. The power of the mind over physical welfare is not a discovery of Mrs. Eddy. Changes of the pulse, as Struthius, the Polonian, knew, may betray the passions of the mind: '*Si noscere vis an homines suspecti tales sint, tangite eorum arterias.*' Avicenna knew it, as did Galen, and the Church has acted upon this knowledge for centuries.

So often, in the history of medicine, scientific discovery has merely served to clarify and subject to purposeful control facts that had long been empirically observed and practically utilized. The principles of contagion were clearly outlined and invisible microorganisms postulated by Fracastorius over a hundred years before the most primitive microscopes were invented, and the pre-Pasteurian century is rich with clinical observations that now seem a sort of gestation period leading to the birth of a new science. Thus modern psychiatry is striving to organize, on a basis of scientific precision, the vague

but observationally significant gropings of centuries of half-charlatanry, faith-healing, Christian Science movements, Carrelism, and miraculism — endeavoring to segregate the truth from the fantastic, determining limitations, and directing therapeutic possibilities.

In their crude ways, practising physicians have long appreciated the importance of the mental approach in physical illness. And great physicians of all times have combined with medical erudition that intelligence of the heart which is the essence of a distinguished personality.

To return to the matter of frankness with a patient about his own illness, no rules can be set down. Those who have tried to do this have dismally failed. A well-known American physician who was at the same time — to my mind — a canting moralist held on occasion that absolute, uncompromising truthfulness is the only justifiable position, however cruel. That principle may lead to the sort of situation that once occurred in the practice of one of his colleagues who adopted his views. An old lady had what is known as an 'epithelioma' of the lip, a growth occurring in the aged which has all the pathological earmarks of a cancer, but represents a variety that never extends to other organs and usually yields to appropriate treatment. To tell this poor soul, for the sake of one's distorted conscience, that she was suffering from 'cancer,' planting this spectre in her sensitive old mind, was — however well meant — inhumanly stupid.

This and other examples of uncompromising truth-telling remind me of a story told me by the great Norwegian oceanographer, Hjørt. Hjørt was on a fishing smack off the Norway coast, engaged in studies of fish migration. Somewhat of an experienced sailor himself, he was disturbed by noticing that the old captain of the smack was inexcusably careless about writing the daily log. On some days he neglected making

any notations at all, composing a partially fictitious two or three days' entry when it suited him. Hjört reproached him for this; appealed to him on the basis of tradition, professional ethics, the honor of the seaman's calling. It made no impression. The old captain remained obdurate; said it was unimportant; insisted he didn't care a damn — nobody ever read a fisherman's log anyway, and so forth. Hjört kept on. Finally, the ancient became irritated. 'You are a professor,' he said. 'I am a captain. I have lived a long time, and I have seen many things. And I tell you, Professor, — and you can remember it, — the truth can be exaggerated, Professor.'

The old mariner was quite right. The truth *can* be exaggerated when the doctor talks to a hopeless patient. There are no two cases alike. Judgment, tact, and compassion can be the only guides; and external circumstances must be taken into account. In some cases, the cold truth may bring panic and serve no useful end whatever. In other cases — those in which the patient accepts tranquilly the philosophy of Seneca, '*Stultum est timere quod vitari non potest*,' the certainty of impending death may clear the mind for the resigned tendernesses of the precious remaining days which lend dignity and gentleness to death itself.

I learned something of this as a young interne in long midnight conversations in a hospital ward with a poor old Irish woman, who knew she was dying and taught me much of the nobility of quiet resignation. And a gallant young officer in the Argonne, struggling in agony with a machine-gun bullet in his spine, became calm and serene when told he had only four hours to live; dictated a letter to his wife; asked to have the Lord's Prayer read to him; and saying, 'That's great stuff, doctor,' composed himself to die.

One must pick one's situations and one's cases, and adjust the truth with

the judgment of wise kindness. But one must not 'exaggerate' the truth without purpose.

X

An interne who doesn't sooner or later fall in love with a nurse is usually a depraved fellow. And if he doesn't marry one of them before he's House Surgeon, it does him no particular harm. But at first they are only terrifying. 'Doctors,' my Onkel Fritz used to say, 'may be roughly divided into physicians who know a lot but can't do anything, and surgeons who can do a great deal but don't know very much.' Of course, this has changed a good deal. But the poor interne, when he first enters on his service, feels as though he didn't know a great deal and could do nothing whatever. He approaches patients with fear that they may see through his lack of confidence, and as for the nurses — he knows that they do.

Later, he finds out that they are quite as ignorant as they should be to be good nurses. But, at first, how he marvels at the way they roll a patient over from one side to the other, while making a bed; how they sling a baby across their laps by its legs; put on binders and dressings; and bustle around among the bottles and hypodermics with placid efficiency. If he's a wise interne, he approaches them modestly, and learns from them. They soon find out whether he knows his business or not. And the coöperation of able young doctors and competent nurses in the care of the sick in hospital wards is possibly one of the most satisfying associations between men and women that exist. It brings out the best in both of them, and a wholesome mutual respect. One soon gets over the 'ministering angel, thou!' attitude toward them. The element of grimness in the nature of their occupations diminishes the proclivities toward sentimentality. And they help you out of many a hole.

One of my first jobs in the hospital

was to be left alone on a Sunday afternoon in charge of a patient dying of tetanus. Except for hydrophobia, there is no form of death more frightful to witness. I did all I could, but when it was all over I broke down. The nurse, no older than I was, closed the door of the little private room, wiped my face, patted my back, and stood guard until I had myself in hand. I was able to return the favor some time later, when — by an accident that was not her fault, but for which she would have been made miserable by the supervisor (incidentally, most supervisors of nurses get to be little female Caligulas; they must have been nice girls once) — she broke off a glass catheter in the bladder of a fat lady. I spent the night picking it out, and nothing was said.

There was another — a very pretty and well-educated girl of French extraction. She married one of my colleagues, a terrible duffer, and they moved to San Francisco. To her I owe my first introduction to 'Mireille.' We had a sick Eskimo in the wards. They all get tuberculosis when they come down here. He was telling us, when we made evening rounds together, that up in Greenland he had eight children. Miss Dubois smiled at me and quoted:

*'Comme les poissons dans la mer,
Malgré le froid, ils font l'amour.'*

I mention it because it led me to read Provençal, which became the source of much enjoyment.

So you see, I owe nurses a great deal — and not only medical education. To one, I actually owe my life. She nursed me when I had typhus, and kept me from jumping out of a fourth-story window. I had, and retain, a soft spot in my heart for the whole profession, and I do hope they stay as they are — instead of trying to become half-baked doctors.

At midnight rounds, I always got to know the nurses best, for — in the half-lighted wards, with most of the patients

asleep and no bustle and disturbance — we could concentrate on the really sick ones. At night, one's graver and humane qualities seem to expand.

Romance, of course, was not wholly lacking in these relationships, and a number of my friends married into the training school — the courtships carried on under considerable difficulties, since the supervisors, like the wasps they were, had eyes that could look backward. In one case, the entire love story took place on a fire escape in the winter evenings, and the actual engagement, my friend told me, occurred over a sawed-off leg that had been laid there to freeze until a dissection could be made. All through the declaration her eyes were fixed on the leg. In another case, the binding words were spoken in a hot delivery room, while the doctor was holding back the baby's head and the nurse was wiping his face with a towel. Poor things, they've had no baby of their own. On the other hand, I really don't know whether they wanted one after that.

Far be it from me to make fun of the Law. I am too much afraid of it. Lawyers, except when met at dinner, give me the same feeling I have had on an operating table, just before I 'went under,' while I could still see the distorted image of the hooded nurse carrying a clinking basket of knives to the little table next to my ear. When I go to court after driving through a traffic light or having hit someone in the leg or running into another man's car from behind, — for I am apt to be a little absent-minded when driving, — I go with more terror than I have ever felt on truly perilous occasions. Quite recently I was 'up' on one of these charges, with the opposing lawyer a little old man who wore a Prince Albert and a high hat, in which he kept papers, like Lincoln. Fortunately, the case was settled in the corridor outside the courtroom. For just looking at him and into his steely, ac-

cusing eyes took any capacity for logical thinking clean out of me.

Felix Frankfurter and other philosophers of the law don't scare me. It is the practising ones, the ones who get me on what is called 'the stand,' ask impossible, unanswerable questions, and then turn to the jury — while one is stuttering either in confusion or in indignation — with a sort of 'Well, gentlemen, look at this criminal imbecile' kind of expression. My only consolation on such occasions — a sterile one, I confess — is to think: 'Would that he could get small-pox or pneumonia and I could see him in consultation.' As soon as I am out of the courtroom, with my tail between my legs, I usually think of some clever rejoinders that would have made the jury laugh at *him*. But I have rarely been able to think of the right thing until a little too late under any circumstances.

I never get away with this sort of thing with lawyers because I am always too much rattled. And it is not sordid cowardice. I have been in too many tight places to believe that. It is owing to the early experiences I had with law courts while I was a young doctor, was summoned as witness and made a fool of for no fault of my own but for naïvely thinking that all I had to do was to tell the truth. But I soon gave up the expert business. I was not built for it. I either simply told the truth and was made to look like a well-meaning imbecile, or I lost my temper and was made to appear a malicious liar.

In the ordinary ambulance case, the procedure was always more or less as follows: I had had a two-in-the-morning call to a tenement house on the second floor of which I found a man who had been shot in the chest. He was lying diagonally across a small room lighted by a single gas burner. He was bleeding heavily into his clothes. He also had a scalp wound which bled profusely. My business was to get him to the hospital as fast as possible, after a hasty dressing and stimulation. I got him there alive,

and he was immediately taken care of — but he died. The question of murder arose. My cross-examination by the defense followed these lines: —

'How long have you been a doctor? Do you feel competent to handle cases of this kind? How many windows were there in the room? How many people were there? Do you recognize the two persons sitting on the bench as present in the room that night? How far was the deceased's head away from the corner of the bureau? Could his head have hit the bureau and caused the wound in the scalp?' Etc., etc.

Of course, having concentrated on the job in hand, I had no idea of any of these things. The jury thought I was a poor stick. The lawyer said so.

In the long run, I suppose the methods of the law make for the highest average of justice. At least, I am generous enough to believe so. But queer things will happen.

There was a man by the name of König who ran away with a butcher's wife. One couldn't be very severe on her for running away from a butcher. But her choice of a substitute was unwise. König, a blond and stocky ruffian, didn't love the butcher's wife very long, and when he got tired of her — perhaps she wasn't a very nice woman anyway: she looked as though she might not have been — he strangled her to death with a piece of wash line. He must have done it more absent-mindedly than in anger, because he immediately regretted it and stabbed himself in the abdomen in two places with a big bread knife, which I found on the floor beside him.

It didn't take long to make sure that the butcher's wife was beyond resurrection. I declared her dead and turned her over to the police. König, however, a tough individual, though bleeding internally, was conscious and still had a strong pulse. There was nothing I could do but stop superficial hemorrhage, put a tight binder on him to discourage

abdominal hemorrhage, and rush him to the hospital. It was about six o'clock in the morning and, fortunately, one of the greatest surgeons in New York — Dr. Joseph Blake — happened to be in, looking after a private patient. We got König into the operating room and Blake, with his entire team of expert assistants, aroused for this extraordinary case, did the kind of job for half of which, in private practice, he would have received from five thousand dollars up. König had cut off a slice from one of his kidneys; he had severed his small intestine in two places; and he had penetrated the peritoneum just under the pancreas. Dr. Blake took out a piece of intestine and joined the ends. He stopped the bleeding in the kidney, and sewed up the peritoneum. He cleaned up thoroughly, left in drains, gave the patient a large saline infusion; and König was established in one of the small private rooms off the male ward.

We didn't any of us expect him to live, but he did, and convalesced in the hospital for about three months, during which he was constantly guarded by bored policemen, who sat in the hall — costing the City of New York at the rate of twelve hundred dollars a year. After three months, König was fit as a fiddle, and from the quality of his mind I judged ready to murder another butcher's wife. But he was taken to prison, where — for another long period — he was fed and tended by the government. About six months after his discharge from the hospital, he was tried, — also at some expense, — declared guilty, and some months later was electrocuted. I had no sympathy for König, but I remember thinking how dreadful to have wasted all that extraordinary surgery. It was an education in criminal sociology that made a deep impression.

Our ambulance district extended from 14th to 86th Street, along the North River, and as far east as Seventh

Avenue. It included the old Hell's Kitchen quarter, perhaps one of the most sordid tenement-house districts in the city and, in addition, two separate Negro districts, one known as 'Buck-Cat Alley,' the blocks where the Pennsylvania Station and railroad terminals are now situated; the other, 'San Juan Hill,' north of 58th Street on the slopes leading down to the Hudson River. In both places, Negroes lived piled up on each other — sometimes six or eight in a single small flat. There were holes through the back fences and between the cellar walls of the houses, so that a Negro wishing to escape from the police could go into one house and come out of another a block away.

It is not a fairy tale that the Negroes are fond of using razors. These were transformed into weapons by folding them over backwards and holding them blade outward in the palm of the hand. With this, they stroked each other's heads, and the wounds we sewed up sometimes started at the back of the neck and went clean over the top of the head, through the forehead.

They also shot. I once brought a huge buck Negro out of a poolroom, where he had been shot across the table with a .45 army revolver. He was lying on the floor when I found him, but was in perfectly good condition. He had apparently fallen down either from the shock or because, when one is shot, it is a conventional thing to do. The bullet, by one of those fantastic accidents that happen to bullets, had entered the front of his throat, next to the larynx, and had skidded around under the fascia of the neck. I took it out easily from just under the skin of the back of his head.

The defenses of the neck in this respect are extraordinary, if things don't hit it squarely or with sufficient force. I once had the broken tip of a fencing *épée* enter my own neck in the same way, skid around on the fascia, bounce off the sternomastoid muscle, and come out

again, without doing any damage to the large vessels.

Sometimes shooting was done with the old-fashioned pocket pistols of small calibre in such a way that the consequences were more amusing than tragic. A little man in one of the Irish tenement houses one evening shot his excessively fat and belligerent wife with a small .22 pistol. He managed to get in five shots before she fetched him a clap with something — I've forgotten whether it was a skillet or some other household weapon. By the time I got there, the little Irishman was completely laid out with a scalp wound. His wife said she had been shot twice, in both breasts. There were little holes in her enormous bosom, from which fat-globules oozed. I easily located the bullets, quite close under the skin, but when I had managed to remove these and clean out the wounds in the hospital emergency ward, she said she also had a pain in the place where she sat. Apparently she had stooped over to pick up the weapon with which she laid out her peevish husband, and during that time he had taken another shot. She thought he had kicked her, but here, too, she was well defended and had almost forgotten the episode. She could hardly believe it when I managed to get another bullet out of the padding. It took a lot more trouble to bring her husband back to life.

It was during this time that I also learned that criminals do not like to turn over their personal grudges to the police. There was a saloon on the corner of 45th Street and Broadway which, at that time, was a well-known resort of sporting people — gamblers, race-track followers, and such. Kelly, a policeman whom I knew well, was walking his beat near the saloon one morning at about 4 A.M. when he heard a shot, apparently from the inside of the supposedly closed saloon. He battered at the door of the barroom, was let in by a frightened-looking barkeeper who emerged from the little restaurant next to the barroom,

and there found two men and two women, sitting at a table. He thought that he smelled revolver smoke, and as he entered the room he asked: —

'Did anyone shoot a pistol here?'

They all looked at him innocently. Then, just as he was about to leave, one of the men collapsed, and Kelly telephoned for the ambulance. I brought the man to the hospital. He had been shot, apparently, from under the table into the lower part of his abdomen, and although promptly operated on he developed peritonitis. There was very little that could be done for him. His name was Comstock, and he was a wrestler by profession. He had an extraordinary amount of nerve, and, since he was under my care, I got to know him well. The other people at the table with him had been arrested, and a revolver was found under the table. There was no question whatever that the man opposite him had shot him, but when the police and a man from the District Attorney's office brought his assailant to the hospital and asked Comstock to identify this person, Comstock looked at him earnestly and said that he had never seen him before. He insisted on this, and never weakened. He told me afterwards that if he got well he wanted to get this man himself, and if he didn't, his friends would do so for him.

XI

R. S., finding that there was no competitive demand for his talents in any of the medical laboratories, established himself, for a time, as a practitioner in New York. He was not a success, though the experience did a great deal to develop his judgment. Yet his heart was never in practice. From the very beginning, he retained a place for work in the laboratories of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, where he was usually to be found when some patient asked for him. When he was telephoned for and conscientiously rushed to his office, he

was so obviously annoyed by the interruption that few tried him more than once. That sort of thing doesn't help. He tells of his brief career as a practitioner: —

For the young physician, there is no more painful experience than the sudden transition from the proud dignity of House Physician or House Surgeon to the desolate situation of young doctor without a practice. Yesterday, he was absolute ruler over two hundred patients. Assistants reported to him, laboratory workers carried out his orders, nurses rose when he entered a ward. There were, in my time, no residents between the Senior Interne and the Consulting Staff, and when the latter had made their daily rounds, the House Physician was the responsible head of an active service. The two happy years over, his last midnight rounds made on the last day of June or December, he woke up the next morning a man without a job.

In my case, I had entered medicine only with the eventual hope of becoming an investigator of infectious disease. But the fascination of practical medicine is a powerful one. Once in a hospital, the feeling of power, the contact with patients, the opportunities to console, to comfort, and — not infrequently — actually to help, make a deep appeal to all that is best in youngsters of that age. Moreover, in those days, laboratory opportunities were rare. The scientific departments of medical schools and hospitals were small, and budgets at a minimum. There was room for a very few only; and even if one obtained entrée to a well-equipped laboratory, the wages for a beginner ranged somewhat lower than those of a scullery maid — from two hundred and fifty to four hundred dollars a year.

True to my early determination, I applied for one of these positions in the Bacteriological Department of my old Medical School, which was presided over by two dignified but stern gentlemen known to the students — because

of their superior aloofness — as 'The Jesi.' The Jesi received me kindly, and after much questioning and careful scrutiny of my record gave me a job representing a good deal of work but no pay. It included, however, a working place, the use of apparatus, and a free hand to do as I pleased in my spare time. Together with this, I picked up another job, which yielded \$400 a year in real money, as Bacteriologist to a hospital where I obtained, in addition, the title of Assistant Pathologist, unlimited pathological material, and the instruction of a man who was unusually erudite and a born teacher. These two jobs might easily have filled my time, but I was ambitious — I think quite properly — of contributing more adequately to my own support. For this reason, as well as because of a growing reluctance to lose all contact with practical medicine, I opened an office in West Eightieth Street, together with a classmate, K.

K. was a born doctor. He was somewhat older than I was, and appeared much older. He had the not unimportant asset of a blond moustache that looked as though it belonged to his face naturally, and not like the red and downy stage whiskers that were the best my face could bring forth on one or two vacations during which I had abjured the razor, hoping that I might look more like a doctor. K. was the kind of man to whom patients were drawn in admiring and confiding awe. He has amply proved all this since then, in his large practice in a New England city. Thanks to him, our office started with considerable éclat. Older physicians, knowing K.'s qualities, began to send him patients. What little I had to do, at first, was in the form of laboratory examinations. But every now and then even I picked up a neighborhood emergency or some case that no one else wanted — chronic leg ulcers, delirium tremens, old people without money, and such.

It was dull, keeping office hours. When the doorbell did interrupt my

one-handed chess game (I didn't dare to play the piano), it was more often than not a book agent, or someone visiting my wife, or the grocer delivering vegetables. At first, this was exciting. On the sound of the bell, I would put on my coat, straighten my necktie, and seat myself behind my desk with a serious expression. When it really *was* a patient, I didn't believe it until I had him safely sitting in my office, with the door closed and myself between him and the door.

My great fault, apart from my youthful appearance, was my excessive thoroughness. Most patients in those days wanted immediate directions and a prescription, after a bit of conversation. A physical examination they didn't mind if they felt very sick. But I never let it go at that.

The great Dr. J. had once said to me, after rounds on the private corridor: 'My boy, you seem to know your stuff; but you'll never make a good doctor unless you pay a little more attention to the psychology of your patients. Now, that last woman is a damn fool. There's nothing much the matter with her, but she wants to be taken seriously. All patients, especially women, expect the doctor to act as though they were really sick — but bearing up bravely. Never act as though you took them lightly, and never seem in a hurry. Whatever else you may not do, never fail to sit down in the sickroom as though all your time were for this particular case. Pat the hand, and say "Brave little woman," or something like that. Act thoughtful; and if you don't know what to say, say nothing; but say nothing deliberately and slowly, with an air of withholding a great deal. Then give them a good overhauling, with a lot of laboratory examinations.'

This might have worked with the Fifth Avenue practice that crowded Dr. J.'s office. It is also possible that I overdid it. Anyway, I lost the few good patients that were referred to me, by just this technique.

First, I sat them down and looked at them penetratingly. Then, pad in hand, I began to ask them questions. The patient might be bursting to tell me about a pain in his foot. 'Just a minute, just a minute! We'll get to that presently,' I'd say. Then, still fixing him with an accusing eye, I'd begin to ask questions. 'Taking the history,' we called it.

'How old are you? What is your occupation? Were your parents healthy? Is there any tuberculosis in your family? What did your father die of? And your mother? How old were they when they died? Have you any brothers or sisters? Are they healthy? Have you had any children? Are they healthy? Have you ever had any venereal disease? What! Are you sure? Do you drink? How much? Do you sleep well? How is your appetite? Do you sweat at night?'

By this time, many of them showed signs of fatigue or indignation. Some of them asked for a drink of water. But I gazed at them with disapproving severity, and began on their childhood.

'What diseases did you have as a child? Were you precocious? Did you ever notice any swollen glands in the neck? Were you premature? Did you ever have a rash on your skin? Do your bowels move regularly? Do you have to take medicine for it? What do you take? Do you suffer from colds? Do you cough in the morning? Do you bring up anything when you cough? Do you have to get up at night?'

All the time, I was taking notes. If any of the answers were unfavorable, I would appear to prick up my ears — the patient could see it in my face. Some began to look anxious. One got up and left at this point, the best prospect I had — she had driven up in a victoria. Old Dr. 'Monkey' Jackson had told her I was a very thorough youngster. She believed it, but didn't like it in practice.

Those that lasted thus long I would then proceed to examine. First, down

the throat with a light and a hand mirror. The tongue was pushed down. 'Say Eeeeh!'¹ They gagged. Then into the ears with a speculum. Then up the nose, ditto. And the ophthalmoscope! I was proud of that. It had cost twenty-five dollars, and I could see the eye grounds with it. It might disclose bad kidneys, or diabetes. Then, 'Will you undress, please?' The heart — thump, thump! I outlined it with a blue pencil. The stethoscope. No murmurs. The lungs. 'Say one, two, three. Again! Whisper ninety-nine, ninety-nine. Well, fine! That's all right.'

'But, doctor —'

'Lie on this couch, please. Pull up your knees.' I percussed the liver. I pushed for the spleen. I palpated the gall bladder, and McBurney's point, and the ovaries.

'Does that hurt?'

'You push so hard, doctor.'

'You can dress now. But first, step behind that screen and let me have a specimen of the urine.'

Meanwhile, I'd be getting my things ready to take blood. A drop from the ear, for cell counts and a differential. A syringe, for the vein. I had just learned to do the Wassermann reaction. It was great fun, and I was proud of it. Every case must have a Wassermann done. No one tells the truth about such things.

Few lasted through. Those few got their money's worth — largely, perhaps, because they never paid my modest bills. Most of them walked out at one stage or another, because we didn't get down to the sore foot. Some even slammed the door as they walked out.

This was unquestionably the wrong technique, certainly for a young practitioner. K. was wiser. He allowed the patient to unburden himself, asked a

¹ The force of habit is powerful. A friend of mine, a throat specialist, was called upon to make a rectal examination in a case of lues of the larynx. He exclaimed, 'Say Eeeeh!' while gazing at the wrong aperture, and lost a wealthy patient who thought him flippant.

few pertinent questions, examined as far as necessary, and prescribed.

Some years later, in a very busy office in a provincial town, a colleague showed me a large bottle into which all the left-over remains of dispensed mixtures were spilled together. In that town, twenty years ago, the doctors still dispensed their own medicines. The big bottle was marked 'Bill Kelly,' after a patient who was an insatiable medicine tippler. When anyone who had nothing obvious the matter with him, but had a lot of symptoms to show for it, came in, he was given a four-ounce bottle filled from 'Bill Kelly,' to take a teaspoonful three times a day, after meals. It tasted atrociously and, of course, was different every day. But it cured a lot of cases.

Apropos of medicine tippling, the elevator boy in my apartment house, who also cleaned out the wastepaper baskets, used to take all the medicines that came to me from drug houses as samples. I found on one occasion that he had swallowed a quart of a preparation that was recommended for irregular menstrual periods. He said it made him feel fine.

We 'fired' a Negro cook at this time who left behind such a dirty kitchen that, being still young and helpful, I decided to clean it out myself. In a closet I found a whole case of empty bottles labeled: 'Stimulates the reproductive organs and prevents tumors.' It smelled like bad whiskey. Thus have some of our largest American fortunes been acquired.

The old practitioner adapts his method to the situation, with psychological insight. Dr. J., who gave me all that advice about making a big fuss over every patient, did not follow this out with all of them by any means. His assistant, who occasionally sent me a case, told me of an old lady who had come to Dr. J. faithfully, twice a year, for twenty years or more. When admitted to the inner sanctum, she never

gave the doctor a chance to say even 'How do you do?' She burst into the room with a 'Now, doctor — don't move. I don't want you to examine me. Don't ask me any questions. Just write me a prescription for that brown tonic you gave me last year.' She always got it, paid her money, and went out satisfied. Another, a younger woman who adored Dr. J., — as most of them did, — he dismissed one day, after a short conversation and a look at her tongue, saying: 'Don't worry, my dear. You'll be all right. Just keep your bowels open and always wear mauve.'

I might, of course, have learned this sort of thing if I had stuck at it long enough. But in the two years that I was a private practitioner I never got over the fear that if I didn't go into every possibility I might be overlooking some hidden danger that hung over my patient's unsuspecting head. And often the patient, who may have come in for the simplest kind of advice, sensed my own nervousness and rushed off to another physician for just the kind of overhauling I was about to give him.

Nevertheless, my method was professionally correct — if I had only been more adroit about it. It certainly saved me from the kind of thing that happened to a friend of mine who leaned rather too much toward 'snap diagnosis.' A middle-aged man, a coachman, came to see him one day, complaining of a stiffness and soreness in the throat. My friend looked into his mouth, saw a little redness, and prescribed a gargle. The next day the man was back. His throat was still sore, and much more stiff on swallowing. Again the look in, a painting of the throat with iodine in glycerine, and a reassuring pat on the back. Two days went by, and back came the coachman. This time he said he had difficulty in opening his mouth for examination. 'You know, doctor,' he said, 'if you didn't say I was all right, I'd think I might have lockjaw.' 'Good God, man!' cried my friend in consternation.

'Why didn't you tell me that in the first place?'

I had had, as I have elsewhere recorded, a not inconsiderable experience in acting as master of ceremonies at the 'coming-out parties,' one may call them, of unfortunate infants into a world that had little to offer them except squalor, hardship, and defeat. Of course I thought occasionally of Benjamin Franklin's often quoted remark when he answered, 'What good is a newborn baby?' to a Philistine who questioned the value of an apparently useless scientific observation. But I thought progressively less of the wisdom of this rejoinder as I learned to forecast the futures of these babies by increasing familiarity with their elders, born under the same handicaps of heredity and environment. It started me on my way to becoming a confirmed advocate of birth control. And I never hear of the birth of a child among my acquaintances that I don't wonder, in each case, whether the parents have performed a useful service or committed an act of criminal negligence.

When one reads Malthus — whom far too few read — one learns that unobstructed nature attempts automatically to regulate the numbers of its living creatures in various ways. And when man takes charge of the breeding of domestic animals he proceeds, if not always scientifically, at least with the planned wisdom of the husbandman, adjusting numbers and improving breeds for specified purposes. Only for his own species he leaves the most important biological responsibility, over which he might have control, to blind instinct and accident.

I have often been struck by this contrast between man's wisdom with animals and lack of it with his own species at hunt meets, where one sees underbred people sitting on the noblest horses. Sensible attention to these matters in families is rare. One of the few cases I

can recall is that cited by Malthus, who says that 'the ancient family of Bickerstaff . . . are said to have been very successful in whitening the skins and increasing the height of their race by prudent marriages, particularly by that very judicious cross with Maud, the milk-maid. . . .' It would be interesting to suggest to sociologists and anthropologists, who are always looking about for some fulcrum on which to brace their statistical crowbars, that they investigate this matter. It is fair betting that they would find the highest physical and possibly intellectual averages among families that could show a relatively recent bastard or two in the family tree.

There is really no valid argument against birth control. The encouragement of mass propagation in dictator countries is too admittedly based on the most barbaric and militaristic motives. The objections of the Church, though often laid to abhorrence of 'unnaturalness,' are really on a much higher moral plane, but so illogical for the modern world that even the Catholic Church is beginning to weaken by acceptance of adjustments of intercourse to the oestrogenic cycle and the 'safe' period between menstruations. Some of the best work on this problem is, as a consequence, being done by Catholic physicians. As to the purely 'moral' arguments, no intelligent person, nowadays, advances them without his tongue in his cheek. There is no historical evidence that, after two thousand years of Christianity, the fornication index of populations has materially declined under that of ancient Greece. And when Martin Luther laid down the rule, '*Zweimal die Woche macht Hundert und vier*,' he was encouraging human frailty in a manner that surely defeats in principle the only completely moral form of birth control which the Church is said to sanction.

As far as comparative morality is concerned, what can be more immoral

than to put children into the world that are unwanted, that cannot be properly nourished, cared for, educated, and otherwise inducted into life with a reasonable expectation of happiness and usefulness? What can be more immoral than to give a woman the grim choice of being physically destroyed and deprived of strength and leisure for anything but the animal functions she shares with the cow and the cat, or living an asexual life that either produces the bitter, frustrated spinster or sends her well-to-do sisters to Austen Riggs in Stockbridge?

Not even the argument that the free dissemination of birth-control information would tend to lower the selective propagation of the better genetic material in favor of the worst has any scientific justification. The human race is so 'crossbred' that eugenic experiment is bound to fail. In animal breeding, we can ruthlessly eliminate all but the perfect sires and dams and can breed for particular characteristics — such as long ears in dogs, speed in horses, or milk production in cattle. In man, with his forty-eight chromosomes, each with its mosaic of genes, the problem is far too complex for practical application, unless we could keep a selected group of couples in corrals and inbreed them, during a century or so, for some special characteristic like tallness, long-nosiness, cupidity, or bad temper. Those who advocate eugenics have limited themselves, quite wisely, to the negative idea of elimination by breeding away objectionable or abnormal characteristics.

Mohr, who is very learned in these matters, refutes even this prospect (the hope of the sterilizers, one of whom — Lenz — he quotes as making even *ausgesprochene Hässlichkeit* a cause for gelding) by quoting an example based on the calculations of Hogben. Albinism, lack of pigmentation of the skin, is a recessive anomaly that has an incidence of less than 0.01 per cent. In this case, the heterozygous offspring carry the

characteristics. By this is meant that even those who appear normal may contain the latent albinic 'recessive gene' and transmit it. Thus, as Hogben figures, if all the obvious albinos were sterilized 'in every generation, it would require a period about equivalent to the Christian era to reduce its incidence to one half the present dimensions.' And that holds good for all recessive characteristics. The best we can do is to continue the study of human genetics, and discourage the marriage of individuals with recognized dominant defects as these are revealed as 'dominant' by statistical study of observed cases.

The dominant nature of defects in man can be determined only by the observed results of accidental matings. Among these, Mohr has studied cases in which the woolly, crinkly hair type was dominant over the soft, straight hair. In one Nordic strain, he observed this through five generations. In one of these a heterozygous woolly and short-haired woman, mated with a soft-haired husband, gave birth to three woolly and three soft-haired children. Another instance of a dominant human characteristic, cited by him, is a family afflicted with hereditary short-fingeredness, traced back six generations to a Norwegian woman whose 'every second child had — like herself — a shortened or curved forefinger, with one joint only.' Genetics may eventually give a rational basis for mating. But even then it will meet the ancient obstacle, — long encountered by the proponents of reason in mating, — the heavenly madness, love.

The natural checks of population, to the study of which Malthus devotes his first two books, 'result principally,' he concludes, 'from an insufficiency of subsistence.' The age of chemical and physical discovery which developed industry and agriculture to a degree unpredictable in the eighteenth century has neutralized these natural 'checks' so that for a century they have given a

negligible slope to the rapidly rising curve of reproduction. In consequence, as Professor East — among others — has shown, the population of the world has increased, during these hundred years, by an increment never before attained. Now again a point has been reached at which the two forces are more equal and the curve flattens. And such flattening, if maintained, seems our only hope for the eventual subsidence of international rivalry, nationalism, and war.

It is interesting to contemplate whether we may now hope to pass into an era in which biological discovery may take a hand in the situation and correctively modify the purely material and industrial civilization of the last generations. Let us consider the stupendous consequences which might result for world economy if we could precisely establish a non-fertile period in the monthly cycles of women, a principle of birth control now accepted as permissible by the Catholic Church and at the disposal, without expense or appliances, of all women. My experience of women, even the poor things in the slums, is such that I do not question for a moment that such knowledge would automatically limit a large percentage of families to the number of children that could be properly taken care of — even if dictators ranted and the men in general knew nothing about it. The spirit of Lysistrata is more alive today than most men suspect.

XII

However, all this has led us far afield from my own practice. I had, as I said, done my reluctant duty as an accoucheur for a considerable number of ambulance and hospital babies, and felt that I had mastered at least the first principle, the Fabian strategy of 'watch and wait,' with reasonable skill in the rudiments of manipulation. There is quite a difference, psychologically at any rate, — which the institutionalized doctor will never understand, — between that sort

of thing and handling one's first private case.

Obstetrics is not the pleasantest of medical occupations, although it pays well and is one of the things that the young physician with any kind of practice can count on as a financial backlog. Yet it takes a great deal of time and means a lot of night work. While the statement may not be statistically correct, it does seem to the medical man as though the large majority of all babies were born at night.

An observant medical student in my class once asked one of our instructors about this. 'Dr. V., why is it that most children are born at night?'

Dr. V., who was something of a wag, replied: 'Well, my boy, that's simple. It takes just nine months.'

Helping babies into the world was becoming more and more of a specialty at the time that I started to practise, and most physicians, after they had attained the financial security in which they could begin to pick and choose, referred their obstetrical cases either to a specialist or, if among the poorer classes, to a young colleague who needed the money. Some of them gave up obstetrics purely for reasons of convenience. Old Dr. T., famous as one of the last physicians in New York, who made his reputation largely by giving his patients the most extraordinary doses of assorted drugs, once told me why he gave up obstetrics as a young practitioner.

'When I was a young man,' he said, 'I took everything that came along, just as you will, and I got quite a reputation, among other things, for my skill as an accoucheur; but I gave it up because it didn't pay. Let me tell you about my last case. I was up all night with a primipara, and things went very slowly. The baby finally came along about nine o'clock the next morning, and when I got things tidied up I went home. I had just had my place redecorated, because I was going to get married: new plaster, wallpaper, and a complete set of furni-

ture downstairs. All this had cost me my savings. I went upstairs to run a bath, and when I had turned on the water I stretched out on the sofa until the tub should fill up. The next thing I knew was a crash. The bath water had run over. The water leaked through the ceiling, the ceiling came down, water splashed the walls — and the place was a mess. It cost me ten times as much as I collected. From that moment, I never took another obstetric case, and if I ever get any referred to me — which is now unlikely — I will send them to you.'

At about this time I was making periodical visits to a well-known hospital for the mentally diseased in order to pick up what I might about advances in psychiatric practice. It seemed to me that were I destined, by lack of opportunity in my chosen field, to continue for some years in private practice, it was essential that I learn more about the manifestations of mental derangement in my fellow beings. For though I had not yet met Dr. Thomas Salmon, who later called attention to the importance of the study of the so-called 'border-line' cases, I was already impressed by the large number of people in my personal and professional acquaintance who appeared to me — at least — quite unable either to think clearly or to hold their emotional impulses within the pendulum swings of average excursions.

At the hospital, under the guidance of my friend the director, I saw a great many instructive cases, but was particularly interested in those who differed only in degree — and then only moderately — from a number of people whom I prized as friends, possibly because of the momentary deviations from the norm which they represented. Most especially was I impressed by a few whose insanities took the forms of ambitions and desires which in our society are regarded highly praiseworthy if based on factual circumstances instead of imag-

ined ones. There was one group of patients who have stuck in my mind, since between them they enacted a satire on the civilization of our times which could not have been more effectively staged by a Swift or a Voltaire.

There happened to be in the hospital, admitted within a few months of each other, three patients of well-to-do families who, before admission, had been engaged respectively in the law, in the wholesale fruit business, and in shipping. The lawyer had delusions of persecution, which, however, had not affected his professional memory or technical knowledge. The merchant had the delusion that he owned all the dried apples in the world. The shipper thought, quite without justification in fact, that he had cornered all the world's steamship lines and was in practical control of the globe's entire merchant marine.

A clever young interne had considered these cases and, since there seemed no hope of permanent cure for any of the three, concluded that the poor fellows should be at least made as happy as possible. Accordingly, since all three of the patients were well off and their families quite willing to spare no expense, he brought the three together, furnished an office for them, and encouraged them to do business. A highly satisfactory arrangement resulted.

The fruit man kept books on enormous stocks, shipments, and sales of dried apples. The shipper agreed to carry these apples to all corners of the earth on his fleets; and the lawyer was kept busy drawing up contracts between them and attending to disputes that naturally arose in the course of this gigantic commerce. I found them, on numerous visits, exceedingly busy with accumulating files of transactions and records of great profits which made them all happy and complacent. They always received me with the ill-concealed impatience of men too busy with important affairs to have much time for idle conversation, but were never un-

willing to explain the world-wide expansion of the dried-apple business, especially when I consulted them about the possibility of opening some new market for this commodity in territories like Abyssinia or French Indo-China.

Soon after one of these visits to the hospital I attended a dinner at which there were present several bankers, a very wealthy manufacturer of buttons, and a corporation lawyer. They made the usual kind of speeches and when the button manufacturer, who came last, was almost at the end of his discourse, I had the misfortune to think of my three crazy men and was taken with such an uncontrollable impulse to explode into laughter that — to save my dignity — I had to make a quick exit. These men were spending this one short life vouchsafed them by Providence in exactly the same way as my three friends in the asylum. The only difference between them and my patients was that the latter seemed to enjoy their occupations, while these princes of finance were worried and anxious.

One of the most beloved and distinguished figures in the New York medical profession at this time was Abraham Jacobi. He was one of the first great children's specialists in this country, but was honored by the German-American community of the city not only for this but because of his record as a courageous revolutionist who was said to have had a hand in the escape of Carl Schurz from a Prussian prison. He was a very small man with an enormous bearded head and was sometimes spoken of as 'The Jewish Jupiter.' Even in the later days of his practice, when all the medical honors at the disposal of his colleagues had been heaped upon him, he maintained free office hours for the poor. In our family he was regarded as a sort of benign deity who took care of the children and remained their friend as they grew up. I owed him not only early

Fighting Another Plague

COUNTLESS AMERICANS TODAY have enlisted in the fight against a great plague—syphilis. They have learned that syphilis can be *cured* and syphilis in the newborn *prevented*—by prompt, proper treatment.

► Thanks to this national awakening, *two and one half times* as many cases were reported for treatment in 1938 as in 1928, according to information from the U. S. Public Health Service and private physicians all over the country!

And more Americans now than ever before realize that, while syphilis may be acquired innocently, no one need remain in doubt as to whether he or she has syphilis. They have learned that a thorough medical check up, including blood test and microscopic examination, reveals the truth to the skilled physician.

► So in 1938, *five times* as many blood tests for syphilis were made as in 1930!

Every thoughtful citizen, naturally interested in stamping out this menace, should know and help to make known the following cardinal principles concerning syphilis:

1. Prompt recognition of the disease is vital.
2. There is as yet no practical short-cut treatment.

Self-treatment, non-professional treatment, quack remedies are worse than useless. The guidance of a reputable physician is the first dependable step

toward real cure. Proper treatment consists of a systematic series of injections given by a competent doctor over a period of *many weeks*.

In progressive communities throughout the country, examinations, blood tests, and treatments are being made available to those unable to pay for private care. Names of doctors and locations of public health centers and clinics offering these services are readily supplied by local health departments or county medical societies.

► So that you may better understand the syphilis problem, let us give you additional information about this disease. For free Metropolitan booklet, "The Great Imitator," write to Dept. 240-T.

* * *

February 1st Is Social Hygiene Day: American Social Hygiene Association Headquarters, 50 W. 50th St., N. Y. C., will gladly send you literature and full particulars.

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physical care but many acts of kindness, especially during the time when he was visiting physician to the children's service in a large hospital in which I was the interne in charge of his ward. One of his most engaging qualities was a quaint sense of humor.

He was so kind that people often imposed on him, stopped him on the street and asked him for advice. Naturally he got tired of this, and the following story is told of him in this connection:—

On one occasion a man whom he knew only slightly accosted him on the street and said: 'Dr. Jacobi, I know you are busy, but I, too, am a very busy man. I have got a little sore throat this morning, and wonder whether you would take a quick look at it to see if there is anything I ought to do about it. Maybe you will look at me right here on the street.'

Dr. Jacobi smiled at him and said: 'All right. Come over and lean against this lamppost. Now open your mouth, close your eyes, and stick out your tongue.'

Then he walked away, and when he reached home said: 'I guess the damn fool is standing there yet.'

Early in my medical career I developed a deep and lasting admiration for the old-fashioned, self-reliant country practitioner, the 'horse and buggy doctor' so sympathetically described in the recent book by Dr. Hertzler. While a medical student in New York, I was accustomed to recuperate from strenuous days and nights under a lamp by spending occasional week-ends on my father's farm in Westchester County. I slept in a cold house, with a wood stove in my bedroom, stoked till the lid glowed red, with my collie dog keeping my feet warm. All day and into the night I would ride the horses—each one in turn—across country over the snow-covered hills.

Those were unforgettably lovely vaca-

tions. The utter loneliness of the big house (the farmer lived at the other end of a beech wood), the nights silent except for the cracking of the frozen branches of the big trees in the wind, the brittleness of the air and the incandescent brilliance of the stars! And the rides! Physical fitness that could spend itself on three successive unexercised horses, and the spiritual peace that only a good horse or a small boat at sea can give—the white landscape, woods and fields crisp, cold, and lifeless except for the silent testimony of tracks in the snow, an occasional squirrel and, once in a while, a flock of crows angrily clamoring away from a leafless perch. I knew all the paths and openings and the hidden spots in the birch woods where, in the summers, I hunted birds; where the foxes went to earth; and where, among the big rocks on Piano Mountain, one could get a glimpse of the Hudson.

I still remember those rides as among the happiest gifts of a Providence that has been munificent. Often, galloping through the fields and across the hills between snowbound villages, I would see far off on the valley roads the familiar 'cutter' sleighs of our local doctors—Jenkins and Hart—answering calls that often meant hours of driving and small fees, irrespective of roads or weather, with an unfailing and expected fidelity not demanded of the rural delivery. Sometimes I would meet one of them, whiskers frosted, nose red and dripping, with not much more showing than these between the fur cap and the muffler.

Always they stopped for a chat, to tell me about the case and exchange medical gossip—they treated me as a professional equal who was getting things they wished they had time to catch up with. For their difficulties made them modest; whereas I, with the arrogance of a young and silly student (arrogance, being a state of mind, I have noticed is always intensified by sitting a horse),

In great waters

THERE'S something about Homer's "wine-dark" sea that

sets the pulses pounding. Maybe it's the racing lacy foam of a spent wave on the shore or the mesmeric rise and fall of the great swells that are lead-colored under a sullen sky and shaded from marrowfat jade to amethyst under the sun. Maybe it's the foaming lather of the wake of even the smallest vessel or the ceaseless swooping swirls of the gulls.

Or it may be the thought of the Carthaginians inching down to the Cape of Good Hope, or Sir Francis Drake nipping the heels of the wallowing Spanish galleons just off Ireland and then sailing half-way round the world to claim California for his Queen. Perhaps it's Magellan or Columbus or Da Gama or the almost forgotten Norsemen who thrust their viking boats from Scandinavia to Iceland and down to Martha's Vineyard. Maybe it's the smell and sound of the sea; the salt and the kelp and the somber hollow booming of the surf.

Whatever it is, even the most prosaic objects suffer a sea change and become things of high romance. You see a rusty tramp lumbering out of harbor and you think of a gaudy sleepy little town in the Indies, rank with the stench of copra and at the same time fragrant with the penetrating heady perfume of cinnamon.

You think of the tankers and freighters, the inconspicuous business men of the sea that keep trade alive and poke their noses into almost forgotten ports. The rather shabby vessels that swelter in the bone-baking stillness of the Red Sea or limp home inches thick in ice. The ships that carry oil and grain and beef; sewing machines and tins of salty butter; spices and skeins of silk and great dull balls of rubber; coffee and amber and hides; bananas, pearls and dark rare woods.

They're the real symbol of the sea, the humble carriers that beat their way from port to port; that do business in great waters. They've always been since the dim days when the Phoenicians bartered lengths of purple stuff for Celtic tin and the Dutch shipped pepper from the Spice Islands to season the food of the Western world. They are today with their cargoes little changed.

Bethlehem Steel Company, through its Shipbuilding Division, has completed within the past thirty-five years 2265 vessels of all classes and descriptions. Of this total, 1944 were passenger liners, carriers and similar commercial types. Today, Bethlehem Shipbuilding Yards on both the Atlantic and the Pacific Coasts are busy with the construction of ships to carry "ivory, apes and peacocks" from ports on the seven seas.

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was just a trace patronizing. I lost all that as a matter of course when I tried to practise by myself. But a good deal of it was jarred out of me by the episode of Dr. Kerr.

Dr. Kerr is now dead. He is probably forgotten by all but a few old farmers' wives. He had neither fame nor more than a frugal living. He was probably unhappy, while he lived, not for the reasons mentioned, but because he never could do for his people as much as he wanted to do. He practised in St. Lawrence County, near Chippewa Bay. His office was a little surgery extension of a small village house. He was tall, thin, and very dark, with hairy wrists, a big nose, a bushy moustache, and kind, sloppy brown eyes.

I was camping on my island in the bay and was known to the grocer in the village as a young doctor from New York. One day at about 4 A.M. a motorboat approaching my island aroused me and the grocer's son shouted through the fog and drizzle that Dr. Kerr needed my help in a difficult case. He landed while I dressed, and we were off four miles to the village. There Dr. Kerr was waiting for me with his buggy. I had never seen him before and he impressed me, in my young self-confidence, as probably a poor country bonesetter whom I should have to show how a case should be handled. This, however, lasted only until we were bumping along a muddy country lane and he had begun to tell me about the patient.

It was a woman, a farm hand's wife, who was having her first baby. She had developed eclampsia seven months along, and the child had died. She was having convulsions. The problem was to deliver the dead baby from a uterus with an undistended cervix, and the mother dangerously toxic. At this point, I was thoroughly scared. I had had training at the Sloane Maternity, but this was a 'high forceps' under difficulties, a case for Professor Cragin in a well-equipped

operating room, with an assistant and two or three nurses.

We drove about four miles into the river flats. I could see the little unpainted cottage next to a haystack a mile away. I offered no suggestion while I was trying to recover my old ambulance courage. He didn't ask me any questions.

The place was a picture of abject poverty. The husband, a pathetic little bandy-legged, redheaded fellow in torn overalls, was waiting at the door, anxious and silent. The kitchen was a mess from his efforts at housekeeping. In the next room the woman, half-conscious, her bloated face twitching, lay on a dirty double bed, on a mattress without sheets under an old quilt half kicked off, leaving her almost naked.

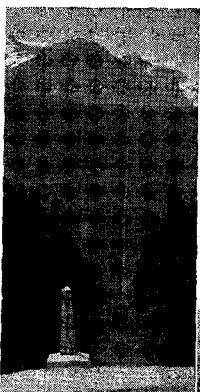
While I stood looking at her with frightened sympathy, Dr. Kerr unpacked his bag. Without asking me to do anything, he filled a wash boiler with hot water from a kettle, added a little lysol, and put on his forceps to boil. Then he took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, filled a basin, and began to soap and lysol his hands. Not until he was doing this did he speak.

Then he began to give me directions. In a few minutes I was cleaning up the patient, spreading clean towels under her, preparing a chloroform cone and jumping at his words as though in Dr. Cragin's clinic. With no essential help from me, he performed as neat a cervix dilation and forceps delivery as I had ever seen. When, after the long and arduous task, with everything complete as possible, he began to clean up, he didn't even thank me. He took it for granted that, being a doctor and being in the neighborhood, I was on call. It was his only compliment, except for a friendly smile.

He asked me to stay there the rest of the day while he made his rounds, gave me a few directions, and left a sedative. Then he went out, patted the husband

GLORIOUS GLACIER PARK

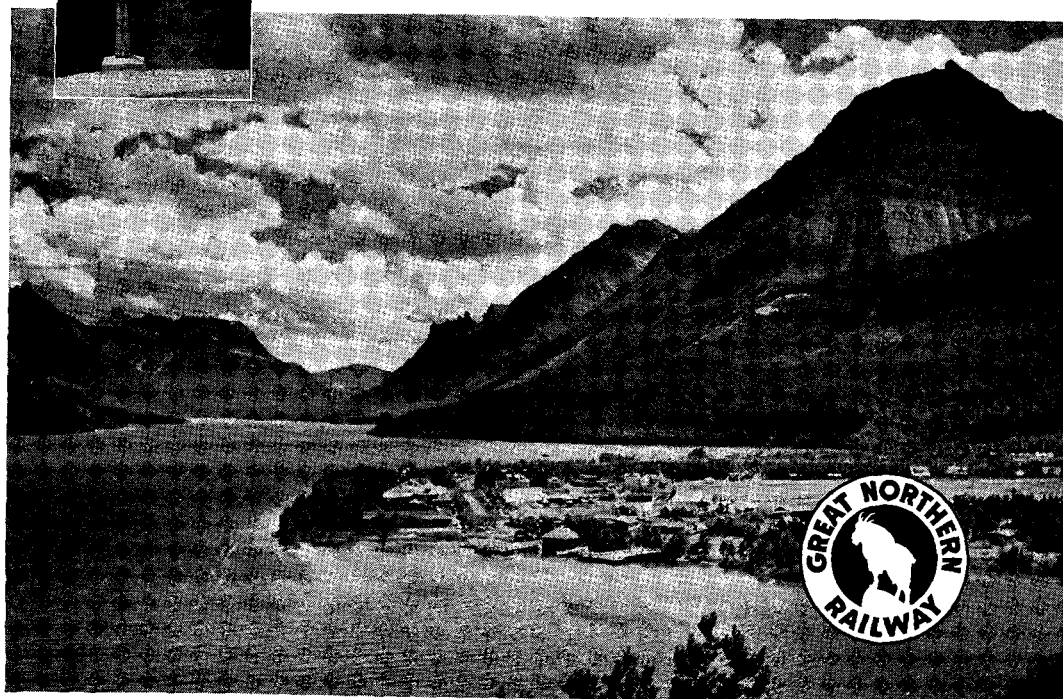
Where the American and Canadian Rockies Meet



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tain goat—symbol of Capricorn.

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on the back, and drove away. The woman recovered. Dr. Kerr, I heard later, spent the first two nights after this on a rocking chair, drinking cider with the husband, and napping when he could. His fee, I also heard, accepted to please the husband, was a peck of potatoes.

Some time later, I had occasion to ask him to open a boil on my neck. He sat me down in a chair, wiped my neck with alcohol, took a knife out of a little leather case, wiped that with alcohol, and let me have it. I made no suggestion whatever. I saw him often after that, and I sincerely hope — even now — that he liked me.

One of Dr. Kerr's colleagues from up near Ogdensburg, whom I had met at this time, did a most extraordinary thing. I met him on the river one day when we were both fishing off the head of Watch Island. Just as I came in sight of him as I rounded the point, he pulled out a magnificent pickerel.

'Good for you, doctor!' I shouted to him.

'What d'ye think, young feller?' he called back. 'I caught that fish with a nice fat appendix I took out this mornin'.'

Speaking of Dr. T. reminds me of a case in which I was credited with saving a life under peculiar circumstances. While I was House Physician at the hospital, during Dr. T.'s visiting period, we had a poor fellow on the male ward who appeared to suffer from advanced nephritis. Dr. T., as I have remarked, was a virtuoso at compounding drugs. During his short annual reign of three months, the order sheets of every patient were covered with the red ink in which medication orders were entered. They got something or other 't. i. d.' (three times a day), other things with meals, something else on waking up, another before the lights went out, and a few odd pills or injections 'p. r. n.' (*pro re nata*). Many of them had to be

waked out of sound sleep to get one of his 'black draughts' or 'blue pills' or 'brown decoctions' — all of them proudly originated by the Chief himself, and most of them quite complicated with strong medicaments.

The particular old boy of whom I write was getting a formidable sequence of daily doses and was slipping out of our hands — taking it patiently, with good humor and courage. We all liked him, and during his month on the ward he became a favorite. One night, when he was pretty low, I was making my midnight rounds with the ward nurse. We stopped at his bed and held a whispered conversation. He was in bad condition, the nurse said, and she didn't think he'd last long. She hated to force all that medicine down his throat. It bothered him and didn't seem to be doing him any good.

'All right,' I said. 'He's going to die soon anyway, and we'll stop all medication. Just leave the orders on the chart, and we'll steer the old boy around him as well as we can. Give him anything he wants to eat, within reason, and a shot of my Scotch when you come on at night. I'll bring you a bottle. He might as well die happy.'

From that moment, our friend began to improve. Pretty soon, by respectful and adroit suggestion, I arranged to have official sanction for the omission of one pill and 'draught' after another. In two weeks our patient began to sit up in bed for extraordinarily hearty meals. In three weeks he was up — his old self, he said. In four, he was out and I forgot about him.

The sequel came one Sunday afternoon during the following winter, when I was sitting in my office. The doorbell rang, and in walked a short, fat, ruddy man of about sixty, behind him a shorter, fatter, and ruddier boy of twenty or so. Neither of them did I recognize. Yet the older man stuck out his ham of a hand and said: 'God bless you, doctor, how are you?' Then I sud-

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denly remembered him. 'I hope you're not sick again,' I said.

'Oh, no, doctor! I'm fine. I just brought in my son' (who, apparently in the horse business, was embarrassedly rolling a flat-topped derby in one hand while he kept adjusting a white piqué tie with a horseshoe pin) 'to show him the man who saved my life. You remember, doctor, that night in the hospital when I was nigh dead? You came around about midnight with the nurse. I was feelin' awful low, an' everybody thought I was goin' to die. I was thinkin' so my own self. You thought I was sleepin', but I wasn't. I was just pertendin'. You had a long talk with the nurse in front of my bed an' then you give her some orders. From that minute, I begun to mend.

'This is the man, my boy, as pulled your Pa out of the claws of the Reaper,' he said poetically.

XIII

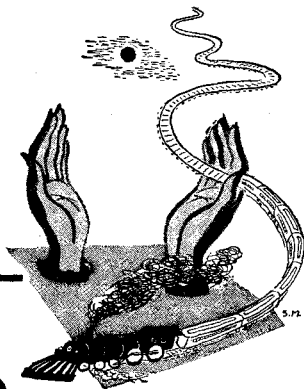
I was at that time beginning to become deeply interested in that disease which is called by a venerable French writer '*une punition divinement envoyée aux hommes et aux femmes pour leur paillardises et incontinences désordonnées*'; by Sytz of Pforzheim, on the other hand, '*die bösen Franzosen*'; and by Goethe, with his prophetic vision, — considering the wormlike appearance of the *Treponema pallidum*, — '*der Wurm in der Liebe*.' I was to spend a number of subsequent years on this malady, in an effort to gain insight into the properties of the strange microörganism which the great Schandinn had discovered. For the time being, I was engaged in introducing the so-called 'Wassermann reaction' into the laboratory practice of St. Luke's Hospital. This reaction, in its original form, was based on a principle too technical for these pages, established by the Belgian bacteriologist, Bordet, and taught to me, out of the kindness of his heart, by my friend

Noguchi, in whose room at the Rockefeller Institute I sat for hours to pick up what I could. According to the old technique, one of the reagents required for this reaction was tissue from heavily infected syphilitic organs. And the most heavily infected organs known to medicine are those of stillborn, syphilitic babies.

Accordingly, I had a standing order at the Sloane Maternity Hospital that syphilitic babies were to be kept for me. And whenever one of these coveted treasures appeared it was put into a large paper bag on which my name was written, and I was notified by telephone. I would then stop at the hospital on my afternoon journey to St. Luke's, tuck my prize under my arm, and proceed.

On the occasion of which I write, I received the happy news that 'one of your babies,' as the facetious head nurse called them, was ready for me. I was just about to leave my laboratory for a luncheon meeting of the newly formed Society for Cancer Research, which was to take place at a downtown hotel. It was only natural, therefore, since I was due at the hospital after this meeting, that I should stop to pick up my baby and take it to the meeting with me.

The society was not a large one. At the hotel, therefore, a convenient bedroom had been assigned for hats and coats. Arriving late, I shoved my paper bag under the bed, laid hat and coat on top of the bed, and went to my place at the table. It was not a very thrilling meeting. There were hardly any ideas, and those there were were neither new nor very intelligent. But I was very young, and proud of being present; and I listened to every word spoken by my elders with hopeful attention. One or two of the speeches were needlessly long, and when the meeting broke up I found that I was at least an hour behind my usual schedule. I rushed to the improvised cloakroom, picked up my hat



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and coat, and ran out to the subway. I had an incubatorful of work waiting for me, an autopsy to perform, and cultures to examine. Toward the end of the afternoon, an interesting case turned up on one of the wards, and I was asked to make several examinations, including a blood culture. It was not until 8 P.M. that I got home to a late supper, and not until 8.15 that suddenly, gazing into my soup, I exclaimed, 'Good God — the baby!'

When I remembered that my name was plainly written on the bag, I began to sweat. My appetite left me. It was not easy to decide what to do. I still remember to this day the number of the room. It was 217. I couldn't very well call up the clerk and say: 'Look here — I forgot a dead baby under the bed of 217. Take care of it for me.' If I went down there, what could I say? On the other hand, I couldn't very well leave the baby where it was, if only for æsthetic reasons. Yet if my name — good God! — had not been on the bag, this is what — in the state I was in — I might have done. It would have made a first-rate police mystery, and in the end, with sufficient publicity, might even have proved amusing. However, my name was on the bag. By this time it was 8.30.

I got into a cab and went down to the hotel. It needed all the little courage I had left to address the room clerk. I tried to be what is called non-chalant.

'I wonder whether you could let me go up to room 217,' I said to the young man at the desk. 'I was at the cancer meeting today, and I left something behind when I took my hat and coat out of that room.'

The clerk, I thought, didn't seem to like my looks. Perhaps it was just my nervousness. He said that if anything had been left behind it would have been reported by the chambermaid who had cleaned up. What was it I'd forgotten, anyway? 'A package,' I called it.

'Hey, Miss White,' he called over his shoulder. 'Was a package reported left in 217 this afternoon?'

Miss White, who sat behind a glass partition, fumbled about in a pigeon-hole, read three or four paper slips, and said: 'No. Nothing reported to me.'

Could I see the chambermaid? It was a very important package.

'She went off duty at seven. Back in the morning.'

Could I go up and have a look around the room?

'The room's been taken.'

Could I ask the people now in it to let me look around?

He guessed 'they went out to the theatre. Young couple from Milwaukee.'

I had not stopped sweating, but now I sweated harder. The clerk looked at me suspiciously, I thought. 'May I ask who you are?'

I told him. I looked pretty young for a doctor. Obviously, he didn't believe me.

'Do you mind if I call up the room and see if they're in?'

Reluctantly, he consented. The name was Richards.

'Hello, is this Mr. Richards?' I asked.

'What do you want?' answered an excited voice.

Here I made another mistake. I should have explained what I wanted; but all I could think of was to get into that room.

'May I come up to see you a minute?'

I heard a whispered conversation, 'Ask him who it is,' then: —

'Who are you?'

'You don't know me.' I said the wrong thing again. 'I just want to see you a minute.' The man hung up abruptly.

'He told me to come up,' I reported to the clerk, and went right up. I didn't bother about the elevator, and I went three steps at a time. I knocked at the door of 217.



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'Who's there?'

'It's the man who called you on the telephone.'

'What do you want?'

The door was opened a crack and I saw the pale face of a frightened man with a chin beard. I shoved my foot against the crack. He pushed, but couldn't close the door.

'Better let him in, Frank. We can prove we're innocent,' I heard in a woman's voice.

We stared at each other through the crack. 'Stop pushing,' said the man. 'Don't resist him, Frank' — the woman's voice. Frank weakened. The door opened, and I slipped in.

On the bed sat a stout woman in a kimono. She was quite handsome, I noticed later, but now there were signs of recent tears and her hair was in disorder. She stared at me. At her feet on the floor was my bag. She looked at it and shuddered.

I turned and closed the door. The bellboy had followed me up. I could hear him in the hall. As I turned around, the husband confronted me. He was in his shirt sleeves, suspenders hanging. His chin whiskers stood out like the hair on the back of a frightened cat.

'Look here,' he said, 'we can explain all this, though you may not believe it.'

'Good Lord, man, there's nothing for *you* to explain.'

They hadn't seen the name on the bag.

'Do you mind if I sit down?' — my knees were shaky. I told them my story. As I told it, I could see them gradually relax. Then, as I finished, Mrs. Richards began to laugh. First she laughed silently, with her face only. Then she

began to make a noise, and the laughter spread down to her shoulders and chest. Then her whole body began to laugh, and she shrieked. She fell backward on the bed, writhing and shaking as though in a convulsion, stuffing the pillow into her mouth. Then her husband began to laugh. He leaned against the door, and his big shoulders made it rattle. At first, I didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. Then I laughed. We tried to speak, but we couldn't. There were tears in our eyes, and every time one of us stopped laughing, the sight of the others started it over again. Finally, we recovered, and Mr. Richards ordered a round of highballs. When I left, we were old friends; but every time they looked at me, they started to chuckle.

As I walked out of the hotel with my 'package' under my arm, I felt the clerk's eyes boring into my back. But now I didn't care. I took the subway to the hospital, clutching my baby, and — once there — I put it into the ice box.

I heard from the Richardses a year later. They had a real baby of their own. I still hear from them from time to time. They are among my most grateful patients.

My private practice did not grow. At the end of the first year my collections had amounted to about eleven hundred dollars, my uncollected bills to almost the same sum. My expenses had been about six thousand. Probably I should never have made a successful practitioner. My heart was in the laboratory. And when I was offered a full-time position in the Bacteriological Department of the University, I jumped at the chance, and felt that my true career had begun.

(To be continued)

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